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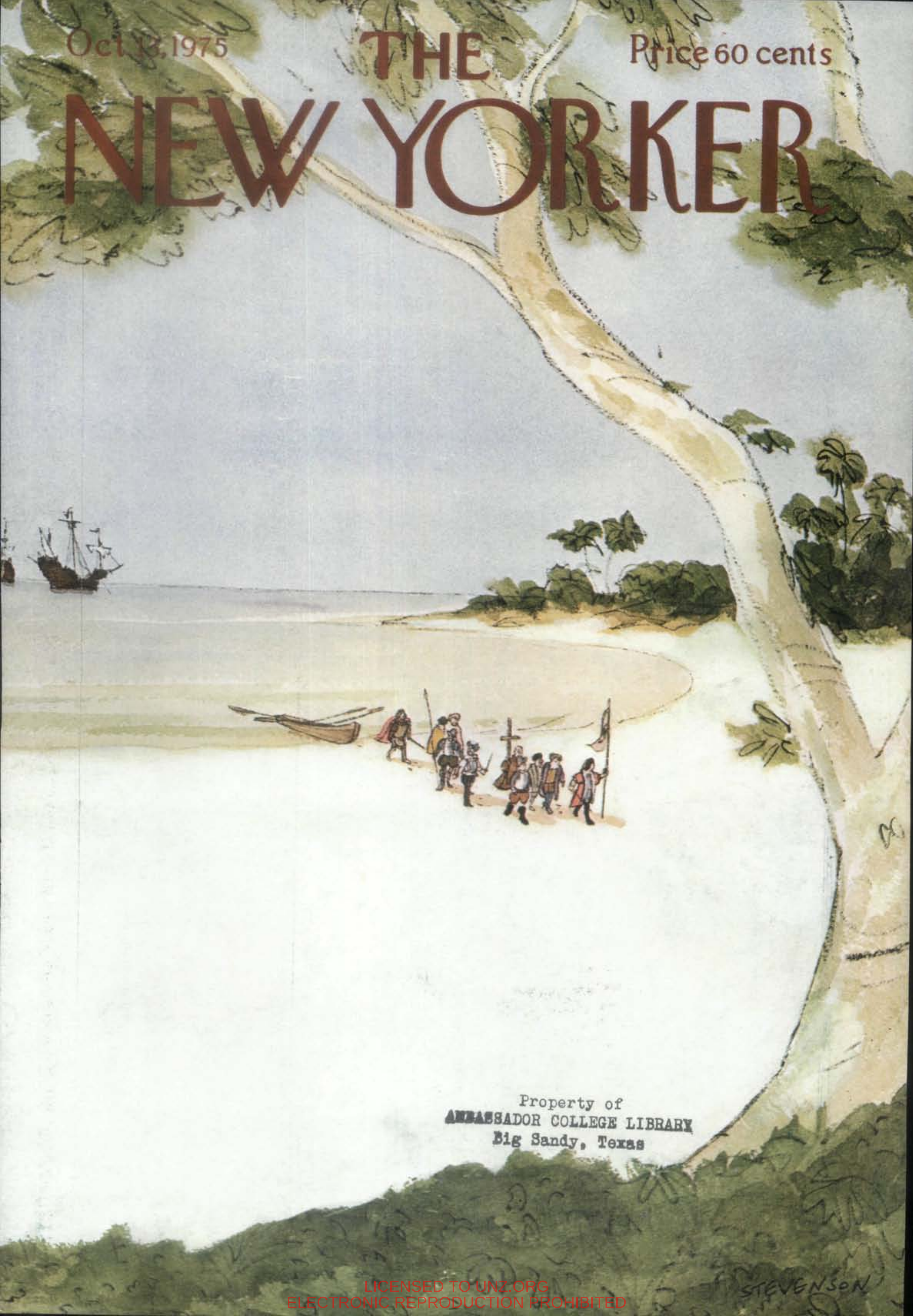

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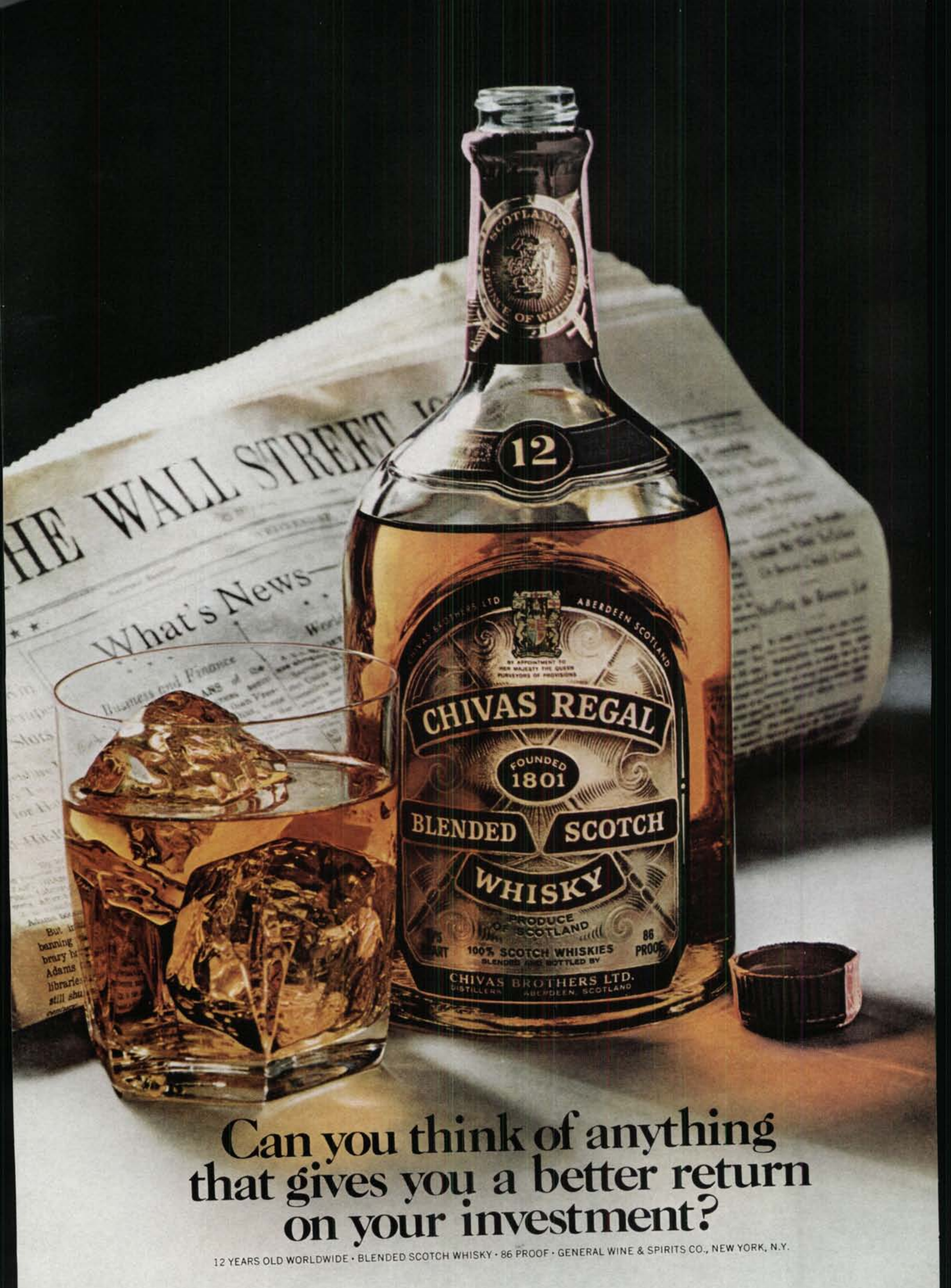
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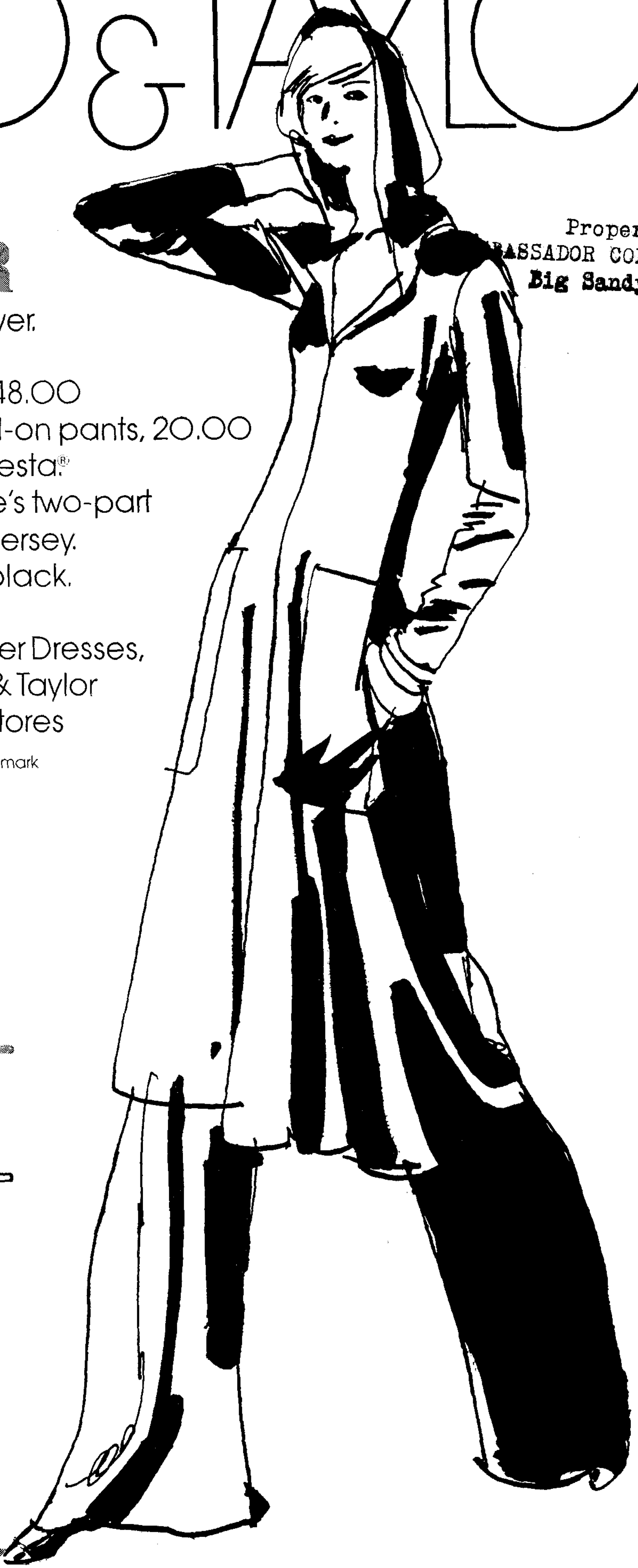

YNY

Opening October 20th—Lord & Taylor, Water Tower Place, North Michigan Avenue, Chicago

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18

THE THEATRE

(At press time, eleven Broadway musicals were closed because of the musicians' strike: "Boccaccio," "Candide," "Chicago," "A Chorus Line," "Grease," "The Magic Show," "Pippin," "Raisin," "Shenandoah," "Treemonisha," and "The Wiz." And at press time there was still no clue as to when the strike would be settled.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Acting Company—A five-week repertory of four plays by John Houseman's group (formerly called the City Center Acting Company) *that will end Saturday, Nov. 8.* **The Robber Bridegroom**, a musical based on a novella by Eudora Welty (book and lyrics by Alfred Uhry, score by Robert Waldman, and directed by Gerald Freedman), is playing through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Harkness, Broadway at 63rd St. 581-6000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ah, Wilderness!—Geraldine Fitzgerald, William Swetland, and other stalwarts of the Long Wharf Theatre in an endearing revival of the O'Neill comedy, well directed by Arvin Brown. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Boccaccio—A musical somehow based on the "Decameron," originally produced at the Arena Stage in Washington. Kenneth Cavander wrote the book and lyrics, and Richard Peaslee composed the music. Directed by Gene Lesser. Previews through Sunday, Oct. 12. Opens officially on Monday, Oct. 13. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)

Boy Meets Boy—As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff, by a pair of Englishmen—Bill Solly, score and lyrics, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly, book—on foolish musicals of the thirties (British musicals, presumably; surely not those of our own Golden Age). The performances are no help, but Mr. Solly's songs are agreeable. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Chicago—Purportedly about some tough folk in the Windy City in the twenties. A musical that defies even the great Bob Fosse to make it merry. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Chorus Line—A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante, setting by Robin Wagner, costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, and lighting by Tharon Musser. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Dance With Me—A comedy with music, written by Greg Antonacci. A pleasant account of the daydreams of a young man of Manhattan, well acted by the gifted La Mama Plexus Company. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 391-0063. Tuesdays, except Oct. 14, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Oct. 13, at 3.)

Lamppost Reunion—A play by Louis LaRusso II, with Gabriel Dell and Danny Aiello. Tom Signorelli directed. Previews Friday through Wednesday, Oct. 10-15. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 16. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 730-0850. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Leaf People—A play by Dennis J. Reardon, with a cast of thirty, directed by Tom O'Horgan. Previews Wednesday, Oct. 8. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 9, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 26. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Ritz—A very funny vaudeville about life in a homosexual bathhouse. Written by Terrence McNally, and starring Stubby Kaye, Rita Moreno, and Mike Kellin. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Same Time, Next Year—A comedy as neatly put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Ellen Burstyn and Charles Grodin are the cast, and they are wonderful. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Section D—A play by Reginald Vel Johnson. Opens Thursday, Oct. 9, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 19. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Free.)

Summer and Smoke—A revival of Tennessee Williams' play. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Treemonisha—A six-week engagement of the Houston Grand Opera Association production of Scott Joplin's 1915 opera. Staged by Frank Corsaro, with Carmen Balthrop, Betty Allen, Curtis Rayam, and Willard White. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. *Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées* Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Trelawny of the 'Wells'—The Arthur Wing Pinero comedy. A presentation of the New York Shakespeare Festival at Lincoln Cen-

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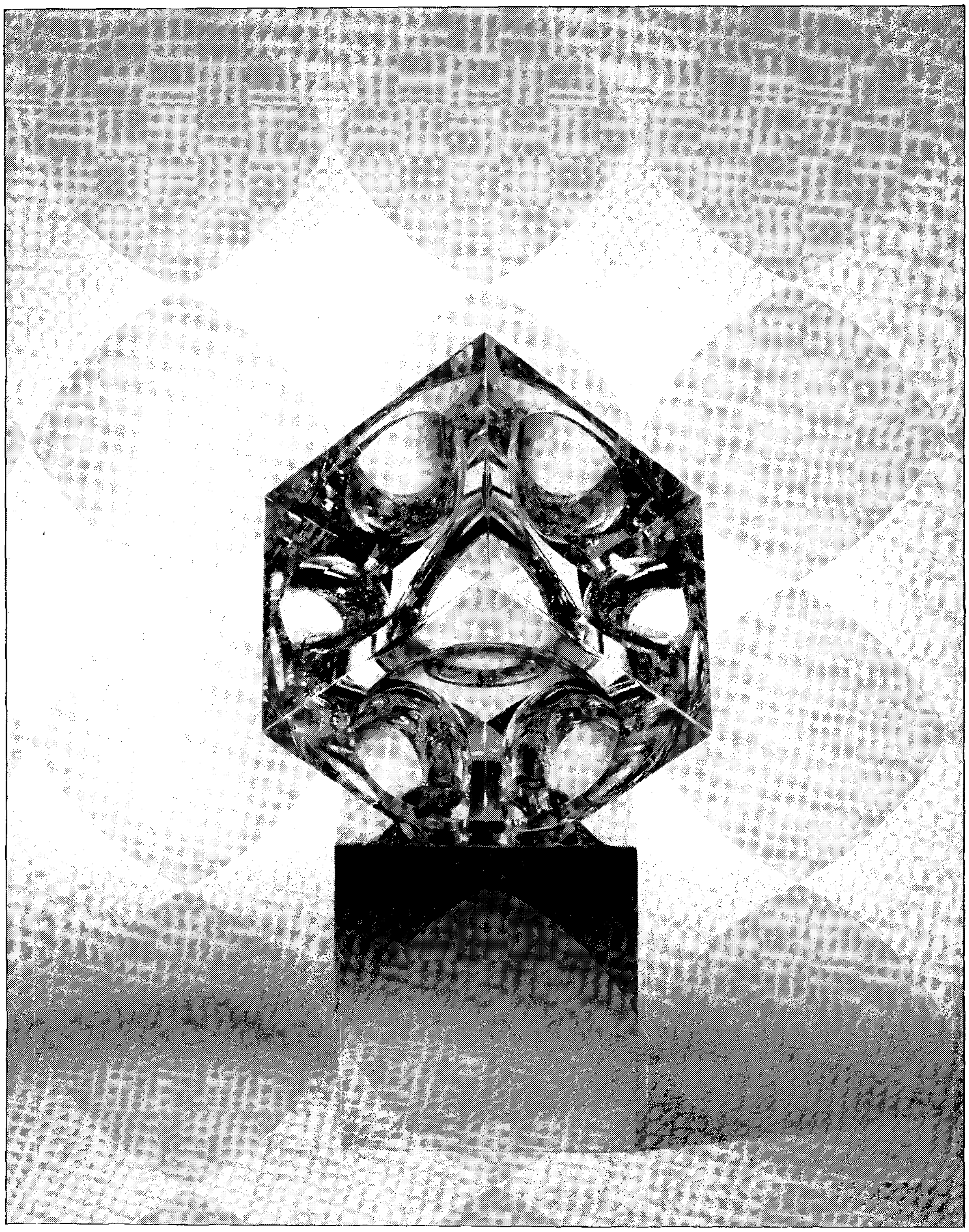

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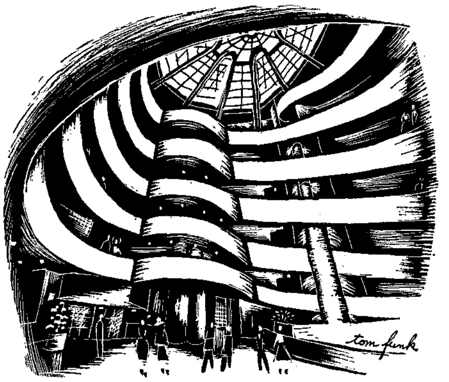
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ter. Marybeth Hurt plays the title role, and A. J. Antoon is the director. Previews through Tuesday, Oct. 14. Opens officially on Wednesday, Oct. 15. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—**ABSURD PERSON SINGULAR:** A marvellous small comedy by the English playwright Alan Ayckbourn, mostly about the horrors of marriage, though you scarcely notice. With Geraldine Page, Carol Lynley, Scott McKay, Paul Shyre, Marilyn Clarke, and Curt Dawson. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **CANDIDE:** Harold Prince has turned the Bernstein-Wilbur musical of 1956 into a child's game that any number can play. The cast is young, merry, and companionable as it lopes around and through the audience. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **EQUUS:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting dance of exploration through the mind of a boy who loves horses, worships the quality of "horseness," and commits a dreadful crime in the name of that worship. With Anthony Perkins, Thomas Hulce, Frances Sternhagen, Marian Seldes, and Michael Higgins. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,433 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **PIPPIN:** A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer, Bob Fosse. With Irving Lee, Michael Rupert, Eric Berry, and Patti Karr. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **RAISIN:** A musical distinguished for the intrepidity of the director and choreographer, Donald McKayle. The book is based on Lorraine Hansberry's "A Raisin in the Sun," which shows its years, but the large cast is superlative. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Oct. 16, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Oct. 16, at 2.)... **SHENANDOAH:** A musical about the Civil War, but really about showbiz. Wonderfully sung by John Cullum. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **SHERLOCK HOLMES:** The great detective is played by Robert Stephens, and Clive Revill is his implacable adversary, Professor Moriarty. Frank Dunlop directed this amusing revival of the William Gillette classic. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE WIZ:** A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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DANCE

CITY CENTER JOFFREY BALLET—Wednesday, Oct. 8, at 8: "Kettentanz," "As Time Goes By," "The Big City," and "Interplay."... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 9, at 8: "Viva Vivaldi!," an unnamed ballet (première), and "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 10, at 8: "Kettentanz," "The Big City," and "The Green Table."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 11, at 2: "Interplay," "As Time Goes By," "Monotones," and "Jeu de Cartes."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8: The new ballet, "Opus I," and "The Green Table."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 12, at 2: "Deuce Coupe II," "Monotones," and "Offenbach in the Underworld."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 12, at 7:30: "The Dream," "As Time Goes By," and "Jeu de Cartes."... ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 14, at 8: "Moves," the new ballet, and "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz."... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 8: "Parade," "Remembrances," and "Trinity."... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 16, at 8: "Moves," "Five Dances" (première), and "Offenbach in the Underworld." ... ¶ Friday, Oct. 17, at 8: "Parade," "Pas des Déesses," "Opus I," and "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 18, at 2: "Trinity," "Pas des Déesses," and "Offenbach in the Underworld."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8: "Kettentanz," "Five Dances," and the new ballet. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 2.)

ELIOT FELD BALLET—Wednesday evening, Oct. 8: "Harbinger," "Early Songs" (company première), and "The Real McCoy."... ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 9: "The Real McCoy," "Mazurka" (preview), and "The Consort." ... ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 10: "Harbinger," "Mazurka" (preview), and "The Consort." ... ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 11: "Embrace Tiger and Return to Mountain," "The Real McCoy," and "Early Songs."... ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 12: "Harbinger," "Tzaddik," "Cortège Parisien," and "Early Songs."... ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 12: "The Consort," "Mazurka" (première), and "The Real McCoy."... ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 14: "The Consort," "Early Songs," and "Excursions" (preview).... ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 15: "The Consort," "Excursions" (première), "Tzaddik," and "Intermezzo."... ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 16: "Harbinger," "Sephardic Song," "At Midnight," and "Excursions."... ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 17: "Excursions," "At Midnight," "Tzaddik," and "Mazurka." ... ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 18: "Harbinger," "The Consort," and "Intermezzo." (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 3. Through Sunday, Nov. 16.)

MARY ANTHONY DANCE THEATRE—Thursday, Oct. 9, at 7:30: "Power," "In the Beginning: Adam," "Fables for Our Time," and "Dreams."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 10, at 7:30: "Seascape," "Cain and Abel," "Night Bloom," and "Gloria."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 11, at 7:30: "Gloria," "Cain and Abel," "1,2,3,4,5," and "Dreams."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 12, at 2:30: "Seascape," "In the Beginning: Adam," "Minstrel Show," and "Fables for Our Time." (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. For tickets, call 674-8191.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Charles McPherson, a mainstream alto saxophonist, is fronting a quintet here Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-forty-five. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Brian Auger and his high-powered rock assemblage is plugged in through Thursday, Oct. 9. On Friday, Oct. 10, Oscar Brown, Jr., a tall, dashing, expressive singer who composed "Brown Baby," collaborated on the "Freedom Now Suite," and set lyrics to Nat Adderley's "Work Song" and Bobby Timmons' "Dat Dere," will perform with his backup combo. Saturday through Monday, Oct. 11-13, baritone folkie Tom Rush will sing with his band. And starting Thursday, Oct. 16, pianist **BILL EVANS** and his trio will trade sets with electric-keyboard whiz Jan Hammer and his group. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—**JIMMY ROWLES,** the Pearl of the Pacific, has returned to this buzzing bar to collaborate with a bassist Mondays through Saturdays. The Sunday-night slot is currently filled by Barry Harris. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

BUDDY'S PLACE, 133 W. 33rd St. (736-2888)—Lyrical tenor-saxophonist **STAN GETZ** works with his fine sidemen, whose solos frequently eclipse their leader's, opposite comic Don Imus through Saturday, Oct. 11. On Monday, Oct. 13, Steve Allen, Terry Gibbs, and an orchestra begin a week's worth of West Coast jokes and jazz. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight; dancing on Fridays and Saturdays after the second show. Supper. Closed Sundays.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—The Café Carlyle is a lovely pastel-hued time capsule: just step in and thoughts of New York City finances, shut-down Broadway musicals, and tropical cloudbursts give way to strains of "I Happen to Like New York" or "On the Sunny Side of the Street." **BOBBY SHORT** and his sidekicks, bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan, perform Tuesdays through Thursdays at ten and midnight, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-fifteen, and one. Dinner and supper.... **MARIAN MC PARTLAND,** all fire and brilliance, is once again playing in the Bemelmans Bar, Mondays through Saturdays from nine, and Madison Avenue is the brighter for it.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The decades go by, but **MARY LOU WILLIAMS'** playing—with its startling, steely single-note lines; tight, almost harsh choral passages; and flashing, exploratory rhythmic sense—continues to surprise and delight and instruct. On Sundays, **DICK HYMAN,** the musical director for the New York Jazz Repertory Company and an eclectic who goes all the way back, presides over the keyboard. Music from eight to one. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The audiences are largely characterized by coats and ties and cigars, and they come here (and to Jimmy Ryan's, just thirty paces west) to hear traditional small-band jazz. The house band is a low-keyed and controlled sextet headed by Red Balaban (a bassist and the owner of the club). On Tuesday, Oct. 14, tenor saxophonist Budd Johnson will sit in with the regulars. Pianist Red Richards plays into the night, starting most nights at five-thirty; the sextet begins alternating with him after nine-thirty. On Sunday, Oct. 12, trumpeter Red Rodney, in the midst of a come-

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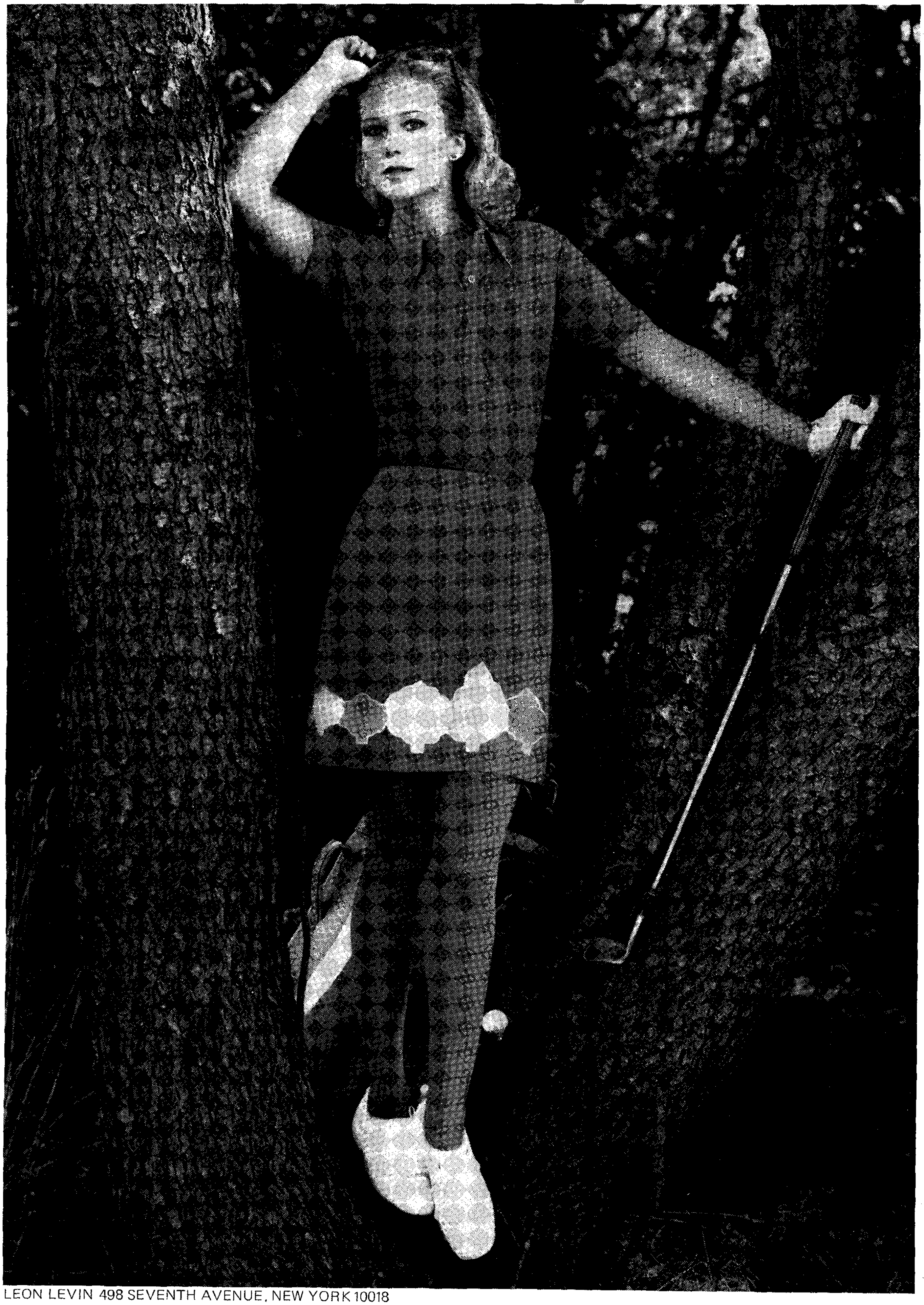

LEON LEVIN 498 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10018

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

back, shows up with his quintet. They begin at eight.

Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (730-9270)—Modest and functional, with absolutely no frills. this club has presented some of the most important contemporary jazz in the world in the last few months. Alto saxophonist, flutist, and contrabass clarinettist **ANTHONY BRAXTON** and three other highly regarded musicians—bassist Dave Holland, percussionist Barry Altschul, and trumpeter Kenny Wheeler—are here through Sunday, Oct. 12. Braxton, who is thirty, emerged in the late sixties from the fertile Chicago-jazz-and-new-music scene (he was a member of the Association for the Advancement of Creative Music), and he has noted as his influences Ornette Coleman, Karlheinz Stockhausen, and Paul Desmond. Much of Braxton's music is mazelike, mathematical, and about as swinging as a game of chess, but his work with Holland and Altschul can be downright fiery. About four years ago, the three, along with pianist Chick Corea, formed a short-lived quartet, Circle, which was one of the most influential and moving of collective-improvisational groups. On Tuesday, Oct. 14, yet another talented, innovative young bunch arrives here: drummer **JOE CHAMBERS** heads up a densely percussive ensemble that comprises Paul Metzke, a Coryellian guitarist; Omar Clay on marimba; Ray Mantilla on congas; pianist John Hicks; and bassist Walter Booker. On Mondays: **DAVE MATTHEWS'** twelve-piece band, made up of studio musicians who range from their twenties to their forties. Music from ten to three. Chinese and American food.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ,** who worked out his apprenticeship with two different megaliths—the pianist Lennie Tristano and the bandleader Stan Kenton—and since then has gone his original, catch-me-if-you-can way, is here on Mondays and Tuesdays, from ten to three, with pianist Hal Galper. Wednesdays through Sundays, from nine-thirty to three, Gregory's balloons with the Odd Trio—pianist **BROOKS KERR,** who at twenty-three knows more Ellington tunes than Himself ever did, and two Ellington alumni: reedman **RUSSELL PROCOPE** and drummer **SONNY GREER.** The trio is not to be missed. **AL HAIG,** one of the first and best bop pianists, performs alone from six to nine through Saturday, Oct. 11. On Sunday, Oct. 12, Haig will be joined by guitarist **SAM BROWN** and bassist **JAMIL NASSER** for fine, exceedingly lyrical and blues-riddled renditions of bop and post-bop numbers; from four-thirty to nine-thirty.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**RUBY BRAFF** is currently in charge (while Roy Eldridge is away) of the traditional sextet that inhabits these smoky and crowded quarters. Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky takes charge of a group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Jim Smith's Village Corner, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A warm, cheering, aging corner bar where people drink, check their mail, throw darts, and listen to Lance Hayward, whose piano style is peppered with tremolos. Jim Roberts is the Wednesday-night pianist. Singer Jane Valentine contributes vocals every Sunday. The hours run from nine-thirty to three.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**ANITA O'DAY,** a highly theatrical singer whose every inflection and gesture has been thought through, performs Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—**GORDON EDWARDS,** a tough-looking bass player who nearly always shows up wearing a leather golf cap, a leather jacket, and dark glasses, is at the helm of a neat, precise rhythm-and-blues group. The other musicians who usually play with Edwards at Mikell's are guitarist Cornell Dupree, pianist Richard Tee, and drummer Chris Parker; they are all expert studio men who play the jogging, repetitive R. & B. riffs with just the right amount of looseness; through Saturday, Oct. 11. Ten to three are the music hours. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—

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DAVID AMRAM, an eager, young-thinking musician, plays French horn, guitar, piano, and afuchê at one time or another, and two wooden flutes at the same time. His music is a happy conglomeration of motifs derived from Brazil, the Middle East, the conservatory, and the street. Through Sunday, Oct. 12. On Wednesday, Oct. 15, singer Jon Lucien begins a five-night stay. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty. Snacks.

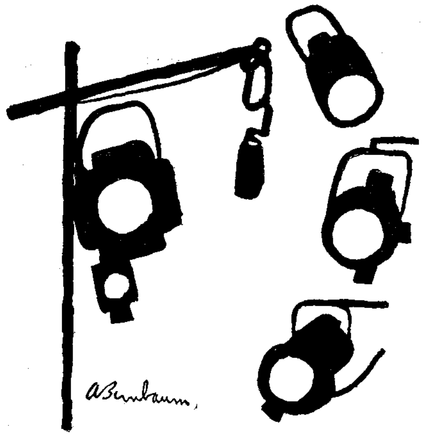
Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**JONAH JONES** has put together a sextet made up of a pianist, an organist, a bassist, an exceptional guitarist (Jerome Darr), and a masterly drummer (Cozy Cole). Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Novella Nelson, a striking, confident young woman with a substantial following, performs a program of heavily stylized, dramatically drawn-out vocals Tuesdays through Saturdays. Shows at nine and midnight. Mondays are showcases for new talent. On Sundays, one or another of the various performers on the local cult-engendering café circuit goes on at eight-thirty and eleven. Singer and pianist **BLOSSOM DEARIE,** fragile-voiced and witty, performs concert-style sets Wednesdays through Saturdays from five-thirty to seven. Dining.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—**CHET BAKER** and his quartet call this popular little bar home on Tuesdays; on Wednesdays and Thursdays, the **LEE KONITZ** nonet sets up shop. On Friday and Saturday, Oct. 10-11, Eddie Hazell, a middle-of-the-road guitarist, plays some no-risk standards with his trio. Sundays, as always, are reserved for **CHUCK WAYNE** and **JOE PUMA** guitar duets. Music from nine-thirty.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Nearly half the tables have been placed on a newly constructed two-foot-high carpeted platform that offers a fine view of the musicians—usually pianists and bassists—who occupy the knotty-pine-walled corner. The musicians are Larry Karush, on piano, and his bassist through Sunday, Oct. 12. Beginning Wednesday, Oct. 15, **KENNY BARRON** and **RON CARTER** will trade some satisfying solos. The hours run from nine on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Tangerine, 1057 Lexington Ave., at 75th St. (861-2521)—**ELLIS LARKINS** has landed in this bar-and-grill that echoes the thirties and forties, and is wheeling out his feathered and bejewelled Art Tatum ruminations on an in-tune upright. The excellent Wilbur Little is on bass. Be advised that though Larkins' playing is mighty his sets are mini. Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten until three. Singer and pianist Norma Shepherd is at the keyboard on Sundays and Mondays, assisted by Ted Sturgis.



Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—On Thursday, Oct. 9, and Sunday, Oct. 12, Richy Cole, a young, Adderley-inspired alto player, leads a spirited quartet. On a few numbers toward the end of each set, the group backs singer **EDDIE JEFFERSON,** now in his fifties with his hair turning white. Jefferson, who was a dancer as well as a singer in the thirties and forties, is credited with pioneering, in the early forties, the vocal acrobatics made famous by King Pleasure and Lambert, Hendricks, and Ross nearly a decade later. He's still scatting and singing versions of "Pennies from Heaven" and "Night in Tunisia," and his voice is dry, coarse, and forthright, sounding occasionally like a Sonny Rollins tenor-sax solo. Other nights: Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 14-15, **CAKEWALK,** a robust, young rhythm-and-blues quintet performs classic and original flag-wavers. On Thursday, Oct. 16, **HOWARD JOHNSON,** a fine musician—he plays tuba—and arranger, will bring in a quintet. Flutist **LLOYD MCNEILL** and his swinging, Brazilian-flavored quartet are here Fridays and Saturdays. Music from ten-thirty. Dinner.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Keyboardist Charles Earland and his quintet play spaced-out, electronic funk Friday and Saturday, Oct. 10-11. On Tuesdays, Hellman's Angels—harpist Daphne Hellman and her trio—work the Terrace, on the ground level, at nine and eleven.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Reedman Joe Farrell's quartet finishes up after Sunday, Oct. 12. On Tuesday, Oct. 14, drummer Roy Brooks arrives with his quintet, which will feature vocals by **EDDIE JEFFERSON.** The Monday-night slot is currently being filled by booming, brisk big-band jazz-rock played by trombonist **BILL WATROUS** and his youthful aggregation. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A soul-food *boîte* with a friendly staff, hundreds of gold Christmas ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a near-impenetrable layer of sawdust on the floor. Chuck Fowler and a bassist are here Mondays through Wednesdays; Thursdays through Sundays Nat Jones works with bass accompaniment. Music begins at eight.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. Mondays and Tuesdays have been set aside for a swing group that includes trumpeter Franc Williams, trombonist and guitarist Eddie Durham, pianist Ram Ramirez, and drummer Shelton Gary. Wednesdays, the Warren Court—an outfit that includes former Basieite Earle Warren, Taft Jordan (his gigs were with Chick Webb and Ellington), Dill Jones, and Jackie Williams—is in session. A swing-to-bop quartet performs Thursdays and Fridays, and on Saturdays and Sundays, Sammy Price, Buddy Tate, and Paul Quinichette get together with their quartet for some more swing sessions. Music from nine to one.

Willy's, 7 W. 8th St. (260-0400)—Once a deli-restaurant, now a spiffy jazz haunt. **MARSHALL BROWN** is very much the leader of an able and versatile quintet—Hod O'Brian, Jimmy Lovelace, Knobby Totah, and Frank Vicari—which plays ragtime to cool school. Rigid half-hour sets Wednesdays through Saturdays, starting at nine-thirty. Sundays through Tuesdays, flutist Jeremy Steig works with his latest group.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS

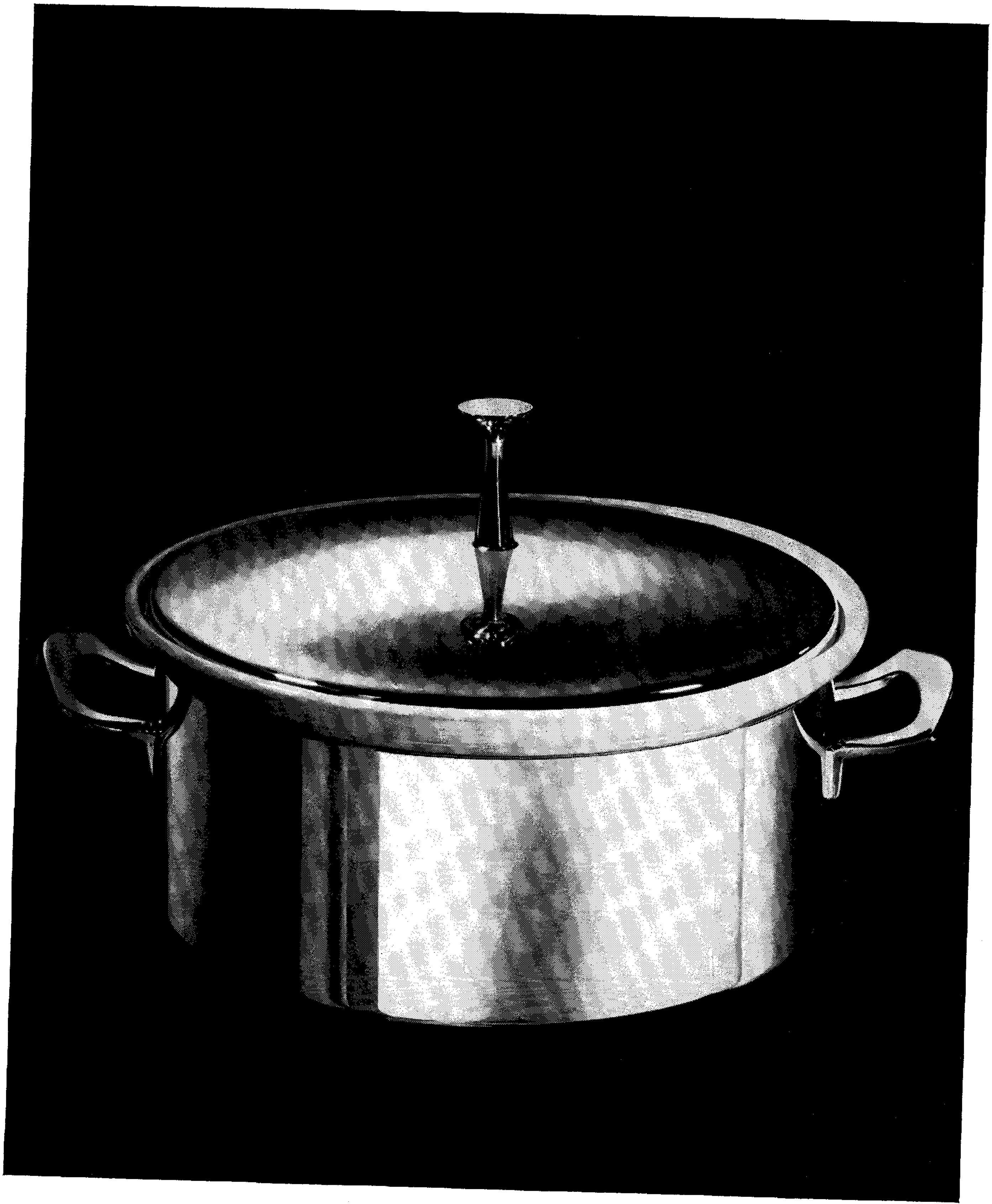
Marvin Gaye—With the Dramatics and Sister Sledge. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 9-10, at 8; Saturday, Oct. 11, at 7:30 and at midnight; Sunday, Oct. 12, at 7 and 10:30; and Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 14-15, at 8.)

McCoy Tyner and **Rahsaan Roland Kirk and the Vibrations Society**—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday, Oct. 10, at 8.

Nati Mistral—Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8:15, and Sunday, Oct. 12, at 2:15.

Foghat, Black Oak Arkansas, and **Montrose**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1718. Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8 and 11:30.

Gentle Giant—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th



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Leo Kottke—Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Sunday, Oct. 12, at 8.

Interludes—The first offering in a varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall will be by the **CECIL TAYLOR UNIT** on Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 5:45.

David Amram, Elvin Jones Quartet, George Mgrdichian, and **Tashi**—A benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 8.)

Little Richard, Chubby Checker, Bo Diddley, and **the Shirelles**—With others. (Radio City Music Hall. Thursday, Oct. 16, at 8; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 17-18, at 7:30 and at midnight; Sunday, Oct. 19, at 7; and Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 21-22, at 8.

Jimmy Cliff and **Taj Mahal**—Beacon Theatre. Friday, Oct. 17, at 8 and 11.

Herbie Mann and the Family of Mann—With Cissy Houston & the Hijackers and David Newman & Pat Rebillot. (Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Friday, Oct 17, at 8.)

Gato Barbieri, Freddie Hubbard, and **Bobbi Humphrey**—Beacon Theatre. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Tadashi Asoma—Landscape and figure paintings in soft, fluid colors. Through Oct. 25. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Samuel Bak—Surrealist paintings. Through Nov. 29. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Ben Benson / Minoru Niizuma—Small, fashionable-looking paper collages of abstract geometric shapes. / Small abstract carved-marble sculptures. Through Thursday, Oct. 16. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

David Bruzga—Abstract paintings; first one-man show in New York. Through Oct. 25. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Paul Burlin (1886-1969) **and Angelo Ippolito**—Abstract Expressionist paintings from the fifties and sixties. Through Thursday, Oct. 16. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Olga de Amaral—Appealing assemblages of raw fibres, some painted, others natural colored, set in Plexiglas boxes. Through Nov. 1. (Artweave, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.)

John Dobbs—New paintings and drawings. Through Oct. 25. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Jean Dubuffet—Paintings and works on paper from the forties and fifties. Through Oct. 29. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)... ¶ Recent paintings and *découpes* (canvases mounted on stiff boards), plus a model of the artist's sculpture at Chase Plaza. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Lin Emery—Large bronze and stainless-steel abstract sculptures that are kept in motion by electric magnets concealed in the base. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Richard Fleischner—Small sculptures cast in lead, as well as drawings and photographs of both existing and projected environmental works. Through Nov. 1. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Stephen Greene—Abstract paintings. Through Oct. 30. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Maurice Grosser—Landscapes of Morocco and thereabouts. Through Oct. 25. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

Jiří Kolář—Exquisitely contrived collages and other works in a show running concurrently with one at the Guggenheim Museum. Through Oct. 25. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Rodger Mack—Bronzes by a sculptor who casts his pieces in a foundry he designed for Syracuse University. Through Oct. 25. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Robert Bruce Muirhead—Sketchy paintings of idealized women shown against severely formal, framelike backgrounds, usually sprinkled with stars. Also, landscape drawings in mixed mediums; first one-man show in New York.

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Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Howard Newman—Abstract bronze sculptures; first one-man show in New York. Through Nov. 8. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Richard Piccolo—Oils and gouaches that have been influenced by seventeenth-century Italian painters; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

James Rosenquist—A dozen big new drawings turned out with his customary freehand dash and sometimes involving collage—a slash in the surface folded back to provide a peekaboo glimpse of the Stars and Stripes, for instance. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Joan Semmel—Large paintings of nudes, warts and all. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

R. Taylor (1902-70)—Cartoons. Through Oct. 25. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

Alice Valenstein—Abstract and semi-abstract paintings by a colorist. Through Oct. 25. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

Robert White—Sculptures, mainly terra-cotta pieces, some of them modelled after his family and friends. Through Nov. 1. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Hannah Wilke—Female genitalia are the subject of three large wall sculptures and some smaller representations made of chewing gum and kneaded rubber. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Chloe Zerwick—Assemblages, called "towers," that are constructed of wood, metal, plastic, leather, and textile fragments. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Cordy, 324 E. 73rd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 7.)

Master Paintings from the Hermitage and the State Russian Museum—An impeccably arranged benefit exhibit that includes thirty Western European paintings from the Hermitage (among them "The Lute Player," by Caravaggio, "Saskia as Flora," by Rembrandt, and "The Painter's Family," by Matisse), as well as thirteen paintings by eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Russian artists from the State Russian Museum. Through Oct. 29. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: An exhibit (entrance fee $1) of ancient Ecuadorian pottery on loan from public and private collections. Through Nov. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)... **FORUM**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: A lively show of works on paper (figures, portraits, and landscapes) by Joseph Floch, Jules Pascin, and Raphael Soyer. (It is interesting to see that the usually sedate Soyer has just as sure an eye for the erotic as did the notorious voluptuary Pascin.) Through Saturday, Oct. 18.... **GRUENEBAUM**, 25 E. 77th St.: "Rhéteur au Mur," a 1945 painting by Dubuffet on loan from the Baltimore Museum of Art, plus works by nine other artists. Through Nov. 1.... **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: Landscapes, still-lifes, and portraits by nineteenth-century Americans, including Eastman Johnson, Asher B. Durand, and George Inness. Through Oct. 25. ... **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: Marisol, Mark Tobey, and Christo are contributors to a show of paintings, sculptures, and drawings the gallery has acquired during the last five years. Through Nov. 1.... **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: To usher in its ninetieth season, this gallery is exhibiting drawings and watercolors by early-twentieth-century artists, many of whom showed here during their lifetime. The artists include Sloan, Glackens, Prendergast, and Marguerite Zorach. Through Saturday, Oct. 18.... **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: One work apiece by all the gallery artists, including Carl-Henning Pedersen and Serge Poliakoff. Through Saturday, Oct. 18.... **MC KEE**, 140 E. 63rd St.: A painting each by Francis Bacon, Philip Guston, and Franz Kline, plus sculptures by David Smith and Naum Gabo. Through Oct. 31.... **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Dali, Calder, Maillol, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 11.... **WASHBURN**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Eight artists (Ilya Bolotowsky and Ad Reinhardt among them) in a showing of influential American abstract art from the early forties. Through Oct. 25.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Neil Anderson / Elizabeth Harms—Paintings of the forest floor (twigs and leaves—that sort of thing). / Six works by an abstract painter. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Rackstraw Downes—Rural-industrial landscapes of upstate New York and Maine. Through Oct. 30. (Kornblee, in a new location, at 20 W. 57th St.)

John Ferren (1906-70)—Abstract Expressionist paintings that were done in California from 1954 to 1956. Through Oct. 30. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Lorrie Goulet—Recent sculptures, mostly of female figures. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Ed Kerns—Collage paintings: cut, glued, stapled, torn, and painted paperboard, cloth, and wood. Through Oct. 25. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Elie Nadelman (1882-1946)—Small-scale figure sculptures of the thirties and forties in a show that coincides with one at the Whitney Museum. Through Nov. 8. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Peter Saul—Paintings based on historical themes and on works by other artists. Through Oct. 24. (Frumkin, in a new, branch location, at 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

Group Shows—At the **JANIS**, 6 W. 57th St.: David Parrish, George Segal, and Tom Wesselmann are among the six participants in a show of paintings and sculptures. Through Oct. 25. (Open Mondays.)... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Interpretations of Maine by gallery painters who live there. Through Oct. 25.... **PARSONS-TRUMAN**, 24 W. 57th St.: Mathematical planning is the common denominator of these drawings, by Ruth Vollmer, Patrick Ireland, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 18.... **SCHAEFER**, 41 E. 57th St.: Drawings that range in style from abstract to figure studies and in mediums that include crayon and pencil, by Rhys Caparn, Robert Kaupelis, and others. Through Thursday, Oct. 16.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Carl Andre—Copper floor pieces. Through Oct. 29. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Anips / Lucille Stillman—A mural-size painting in mixed mediums, plus smaller paintings. / Figures in landscapes. Through Oct. 25. (Aames, 93 Prince St.)

Frances Barth—Abstract paintings. Through Oct. 29. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Louis de Niverville—Surrealist paintings by a Canadian artist; first one-man show in New York. Through Oct. 23. (Yu, 393 West Broadway.)

Jan Dibbets—In each of these series, a blown-up color photograph of leaves is cut up into pieces, reorganized, and mounted on paperboard. Through Oct. 25. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Solomon Ethe / Marilyn Fox—Abstract paintings in which geometric problems are presented, usually on a light-blue field. / Clay structures—little ceramic houses or churches, with windows through which various figures are seen, some sacred and some profane. Through Thursday, Oct. 16. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Joseph Konopka—Realist paintings, many of a solitary figure in an urban landscape. Through Oct. 22. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Lucio Pozzi—Conceptual work (paintings, pastels, constructions) done during the past three years. Through Oct. 28. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Harriet Shorr—Still-lifes and interiors. Through

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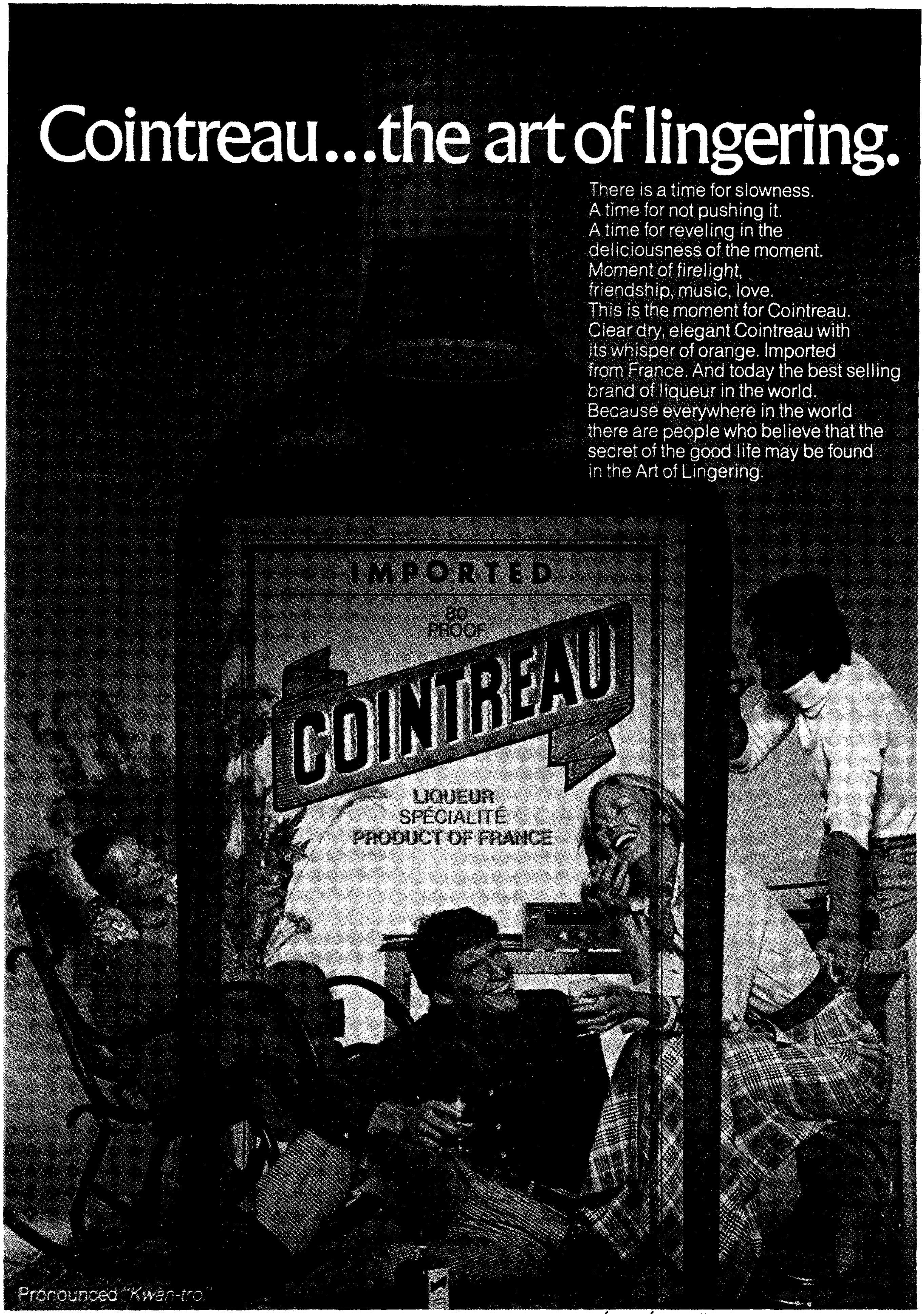
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Oct. 23. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Alan Turner—Deadpan humor, some of it on the black side, depicted in straightforward, sober-sided oil paintings—a blind man carrying a lantern, for instance, or a six-legged dachshund; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Solway, a new gallery at 139 Spring St.)

Joyce Weinstein—Oils and pastels, remotely inspired by city vistas. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Ariadne, 410 West Broadway.)

Group Show—Large-scale paintings from the nineteen-sixties, by Noland, Olitski, and others. Through Wednesday, Oct. 15. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Cecil C. Bell (1906-70)—Gouaches, pastels, and oils depicting street, dock, and harbor scenes of New York City, by an artist who was a student of John Sloan. Through Nov. 1. (South Street Seaport, 16 Fulton St. Daily, noon to 6.)

Robert Rauschenberg—Nearly forty prints, with examples from his entire career. Through Oct. 31. (Visual Arts. 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

Shibata—Large, geometric abstract paintings in white on not-so-white, shown in a multi-split-level gallery that doubles as an architect's office. Through Nov. 17. (Berman, 9 E. 19th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6.)

Three Buildings—Photographs and drawings (with explanatory text) that trace the historical and architectural influence of Grand Central Terminal, the New York Public Library, and the Times Tower on 42nd Street. Through Oct. 22. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays. 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

Group Shows—At the **roko**, 90 E. 10th St.: Drawings by Dotty Attie, Massimo Pierucci, May Stevens, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)... **union carbide building**, 270 Park Ave., at 48th St.: A thirty-fifth anniversary exhibit of the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors, consisting of members' works from the last ten years. Through Oct. 20. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 4:30.)... **westbeth**, 155 Bank St.: A variety of works by members of this coöperative. Through Oct. 26. (Fridays, 5 to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Josef Koudelka—Photographs of Gypsies and country people, some of which appeared in his show at the Museum of Modern Art last spring. Also, new work. Through Nov. 1. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

Doug Prince / Nancy Rexroth—Portraits and landscapes, along with Plexiglas boxes containing layers of images on clear film. / Fuzzy pictures of landscapes, mostly, that were taken with a camera costing $1.50. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

August Sander (1876-1964)—Portraits and a few landscapes by a German master photographer. Through Oct. 30. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Jerry N. Uelsmann—An exhibition of a hundred and twenty-five Surrealistic multiple-image prints by a leading practitioner of this kind of "trick photography." Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

Group Shows—At the **camera club**, 37 E. 60th St.: Photographs by women on the subject of windows. Through Monday, Oct. 13. (Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)... **international center of photography**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: A retrospective of the photographs of Gordon Parks.... ¶ A survey of Polaroid color photography including examples by Ansel Adams, Walker Evans, and Lucas Samaras. Both exhibitions through Nov. 11. (Open Sundays.)... **midtown y gallery**, 344 E. 14th St.: Black-and-white prints by women photographers. Through Sunday, Oct. 12. (Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)... **museum of modern art**, 11 W. 53rd St.: An elegant exhibition of the work of four Surrealist photographers—Man Ray, Frederick Sommer, Clarence John Laughlin, and Robert Cumming. Through Nov. 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Eighty-six drawings by European artists, recently acquired by the museum. Through Jan. 4.... ¶ Ten galleries housing a new and permanent installation of Islamic art that covers an area stretching from Spain to India and includes an eighteenth-century reception room, originally built in Damascus (it has a colored-marble floor, a mosaic fountain, stained-glass windows, and carved and gilded walls and ceiling), carpets (the "Simonetti" carpet, for instance), ceramics, paintings, manuscripts, and religious and secular furnishings. The examples range from the seventh century to the nineteenth, and are arranged chronologically. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Seventeen drawings, by Matisse, Willem de Kooning, Giacometti, and others, which were recently acquired by the museum. Through Nov. 9.... ¶ Four Surrealist photographers. Through Nov. 16.... ¶ Posters, advertisements, record-album covers, book jackets, and magazine illustrations by Milton Glaser. Through Oct. 21.... ¶ "Printsequence" is an exhibition of prints by Rauschenberg, Nolde, Lichtenstein, and others demonstrating variations within a series. Each print in an Andy Warhol series, for instance, reproduces the image of Mao Tse-tung in a different color. Through Jan. 18. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Collage paintings by Jiří Kolář, a contemporary Czech artist showing here for the first time. Through Nov. 16. A complementary show is at the Willard Gallery, 29 E. 72nd St.... ¶ A retrospective of the work of František Kupka (1871-1957), a pioneer Czech experimentalist, is made up of about a hundred and eighty paintings and works on paper. Starts Friday, Oct. 10. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—An Elie Nadelman retrospective of figurative sculptures in wood, stone, metal, and terra-cotta, plus drawings. Through Nov. 30. A complementary show is at the Zabriskie Gallery, 29 W. 57th St.... ¶ A couple of hundred items from the museum's collection of abstract art acquired over the past forty-five years and including recent purchases of the work of Stella, Noguchi, and Willem de Kooning. Through Oct. 26.... ¶ Sculptures and drawings by Richard Tuttle, a young experimental artist. Through Nov. 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Tuesday evenings, 6 to 10, with no admission charge; Sundays and Monday, Oct. 13, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—A display of American folk art, including quilts, weathervanes, and wood carvings, from the collection of the Chase Manhattan Bank. Through Wednesday, Oct. 15. (Mondays, except Oct. 13, through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show recording American and European men's and boys' fashions from the seventeenth century to the present day. The clothing on view includes a lace collar, court-presentation suits, a tuxedo, and a Bill Blass suit. Through Jan. 18.... ¶ About a hundred and forty women artists are each represented by a single work on paper in a show that offers a wide range of styles and mediums. Through Nov. 9. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Monday, Oct. 13, from 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Ocean Life is a double-decker of dioramas on life in the seas and exhibits on the biology of fish. At its peak is a ninety-four-foot model of a breaching blue whale. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Monday, Oct. 13, from 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Nepal: Where the Gods Are Young" is an exhibit of the religious art (eighth century to the nineteenth) of Nepal, where Buddhist and Hindu deities are invariably depicted as youthful. Through Nov. 23. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Oct. 13, from 1 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A letter to a young boy written by Beatrix Potter and embellished with drawings of her pet rabbit Peter and the only known manuscript of "Mother Goose" are two highlights of an exhibit of early illustrated children's books.... ¶ A tribute to Jane Austen on her bicentenary includes personal artifacts—a writing desk, lock of hair, glasses, and so forth—as well as first editions, autograph letters, and manuscripts. Both exhibitions through Nov. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—"Tramp Art" is the title of an exhibit of carved-wood furnishings—bedposts, lamp stands, mirrors, ashtrays—made by itinerants of a sort. The pieces date from 1860 to the thirties and are arranged in room settings. Through Nov. 21. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of bags: embroidered bags from Asia, a sporran from Scotland, shopping bags designed by Lichtenstein and Warhol, Oldenburg's kinetic "Ice Bag," and so on. Starts Friday, Oct. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—William Auerbach-Levy's caricatures of John Barrymore, Lynn Fontanne, Ethel Waters, and other stars of the theatre. Through Jan. 4. (Tuesdays, except Oct. 14, through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Oct. 13, from 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A loan exhibition of drawings by John Trumbull (1756-1843), made up of portrait sketches and studies for some of his historical paintings, and including memorabilia. Through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit (from the library's Berg Collection) centered on Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Robert Browning and containing first editions, autograph manuscripts and letters, and related memorabilia. Through Nov. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Saturday, April 17—Monday evening, Oct. 13: "The Siege of Corinth," with Beverly Sills, Shirley Verrett, Harry Theyard, Justino Díaz, and Richard T. Gill; conducted by Thomas Schippers. (A nonsubscription performance.)... ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 14: "Boris Godunov," with Klara Barlow, Jerome Hines, William Lewis, Robert Nagy, Andrea Velis, Morley Meredith, Arthur Thompson, John Macurdy, and Fernando Corena; Kazimierz Kord.... ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 15: "Così Fan Tutte," with Elizabeth Harwood, Anne Howells, Colette Boky, Ryland Davies, Richard Stilwell, and Renato Capecchi; Kazimierz Kord.... ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 16: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Teresa Kubiak, Roberta Peters, Maureen Forrester, Nicolai Gedda, and Louis Quilico; Henry Lewis.... ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 17: "Boris Godunov," with Klara Barlow, Jerome Hines, William Lewis, Robert Nagy, Andrea

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Velis, Morley Meredith, Arthur Thompson, John Macurdy, and Fernando Corena; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 18: "The Siege of Corinth," with Beverly Sills, Shirley Verrett, Harry Theyard, Justino Díaz, and Richard T. Gill; Thomas Schippers. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 18: "La Gioconda," with Martina Arroyo, Mignon Dunn, Fedora Barbieri, Giorgio Casellato-Lamberti, Matteo Manuguerra, and Malcolm Smith; Giuseppe Patanè. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 8, at 8: "La Traviata," with Maralin Niska, Kathleen Hegierski, Melvyn Poll, and Pablo Elvira; conducted by Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 9, at 8: "A Village Romeo and Juliet," with Patricia Wells, Richard Taylor, Charles Roe, and David Holloway; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 10, at 8: "Carmen," with Olivia Stapp, Emily Derr, Kenneth Collins, and John Darrenkamp; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 11, at 2: "H.M.S. Pinafore," with Glenys Fowles, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Gary Glaze, and James Billings; David Effron. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Maralin Niska, Sandra Walker, Melvyn Poll, and Richard Fredricks; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 12, at 1: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Karan Armstrong, Elizabeth Haley, William McDonald, and Alan Titus; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 12, at 7: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Patricia Brooks, Kathleen Hegierski, Gaetano Scano, and Pablo Elvira; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 14, at 8: "A Village Romeo and Juliet," with Patricia Wells, Jeanne Piland, Richard Taylor, and David Holloway; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 8: "La Bohème," with Maralin Niska, Eleanor Bergquist, Melvyn Poll, and Dominic Cossa; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 16, at 8: "Carmen," with Diane Curry, Glenys Fowles, Kenneth Collins, and John Darrenkamp; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 17, at 8: "La Traviata," with Heather Thomson, Kathleen Hegierski, Gaetano Scano, and Pablo Elvira; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 18, at 2: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Glenys Fowles, Richard Fredricks, and Robert Hale; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Maralin Niska, Kenneth Collins, David Holloway, and Spiro Malas; Luigi Martelli. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 9.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Pierre Boulez conducting on Thursday, Oct. 9, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 10, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Oct. 14, at 7:30 (all with Peter Serkin, piano). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting on Thursday, Oct. 16, at 8:30 (with Walter Cronkite, narrator). . . . ¶ Pierre Boulez conducting on Friday, Oct. 17, at 2, and Saturday, Oct. 18, and Tuesday, Oct. 21, at 8:30 (with Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano).

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa conducting the opening performances of the season here—Berlioz' dramatic symphony "Roméo et Juliette," with Julia Hamari, mezzo-soprano; Jean Dupouy, tenor; José van Dam, bass; and the New England Conservatory Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 8-9, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss directing, with Jessye Norman, soprano, and the Brooklyn Boys Chorus. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

Musica Sacra Orchestra and Chorus—Richard Westenburg directing the first in a series of three concerts of seventeenth-century music, this one a program of English works. (Medieval Sculpture Court, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Oct. 16, at 8.)

RECITALS

Andrée Juliette Brun and Alberte Brun—Duo piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Oct. 10, at 8.)

Julian Bream—Guitarist and lutanist. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Oct. 10, at 8.)

Les Menestriers—Five French minstrels singing and playing music from the French, English, and Italian medieval and Renaissance periods. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Oct. 10, at 8.)

Andrius Kuprevicius—Piano, in an all-Ravel program. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Oct. 11, at 3.)

Gisela May—Songs of Brecht and Weill. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8.)

Edward Brewer—Harpsichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8:30.)

Sylvia Marlowe—Harpsichord, playing Bach's Goldberg Variations. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Oct. 13, at 8.)

Concord String Quartet—A program of contemporary music. (New York University School of Education Auditorium, 35 W. 4th St. Tuesday, Oct. 14, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Robert Goldsand—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 8.)

Manolo Sanlucar—Flamenco guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Oct. 16, at 8.)

Joel Shapiro—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Oct. 16, at 8.)

Karen Shaw—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 17, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Jaime Laredo and Ani Kavafian, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Richard Goode, piano; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Oct. 17, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 19, at 5.)

Ensemble for Early Music—A performance of "Roman de Fauvel," a fourteenth-century secular play, with the Ensemble singing, and playing medieval instruments. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Oct. 17, at 8.)

Coffee Concerts—The Tokyo String Quartet will play the first in a series of six hour-long concerts, following which the artists will mingle with the audience over coffee. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 18, at noon.)

Carlos Barbosa-Lima—Classical guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

Frans Brueggen and Alan Curtis—Baroque flute/recorder and harpsichord, in the first of two all-Bach programs. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

Ginetta La Bianca—Soprano, with the Mendelssohn Club Chorale directed by J. Lawrence Coulter. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

Freiburg Baroque Soloists—A program of the music of Johann Sebastian Bach and his sons. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—With Nancy Dalley, flute. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Meyer Kupferman—Music on tape, supplemented by Samuel Baron, flute; Gilbert Kalish, piano; and other soloists. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Music with Jens Nygaard—An all-Schubert program of operatic and orchestral works, with, among others, Berenice Bramson and Judith Raskin, sopranos; Grayson Hirst, tenor; and the Westchester Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Nygaard. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Oct. 13, at 8.)

Avant Garde In-The-Round—The first of two programs with commentary, this one performed by Cheryl Seltzer and Joel Sachs, piano, and Claire Heldrich and Joseph Passaro, percussion. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 6 and 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—Exhibition games—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Washington vs. Chicago and Knicks vs. Boston, Thursday, Oct. 9, at 6. . . . ¶ Boston vs. Chicago and Knicks vs. Washington, Saturday, Oct. 11, at 6. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Nets, Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Nets vs. Knicks, Wednesday, Oct. 8, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Golden State, Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 8:05.

College Football—**SATURDAY, OCT. 11:** Army vs. Duke, at West Point, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Yale, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Princeton, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Pennsylvania, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Seton Hall, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Columbia, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Colgate, at Worcester, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Syracuse, at Annapolis, at 2. . . . **FRIDAY, OCT. 17:** Fordham vs. Hofstra, at Fordham, at 8. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Lafayette, at Philadelphia, at 8. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 18:** Army vs. Pittsburgh, at West Point, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Boston College vs. Navy, at Chestnut Hill, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Yale, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Harvard, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Brown, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Manhattan vs. St. John's, at Gaelic Park, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Colgate, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. William and Mary, at New Brunswick, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Sunday, Oct. 12: Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, at Shea Stadium, at 1. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Minnesota Vikings, at Minneapolis.

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Wednesday, Oct. 8. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Los Angeles Kings, Sunday, Oct. 12. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Atlanta Flames, Wednesday, Oct. 15. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM** (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Los Angeles Kings, Saturday, Oct. 11. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Montreal Canadiens, Tuesday, Oct. 14. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Saturday, Oct. 18.

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; last day Tuesday, Nov. 4. The Cowdin, Wednesday, Oct. 8; the Man o' War, Saturday, Oct. 11; the Fall Highweight Handicap, Monday, Oct. 13; and the Champagne, Saturday, Oct. 18. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:15 and 1, and Saturdays and Sundays between 10:15 and 1:15.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Nov. 8. . . . **BOWIE,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, Oct. 18.

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 11. . . . **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8, from Monday, Oct. 13, through Saturday, Dec. 13.

ET ALIA

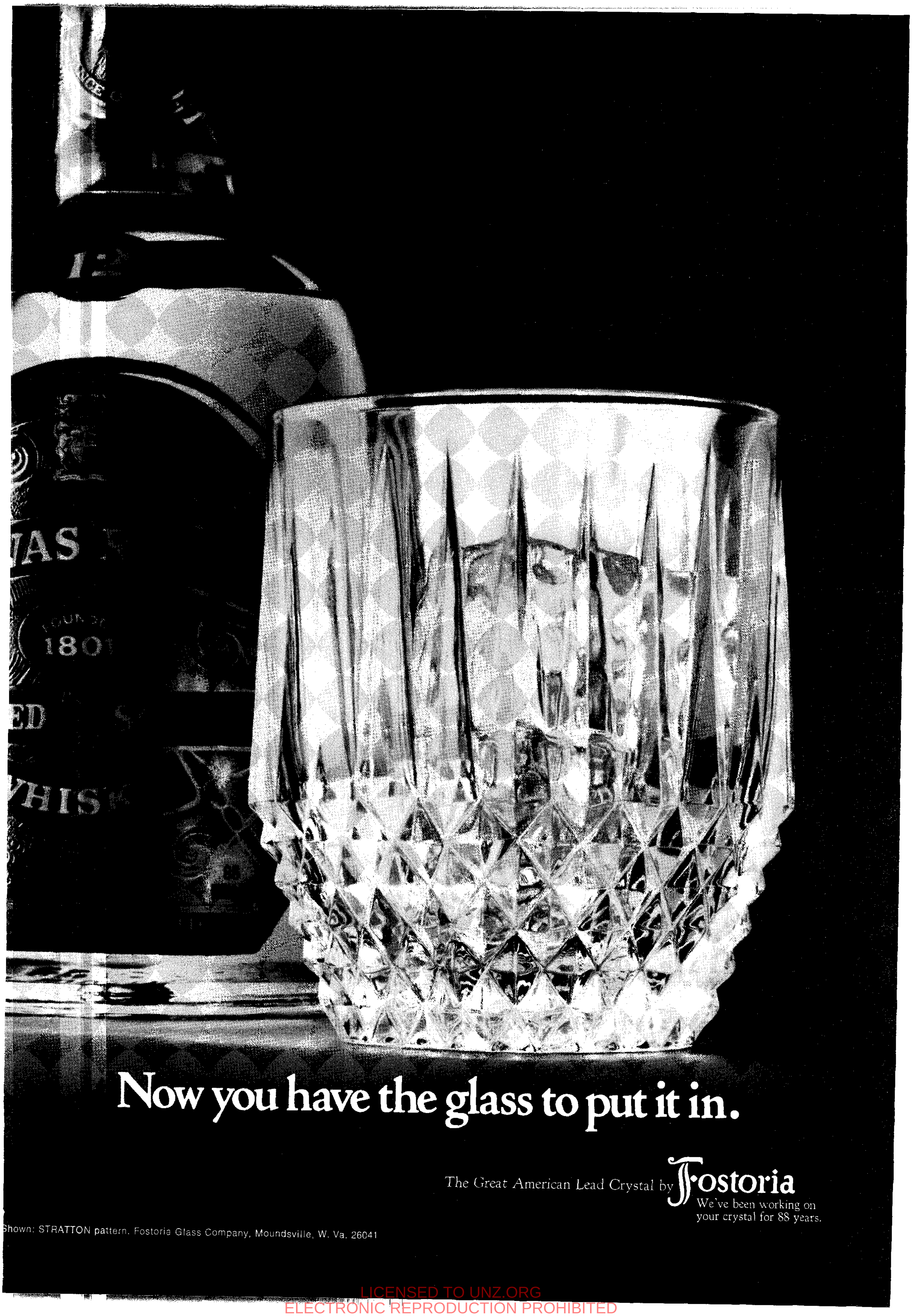
(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

An Evening of Edna St. Vincent Millay—A benefit program of Millay poetry, music, and drama, performed by Roscoe Lee Browne, Colleen Dewhurst, Mary Travers, Mabel Mercer, Dorothy Stickney, and others. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Tuesday, Oct. 14, at 8.)

Flower Show—The Fall Flower Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St. Wednesday, Oct. 15, from noon to 6.

Flea Market—The New York Flea Market, at Sixth Ave. and 25th St., is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7.

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Oct. 10-11, at 10:15 and 2: African, Oceanic, and pre-Columbian art, from the collection of Jay C. Leff. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 10:15 and 2: Jewelry and gold coins, from the estate of Geraldine Rockefeller Dodge. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 10. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 16, at 2: Jewelry, from several owners. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 10.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We've been working on your crystal for 88 years.

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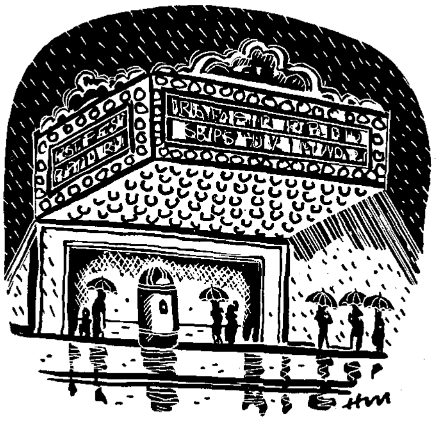
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Nashville."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Oct. 8: "Freaks," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and "Mark of the Vampire."
Oct. 9-11: "Broadway Melody" and "Broadway Melody of 1936."
Oct. 12-14: "Words and Music" and "Three Little Words."
Oct. 15: "The Bad and the Beautiful" and "Green Dolphin Street."
From Oct. 16: "Sahara" and "Dead Reckoning."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Oct. 14: "Tommy" and "Aloha, Bobby and Rose."
From Oct. 15: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" and "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Oct. 11: "Lenny" and "Little Big Man."
Oct. 12-14: "Alfredo Alfredo" and "Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?"
From Oct. 15: "The Graduate" and "Midnight Cowboy."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 14: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail."
From Oct. 15: "The Fortune."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Farewell, My Lovely." (*No evening performances on Wednesday, Oct. 15.*)

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Jaws."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Love and Death."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Hearts of the West."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Texas Chain Saw Massacre."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through Oct. 9: "A Brief Vacation."
From Oct. 10: "Exhibition" (X-rated).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Antonia: A Portrait of the Woman" and "I. F. Stone's Weekly."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Conduct Unbecoming."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Oct. 9: "Nashville."
From Oct. 10: "Royal Flash."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
Through Oct. 14: "The Return of the Pink Panther" and "Blazing Saddles."
From Oct. 15: To be announced.

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Master Gunfighter."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Sweet Movie."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Dog Day Afternoon."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Swept Away."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Hard Times."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Tommy."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Oct. 11: "The Seduction of Mimi" and "Love and Anarchy."
From Oct. 12: "The Mystery of Kasper Hauser."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"A Pain in the A. ."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Three Days of the Condor."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Oct. 14: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail."
From Oct. 15: "Once Is Not Enough."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Oct. 14: "Supervixens" (X-rated).
From Oct. 15: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Oct. 14: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore."
From Oct. 15: "The Passenger."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Love and Death."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Mahogany."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Farewell, My Lovely."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Oct. 10: "The Boob Tube" (X-rated).
From Oct. 11: "Let's Do It Again."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Hard Times."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"The Master Gunfighter."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Oct. 8: "Rashomon" and "The Idiot."
Oct. 9: "I Vitelloni" and "La Strada."
Oct. 10: "Five Easy Pieces" and "The King of Marvin Gardens."
Oct. 11: "The Ruling Class" and "Bedazzled."
Oct. 12: "Children of Paradise."
Oct. 13: "Breathless" and "Shoot the Piano Player."
Oct. 14: "The Ferocious One" and "Lenin in Poland."
Oct. 15: "Last Year at Marienbad" and "L'Immortelle."
Oct. 16: "Il Bidone" and "Nights of Cabiria."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Hard Times."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through Oct. 9: "Xala."
From Oct. 10: "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?"

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Love and Death."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Oct. 14 at one or another of the theatres: "Rollerball" and "The Last American Hero"/"The Day of the Locust"/"S.O.S." (X-rated). . . . ¶ Through Oct. 9: "Fort Apache" and "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon.'. . . ¶ Oct. 10-11: "Suspicion" and "Journey Into Fear.". . . ¶ Oct. 12-14: "Gunga Din" and "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."
From Oct. 15: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Oct. 8: "Daisy Miller" and "The Great Gatsby."
Oct. 9: "The Boys in the Band" and "Sunday Bloody Sunday."
Oct. 10-11: "Woodstock" and "Alice's Restaurant."
Oct. 12: One performance, at noon, of "Plisetskaya Dances."
Oct. 12-13: "Murmur of the Heart" and "Lacombe, Lucien."
Oct. 14: "La Collectionneuse" and "My Night at Maud's."
Oct. 15-16: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" and "Niagara."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Benji."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Oct. 9: "Give 'Em Hell, Harry!"
From Oct. 10: "Lisztomania."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through Oct. 10: "The Day of the Locust."
From Oct. 11: "Let's Do It Again."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Oct. 14: "The Drowning Pool" and "Bank Shot."
From Oct. 15: "The Wind and the Lion" and "Juggernaut."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"What's Up, Doc?" and "I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!"

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Oct. 8: "The Epic That Never Was" and "Salvation Hunters."
Oct. 9: "Mean Streets" and "Accattone!"
Oct. 10: "The Virgin Spring" and "The Magician."
Oct. 11: "Citizen Kane" and "The Lady from Shanghai."
Oct. 12: "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" and "Great Expectations."
Oct. 13: "To Be or Not to Be" and "Nothing Sacred."
Oct. 14: "Beauties of the Night" and "Sylvie and the Phantom."
Oct. 15: "Thunderbolt" and "The Blue Angel."
Oct. 16: "Fear Eats the Soul-Ali" and "The Merchant of Four Seasons."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Oct. 11: "Just Before Nightfall."
From Oct. 12: "Lies My Father Told Me."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"It Came from Outer Space" and "The Creature from the Black Lagoon."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Love and Death."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Oct. 11: "It's a Wonderful Life" and "Ball of Fire."
Oct. 12-14: "Stella Dallas" and "These Three."
From Oct. 15: "Bringing Up Baby" and "Stage Door."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Moses and Aaron."

Loews 83rd St. 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Nashville."
Theatre 2: "Hard Times."
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 14: "Supervixens" (X-rated). From Oct. 15: "The Exorcist."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Oct. 14: "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?" and "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?"
From Oct. 15: To be announced.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 14: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" and "Scenes from a Marriage."
Oct. 15-16: "Murmur of the Heart" and "Women in Love."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"Love and Death."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Oct. 14: "The Return of the Pink Panther" and "The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob."
From Oct. 15: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" and "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Oct. 8 at 2: "Wings" (1927), directed by William A. Wellman, with Clara Bow and Buddy Rogers. . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 5:30: "Love's Berries" (1926) and "Diplomatic Pouch" (1927), both Russian silent films, directed by Alexander Dovzhenko; no English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 8: "Part-Time Work of a Domestic Slave" (1974), in German, directed by Alexander Kluge; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 2: "Mary Pickford's Kiss" (1927), a Russian silent film, directed by Sergei Komarov; no English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 5:30 and Oct. 11 at noon: A program of seven short films. . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 3: "Love's Berries" and "Diplomatic

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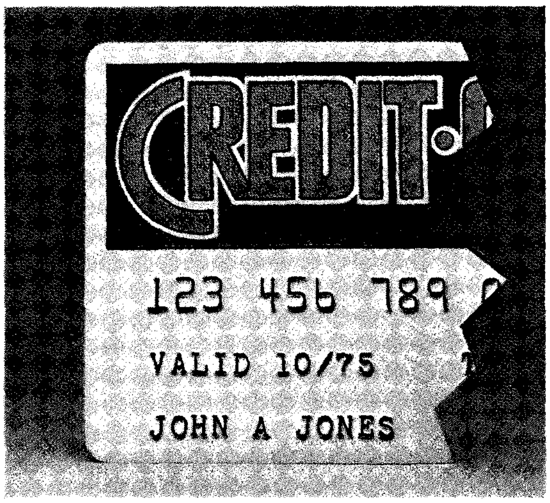

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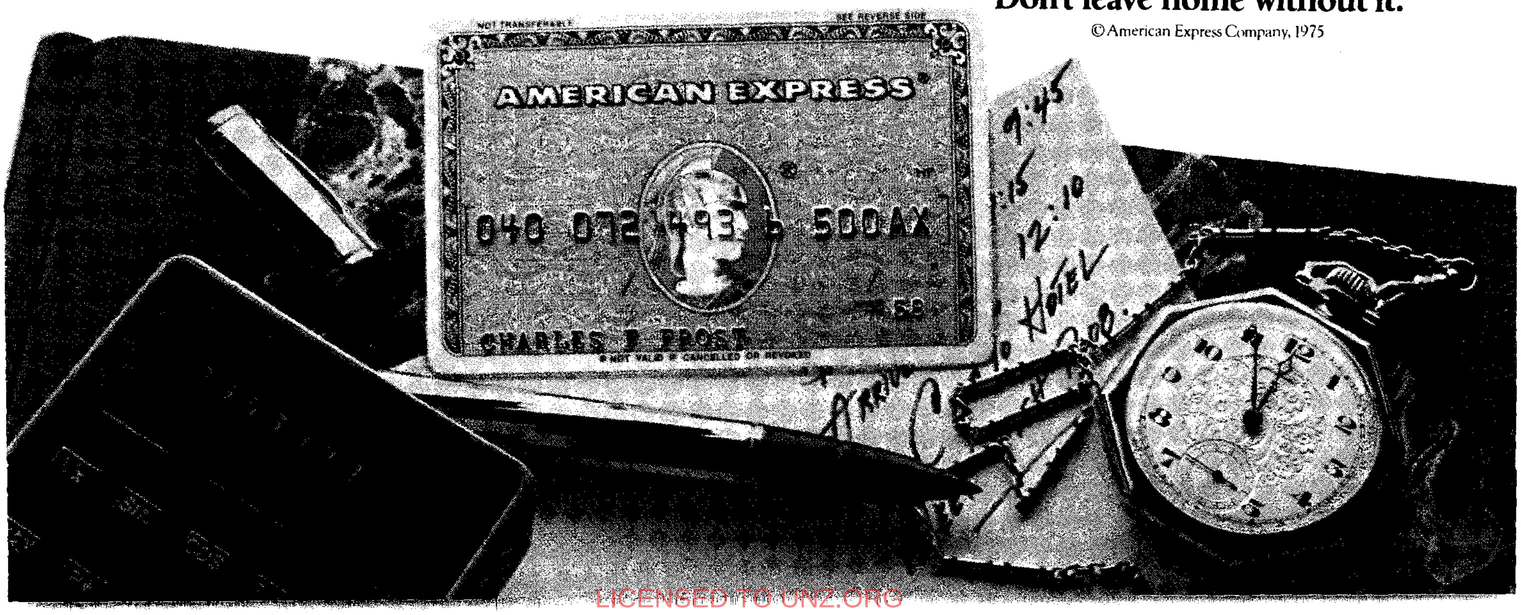

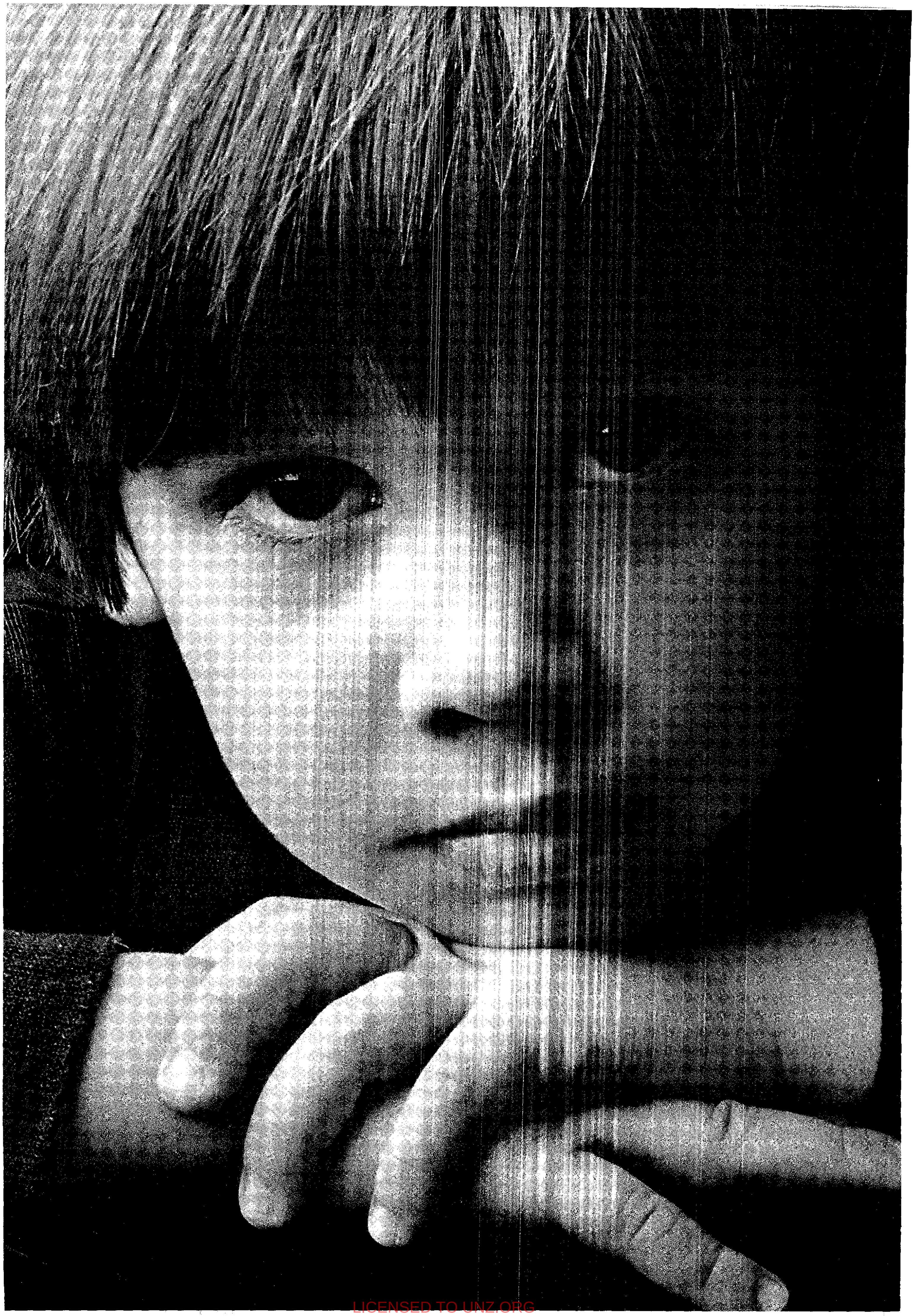

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Pouch."...¶ Oct. 11 at 5:30: "Zvenigora" (1927), a Russian silent film, directed by Alexander Dovzhenko; no English inter-titles....¶ Oct. 12 at 11, 12:30, and 3: "A Trip to the Moon" (1902), directed by Georges Méliès; "The Pumpkin Race" (1902), directed by Emile Cohl; "Gertie the Dinosaur" (1909), directed by Winsor McCay; "Cops" (1922), directed by Buster Keaton and Eddie Cline; and "Tit for Tat" (1905)....¶ Oct. 12 at 5:30: "House in the Snowdrifts" (1927), directed by Friedrich Ermler, and "Moscow in October" (1927), directed by Boris Barnet; both films are Russian silent features, with no English inter-titles, and both are incomplete....¶ Oct. 13 at 2: "Mother" (1926), a Russian silent film, directed by Vsevolod Pudovkin; English inter-titles....¶ Oct. 13 at 5:30: "Wings of the Morning" (1937), directed by Harold Schuster, with Annabella and Henry Fonda.... ¶ Oct. 14 at 2: "By the Law" (1926), a Russian silent film, directed by Lev Kuleshov; English inter-titles....¶ Oct. 14 at 5:30: A program of mostly short animated films by Victor Faccinto, done between 1970 and 1975; recommended for adults only.... ¶ Oct. 15 at 2: "Wings of the Morning."... ¶ Oct. 16 at 5:30: Three animated films (1927) from Mezhrabpom-Rus Studios, and "Two Days" (1927), a Russian silent film, directed by Georgi Stabovoi; no English inter-titles for any of the films....¶ Oct. 16 at 8: "Lina Braake" (1974), in German, directed by Bernhard Sinkel; English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Oct. 14: "Fireworks" (1947), "Rabbit's Moon" (1950), "Inauguration of the Pleasure Dome" (1954), and "Lucifer Rising, Part I" (1974), all directed by Kenneth Anger....¶ Starting Oct. 15: "Family Portrait Sittings," directed by Alfred Guzzetti. Showings at noon (except Wednesdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Landow, Mekas, Grant, Polidori, Rossellini, Riefenstahl, Méliès, Chase, Nelson, Ozu, Smith, Kirsanov, Vertov, Sonbert, Hykes, and others. Showings Oct. 8 at 6 and 8; Oct. 9-10 at 6, 8, and 10; Oct. 11 at 2:30, 6, 8, and 10; Oct. 12 at 8; Oct. 14-15 at 6, 8, and 10; and Oct. 16 at 6, 7:30, and 9.

New York Film Festival—The final programs in a series of international films—At **Alice Tully Hall**, Lincoln Center. Oct. 8 at 6:15: "India Song" (Marguerite Duras; France).... ¶ Oct. 8 at 9:30: "Milestones" (Robert Kramer and John Douglas; United States). ...¶ Oct. 9 at 6:15: "Smile" (Michael Ritchie; United States)....¶ Oct. 9 at 9:30 and Oct. 10 at 6:15: "French Provincial" (André Téchiné; France)....¶ Oct. 10 at 9:30: "India Song."...¶ Oct. 11 at 2: "Milestones."...¶ Oct. 11 at 6: "Elektreia" (Miklós Jancsó; Hungary)....¶ Oct. 11 at 9: "Smile."... **Avery Fisher Hall**. Oct. 12 at 8:30: "The Story of Adèle H." (François Truffaut; France). (For tickets, call 362-1911.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Accattone! (1961)—Pier Paolo Pasolini's film about a Catholic boy at the bottom of the heap. The characters and the story are simple and anti-bourgeois by nature; Pasolini's coldly humorless theories and haut-bourgeois intellect sabotage practically everything that he hopes to do emotionally in the picture. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 9.)

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer (1938)—Norman Taurog, who had scored at the box office with "Skippy" and other films starring children, directed this fairly straightforward version; the film is a reasonably good family-style comedy-melodrama of its period, and the humor in many of Mark Twain's episodes survives the Technicolor sunsets and the obviousness of the tone. May Robson is Aunt Polly, tapping her thimble briskly; Tommy Kelly plays Tom, and Ann Gillis is Becky Thatcher. The adaptation is by John Weaver. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 12.)

Alfredo Alfredo (1973)—Dubbed with a mellifluous Italian voice, Dustin Hoffman gives a warm and friendly performance as a shy young Italian bank clerk, and the novelty of seeing him without his own frightened, choked-up voice adds an extra dimension to this rather conventional Pietro Germi comedy. Stefania Sandrelli plays the flighty, extravagantly romantic girl Alfredo marries; his bride's exquisite features give her a look of mystery, but she's an imbecile sphinx, mysterious yet dumb as a cow. Carla Gravina plays the modern independent working woman who liberates him. Not up to Germi's "Divorce—Italian Style," but the first third stays at a fairly high level; after that the picture sags. In Italian. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/21/74.) (Cinema Village; Oct. 12-14.)

Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore—A thirty-five-year-old widow sets out with her young son to make a new life. Full of funny malice and breakneck vitality. With Ellen Burstyn, Harvey Keitel, and Kris Kristofferson. Martin Scorsese directed. (1/13/75) (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Oct. 14.)

Alice's Restaurant (1969)—Arthur Penn's extension of Arlo Guthrie's talking-blues record, "The Alice's Restaurant Massacree." Made with attractive simplicity and with great affection for the hippies' humor. (Elgin; Oct. 10-11.)

Aloha, Bobby and Rose—With Paul Le Mat, Dianne Hull, and Tim McIntire, directed by Floyd Mutrux. (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 14.)

Antonia: A Portrait of the Woman (1974)—A documentary about a lone woman musician, Dr. Antonia Brico, who is a born teacher but also a born conductor; she would like to conduct five times a month but can get engagements only five times a year because of her sex. The film is made with warmth and no propaganda, and it shows us that Dr. Brico has had to overcome a shyness that stood in the way of a longing for the gregarious. (9/16/74) (Plaza.)

The Bad and the Beautiful (1953)—This glossy melodrama about a "bad" megalomaniac Hollywood producer (Kirk Douglas) and a "beautiful" alcoholic star (Lana Turner) is one of those movies that set out to explain what Hollywood is *really* like. It's a piquant example of what it purports to expose—luxurious exhibitionism—and the course of what is described as a rat race to success is the softest turf ever. The structure is reminiscent of "Citizen Kane," and there is the "Rosebud" of Douglas's ill-defined Oedipal confusion, but there are good scenes and, for those who enjoy gossip, incidents derived from a number of famous careers. With Dick Powell as an author; Gloria Grahame as his Southern wife; Walter Pidgeon as a studio head; Barry Sullivan as a director; Gilbert Roland as Gaucho, the actor; Elaine Stewart as the starlet; and Leo G. Carroll. Vincente Minnelli directed. Five Academy Awards, including best supporting actress (Grahame) and best screenplay (Charles Schnee). (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 15.)

Ball of Fire (1942)—The romantic collision of Sugarpuss O'Shea, a burlesque dancer (Barbara Stanwyck), and Bertram Potts, a fuddy-duddy professor (Gary Cooper), is played as if it were terribly bright, but it's rather shrill and tiresome. Howard Hawks directed, but Brackett and Wilder did the script, and Wilder's influence seems strong. The professor's colleagues have corny, cute names and carry on like something left over from a stock-company Viennese operetta. The cast includes Dana Andrews, Dan Duryea, and Allen Jenkins, and, as the professors, Oscar Homolka, Henry Travers, S. Z. Sakall, Tully Marshall, Leonid Kinskey, Richard Haydn, and Aubrey Mather. Gene Krupa and his band are also on the screen. Gregg Toland did the cinematography for this expensive Samuel Goldwyn production. (Regency; through Oct. 11.)

Bank Shot (1974)—Directed by Gower Champion, this bank-heist story is a vehicular dream: enormous earthmovers, driven with great zest by George C. Scott to escape from a maximum-security prison; a golf cart housing an infuriated prison warden (Clifton James); a bank for senior citizens that is set on wheels and translated into a mobile home by a gang of bank robbers. The film ends facetiously, and it has some moments when characters go through complicated maneuvers simply for laughs; all the same, a droll movie of its kind. (8/12/74) (Playboy; through Oct. 14.)

Beauties of the Night (1954)—René Clair's film, with Lollobrigida and Gérard Philipe. Philipe is a small-town music teacher bent on a series of dream conquests. Clair's distinctive light irony is not at its best or most full of character, though the film contains a rather funny intermittent complaint about noise, with the hero connecting high romantic troubles with the sound of a garage beneath his window. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 14.)

Bedazzled (1967)—A funny demonstration of the folly of striking bargains with the Devil. Directed by Stanley Donen, and starring Dudley Moore, Peter Cook, and Eleanor Bron. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 11.)

Benji—Loyalty tale about a mongrel, supposedly for children but hardly for anybody. (Guild.)

Il Bidone ("The Swindlers;" 1955)—This Fellini film, made directly after "La Strada," wasn't a success in Italy, or in this country, either. The tone is uncertain; one keeps expecting the movie to be something different from the harsh story it turns out to be. Broderick Crawford (in a role conceived for Bogart), Richard Basehart, and Franco Fabrizi are the con artists who cheat gullible peasants, and Giulietta Masina plays Basehart's wife. The film doesn't quite work, but it isn't negligible; it has some of Fellini's most realistic passages, and Broderick Crawford's remorse for his crimes, and his end, alone on a mountain road, are painful in a simple, direct way. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 16.)

Blazing Saddles (1974)—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (2/18/74) (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1; through Oct. 14.)

The Blue Angel (1929)—An almost legendary film. As Lola Lola, Marlene Dietrich is a rather coarse and plump young beauty—the incarnation of sex without romance or sentiment. Emil Jannings is the inhibited, tyrannical teacher who succumbs to her. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. In German. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 15.)

The Boys in the Band (1970)—A gathering of homosexuals like the gathering of bitchy ladies in "The Women," but with a forties-movie bomber-crew cast: a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro, a hustler, one who is butch, and one who is nellie, and so on. They crack jokes while their hearts are breaking. William Friedkin directed Mart Crowley's adaptation of his own play. (Elgin; Oct. 9.)

Breathless (1959)—Jean-Luc Godard's first feature—a witty, romantic, innovative chase picture with Jean-Paul Belmondo as a Parisian hood and Jean Seberg as the American girl who casually lives with him and casually betrays him. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 13.)

A Brief Vacation—Vittorio De Sica's final collaboration with the scriptwriter Cesare Zavattini was on this story of Clara (Florinda Bolkan), a resentful, beaten-down Calabrian factory worker in Milan. Sent to a sanatorium in northern Italy to be cured of tuberculosis, she discovers art and spirituality, and from then on it's all swoony romanticism. In Italian. (3/3/75) (Fine Arts; through Oct. 9.)

Bringing Up Baby (1938)—Lunatic comedies of the thirties generally started with an heiress. This one starts with an heiress (Katharine Hepburn) who has a dog, George, and a leopard, Baby. Cary Grant is a paleontologist who has just acquired the bone he needs to complete his dinosaur skeleton. George steals

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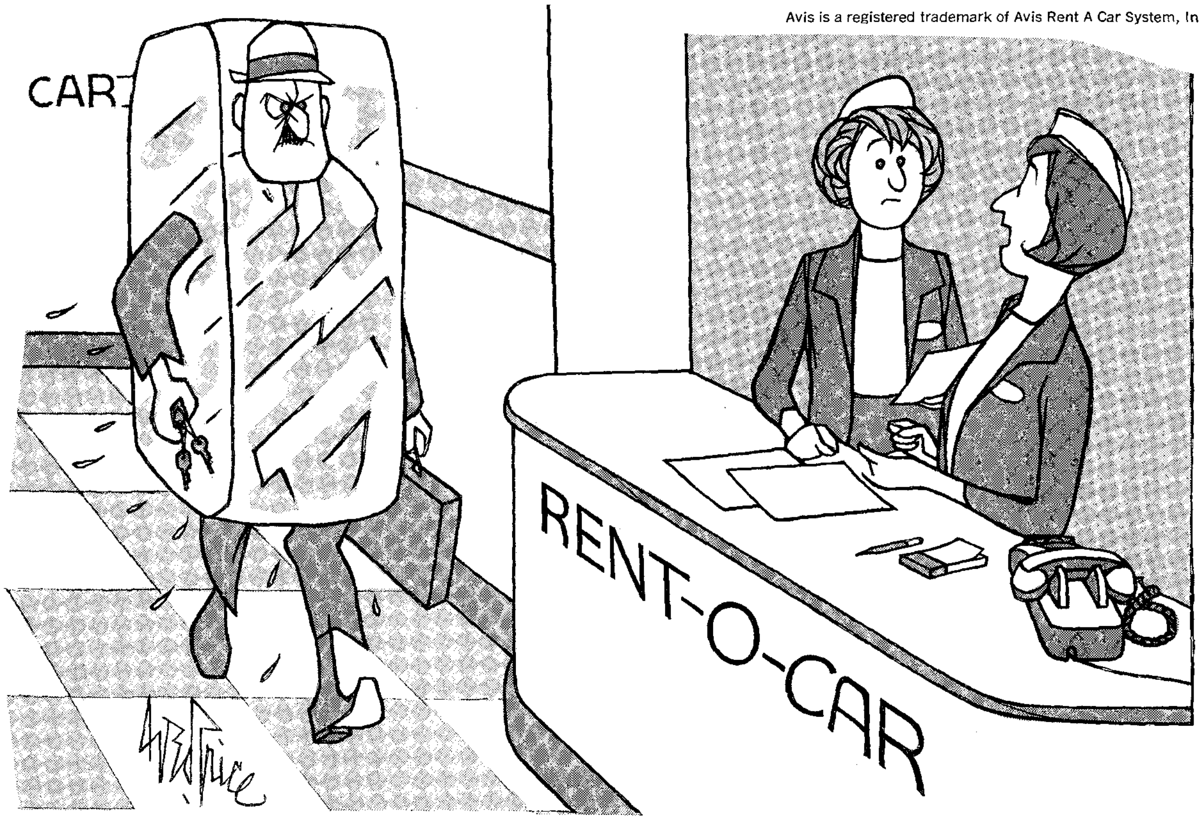

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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the bone, Grant and Baby chase each other around, the dinosaur collapses—but Grant winds up with Hepburn, and no paleontologist ever got hold of a more beautiful set of bones. The director, Howard Hawks, keeps all this trifling nonsense in such artful balance that it never impinges on the real world; it may be the American movies' closest equivalent to Restoration comedy. With Charles Ruggles as an explorer, Barry Fitzgerald as a drunk, May Robson as a dowager, Walter Catlett as a sheriff, and Fritz Field as a frenzied psychoanalyst. George is played by Asta, of "The Thin Man" series. The screenplay is by Dudley Nichols and Hager Wilde, from Wilde's story. This picture was the taking-off point for Peter Bogdanovich's comedy "What's Up, Doc?" (Regency; starting Oct. 15.)

Broadway Melody (1929)—When talkies were new, this was the musical that everyone went to see. It's the one with "The Wedding of the Painted Doll" and "Broadway Melody," of course, and "You Were Meant for Me," by Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown. It's the one with Anita Page and Bessie Love as the sisters from tank-town vaudeville whose hearts are broken in the big city. (Bessie Love can be seen, looking much the same, as the telephone-answering-service operator in "Sunday Bloody Sunday.") With Charles King, Jed Prouty, and Mary Doran. Harry Beaumont directed. (Originally in Technicolor, it is now in black-and-white.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 9-11.)

Broadway Melody of 1936—An M-G-M musical with Eleanor Powell (a dynamo, all right, but she manages to be wholesome even in glittering top hat and tails), Robert Taylor, Jack Benny, Frances Langford, Una Merkel, and June Knight. A good score by Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown includes "I Gotta Feelin' You're Foolin'," "You Are My Lucky Star," and "Broadway Rhythm." Roy Del Ruth directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 9-11.)

Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?—A palimpsest film documentary about the Great Depression, mixing clips of reportage, staged newsreels, home movies, and feature films. The director-writer, obviously diligent in research, is Philippe Mora. He belies the seriousness of his purpose by deciding to give the audience practically no identifying subtitles: we need dates, credits, and some indication of whether what we are looking at is fact, staged fact, or fiction. But see the film. (8/18/75) (New Yorker; through Oct. 14.... ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; starting Oct. 10.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 12.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—The Orson Welles film is generally considered the greatest American film of the sound period, and it's more fun than any other great movie. Based on the life of William Randolph Hearst, it is an exuberant, muckraking attack on an archetypal economic baron. With Welles, of course, and Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 11.)

La Collectionneuse (1967)—Eric Rohmer directs the third of his "Six Moral Tales." This one, too, is full of summer—dazed with sun, bored, a study in the heresy of not enjoying a good time. The film is about a drolly seen prig, but Rohmer's sense of the ridiculous isn't that sure. In French, with voice-over in English from the hero when he's thinking aloud, which has an oddly ventriloquial effect and makes you jump. (Elgin; Oct. 14.)

Conduct Unbecoming—With Michael York, Richard Attenborough, Trevor Howard, Stacy Keach, Christopher Plummer, and Susannah York, directed by Michael Anderson. (Baronet.)

The Creature from the Black Lagoon (1954)—With Richard Carlson, directed by Jack Arnold. (Paramount.)

Daisy Miller (1974)—Henry James's short story, filmed at a pace as hectic as the chatter of Daisy herself. Directed by Peter Bogdanovich, script by Frederic Raphael. In the James story, Daisy's instinct, exactly reported here, is always to beat others by her fervor and her implied insistence that distress and melancholy are easily remediable European diseases of the under-energized. Cybill Shepherd is fine as the Daisy who sees Europe as a continent of hotels; she looks very pretty, with perfect American features and a chin that bodes years of overmasterful housekeeping after her escapades as a flirt. (5/27/74) (Elgin; Oct. 8.)

The Day of the Locust—John Schlesinger's overblown version of Nathanael West's novel—an aesthete's view of society, set in Los Angeles in the thirties, in which the culturally debased people bring on the apocalypse. There wouldn't be much to remember from the movie if it weren't for a few of the performers—Burgess Meredith as an old vaudevillian, Billy Barty as a macho dwarf, and William Atherton in the thankless role of the artist Tod. (5/12/75) (Festival; through Oct. 10.... ¶ Quad Cinema; through Oct. 14.)

Dead Reckoning (1947)—A forgettable Bogart melodrama that was already familiar when it came out; it had been synthesized from several of his hits, with Lizabeth Scott's role processed out of Mary Astor and Lauren Bacall routines. Scott double-crosses a friend of Bogart's, and as he takes her to the authorities he snarls, "You're going to fry." "Ah," she says yearningly, flaring her nostrils, "can't we put this behind us? Don't you love me?" He sneers heavily, though you can see that deep down under he loves her. She fries. John Cromwell directed; with Morris Carnovsky, Wallace Ford, and William Prince. (Theatre (80 St. Marks; starting Oct. 16.)

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde (1932)—Fredric March goes in for hilarious makeup that includes a change in the shape of his skull and an alarming number of huge teeth, and his rampaging Hyde is so exuberantly athletic he seems to be modelled on Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. Rouben Mamoulian directed this version; he rather overdoes the pseudo-science at the beginning, but at some levels this story seems to work in every version, and this one, set in a starched mid-Victorian environment, suggests the lust that has to come out—and the attraction of the gutter. With Miriam Hopkins, shiny-eyed wih sexual mischief, as the trollop, and Rose Hobart. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 8.)

Dog Day Afternoon—Sidney Lumet's intelligent though overgalvanized farce about a Brooklyn bank robbery in a temperature of ninety-seven degrees, carried out by Al Pacino as a homosexual named Sonny, and John Cazale as a droop-haired, literary-looking mate. The casting is acute and affectionate. The pure show-biz energy of the tale—based on a real New York episode—takes it sometimes into the realm of Broadway-comedy glibness, but the mask of frenetic cliché doesn't spoil moments of pure reporting on people in extremity. (9/22/75) (Cinema I.)

The Drowning Pool—Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman have the unstressed humor and the readiness for risk to play opposite each other in Restoration comedy, or in Shaw; they shouldn't be misspent in a private-eye story like this, a trite celebration of the old male-loner myth. Directed by Stuart Rosenberg. (6/30/75) (Playboy; through Oct. 14.)

The Epic That Never Was (1966)—A documentary, made for British television, about the circumstances that caused the Josef von Sternberg production of "I, Claudius," based on Robert Graves' "I, Claudius" and "Claudius the God," to be abandoned midway, in 1937. The temperamental problems between the star, Charles Laughton, and the director were obviously enormous, and the production was hit by a series of disasters; however, from the look of the footage that is included, the world did not lose a masterpiece. The interviews with survivors of the debacle (such as Merle Oberon) are very entertaining. This is probably the only film ever made about an abandoned film. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 8.)

Exhibition—A documentary, by Jean-François Davy, about the public and private life of Claudine Beccarie, the French pornographic-film actress. (Fine Arts; starting Oct. 10.)

The Exorcist (1973)—The demonic possession of a child, treated with shallow seriousness. The picture is designed to scare people, and it does so by mechanical means: levitations, swivelling heads, vomit being spewed in priests' faces. A viewer can become glumly anesthetized by the brackish color and the senseless ugliness of the conception; neither the producer-writer, William Peter Blatty, nor the director, William Friedkin, shows any feeling for the little girl's helplessness and suffering, or for her mother's. It would be sheer insanity to take children. (1/7/74) (Loews 83rd St.; starting Oct. 15.)

Farewell, My Lovely—And goodbye to this gorged latest remake of Raymond Chandler, too. With Robert Mitchum and Charlotte Rampling, directed by Dick Richards. (9/1/75) (Loews Ciné.... ¶ Murray Hill. No evening performances on Wednesday, Oct. 15.)

Fear Eats the Soul-Ali (1974)—With Brigitte Mira, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 16.)

The Ferocious One (1974)—With Suymenkal Chokmorov, directed by Tolomush Okeyev. In Russian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 14.)

Five Easy Pieces (1970)—Jack Nicholson plays the throw-out of a gifted, sedate family of musicians. He has the same musical gift, but prefers to squander it as he squanders his life. He has a delicate ear for auspicious beginnings, and when time gives out on him he knows how to run. Bob Rafelson directed. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 10.)

Fort Apache (1948)—Henry Fonda, as an imperious, wrongheaded lieutenant colonel whose men are massacred because they obey him; the John Ford film, set after the Civil War, never suggests that they should disobey him—though he's practically a certifiable maniac. This is one of Ford's beautiful but irritating epic Westerns. The fights and dances and other big scenes are triumphs of staging, but the coy love interest (Shirley Temple and John Agar) and the Irish horseplay are infantile. And the whole picture is bathed in a special form of patriotic sentimentality: scenes are held so that we cannot fail to appreciate the beauty of the American past. With John Wayne, Ward Bond, Anna Lee, Victor McLaglen, Pedro Armendariz, Mae Marsh, Irene Rich, and George O'Brien. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 9.)

The Fortune—Charmless slapstick farce, set in the twenties. Warren Beatty and Jack Nicholson are the mercenary clowns who fumble in their attempts to kill an heiress (Stockard Channing). Mike Nichols directed, from Adrien Joyce's screenplay. (Gramercy; starting Oct. 15.)

Freaks (1932)—The original ads quoted Louella Parsons, who said, "For pure sensationalism 'Freaks' tops any picture yet produced." She wasn't far off, and it's still a shocker. Though this circus story, directed by Tod Browning, is superficially sympathetic to the maimed and the mindless that it features, it uses images of physical deformity for their enormous potential of horror, and at the end, when the pinheads and the armless and legless creatures scurry about to revenge themselves on a normal woman (Olga Baclanova), the film becomes a true nightmare. If this film were a silent it might be harder to shake off, but the naïve, sentimental talk helps us keep our distance. With Leila Hyams and Wallace Ford. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 8.)

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes (1953)—Two little girls make good in Paris; one of them is Marilyn Monroe, and thank heaven for her. Howard Hawks manages to turn Anita Loos' famous tale into a bit of a drag. (Elgin; Oct. 15-16.)

Give 'Em Hell, Harry!—A film version of Samuel Gallu's play about Harry S. Truman. With James Whitmore as Mr. Truman. Directed by Steve Binder. (Ziegfeld; through Oct. 9.)

The Graduate (1967)—Dustin Hoffman is marvellous as a young man who would rather fall in love with his father's partner's daughter than commit adultery with his father's partner's wife. Katharine Ross is the daughter and Anne Bancroft the wife. The director is Mike Nichols. (Cinema Village; starting Oct. 15.)

Great Expectations (1946)—David Lean directed this elegant and satisfying production, which is one of the most memorable of all the many Dickens films. John Mills is Pip; Jean Simmons is Estella as a young girl, and then

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Valerie Hobson takes over the role; Martita Hunt is Miss Havisham; Finlay Currie is Magwich; Alec Guinness is Herbert Pocket. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 12.)

The Great Gatsby (1974)—F. Scott Fitzgerald's short masterpiece turned into a slow, stately, two-and-a-half-hour movie. Directed by Jack Clayton. With Mia Farrow, Robert Redford, Sam Waterston, and Bruce Dern. Script by Francis Ford Coppola. (4/1/74) (Elgin; Oct. 8.)

Green Dolphin Street (1947)—The acting in this stupefyingly flimsy epic is so execrable that the actors seem to be in competition for booby prizes. Richard Hart is the New Zealander who gets stewed and doesn't remember whether the girl on an island off the Newfoundland coast was named Marianne or Marguerite. He writes to Marianne (Lana Turner), proposing marriage, although it was her sister, Marguerite (Donna Reed), he wanted; when Marianne arrives he marries her, and Marguerite, naturally upset, goes to a nunnery. The married couple raise sheep, reproduce, go through a fierce earthquake, and almost get killed when the Maoris go on an anti-Caucasian rampage; fortunately the couple have an influential pal (Van Heflin) who sees to it that the aborigines keep their distance. Adapted from a piece of unleavened dough kneaded into a best-selling novel by Elizabeth Goudge, and directed by Victor Saville. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 15.)

Gunga Din (1939)—An absurd trouble-in-the-colonies adventure film that does for its genre almost what "Beat the Devil" did later to the international thriller. Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur threw this hokum together, "inspired" by the Rudyard Kipling poem, and William Faulkner had a hand in it, too. The stars are Cary Grant in his athletic youth, dapper Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and the eternal vulgarian, Victor McLaglen; they are supported by Eduardo Ciannelli as a mad high priest and Sam Jaffe as the loyal Indian, Gunga Din. George Stevens directed this exhilarating nonsense. (Quad Cinema; Oct. 12-14.)

Hard Times—This first feature directed by the young screenwriter Walter Hill is unusually effective pulp—perhaps even great pulp. Looking like an authentic Depression worker, Charles Bronson plays an aging itinerant who hooks up with a gambler (James Coburn) and fights—bare-fisted, no-holds-barred—for gambling stakes. Hill gets our hearts pounding in fear that this loner-hero will be hurt or vanquished; the big fight sequence, with Bronson pitted against a boulder of flesh (Robert Tessier), makes you feel the way you did as a kid at the movies. You don't resent the film's grip on you, because Hill respects the loner-underdog myth. Shot on locations in and around New Orleans; with Strother Martin as a hophead medic, and Jill Ireland. (10/6/75) (Columbia I, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Waverly, and Loews 83rd St.)

Hearts of the West—With Jeff Bridges, Andy Griffith, Donald Pleasence, Blythe Danner, and Alan Arkin, directed by Howard Zieff. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Sutton.)

The Hunchback of Notre Dame (1939)—Playing Quasimodo (Lon Chaney's old role), Charles Laughton seems determined to outdo Chaney's horrifying makeup. With only one eye and a hump so big his head seems to be in the middle of his chest, his Quasimodo is so distorted and misshapen that little of the human being, much less of the actor, survives. It's an appallingly masochistic performance. The adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel seems rather perfunctory, but it's an elaborate, well-photographed mixture of historical spectacle and Grand Guignol. William Dieterle directed. Maureen O'Hara is a ravishing Esmeralda, and the cast includes Edmond O'Brien (in his film début), Cedric Hardwicke, Thomas Mitchell, George Zucco, Alan Marshal, Walter Hampden, Minna Gombell, Fritz Leiber, Etienne Girardot, and Harry Davenport as Louis XI. (Quad Cinema; Oct. 12-14.)

The Idiot (1951)—Kurosawa made this version of the Dostoevski novel right after "Rashomon," using the same two men—Masayuki Mori (the husband in "Rashomon") as Prince Myshkin, and Toshiro Mifune (the bandit in "Rashomon") as Rogozhin. It's a long, uneven, fascinating film, with such curiosities as a Nastasya Filipovna (Setsuko Hara) modelled on Maria Casarès in Cocteau's "Orpheus." In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 8.)

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I. F. Stone's Weekly (1973)—Mr. Stone's tenacity in investigative reporting and in studying open government records has been our good fortune for many years. This is a wonderful documentary, by Jerry Bruck, Jr., about one of the great mavericks that American politics sometimes throws up. Narrated by Tom Wicker. (4/22/74) (Plaza.)

I Love You, Alice B. Toklas! (1968)—A giddy, slapdash, entertainingly inconsequential comedy, written by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker, and starring Peter Sellers as a Los Angeles Jewish lawyer who turns hippie. With Joyce Van Patten as his anxious fiancée. Directed by Hy Averback. (Little Carnegie.)

L'Immortelle (1963)—With Françoise Brion and Jacques Doniol-Valcroze, directed by Alain Robbe-Grillet. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 15.)

It Came from Outer Space (1953)—Sci-fi set in the Arizona desert, originally from Ray Bradbury. A spaceship lands and buries itself in the desert, and starts mysteriously to change people's characters. Good stuff about personality takeover, which is one of the metaphysical preoccupations of S.F. (Paramount.)

It's a Wonderful Life (1946)—Frank Capra's best-sustained piece of sentimentality after the war (though the postwar public wasn't in the Capra mood, and the picture didn't catch on). James Stewart is the man on the brink of suicide who is given a vision of what life would be like for his family and his town if he had never been born. Donna Reed plays his wife, and the excruciatingly familiar cast includes Lionel Barrymore, Thomas Mitchell, Henry Travers, Beulah Bondi, Ward Bond, H. B. Warner, Gloria Grahame, and Samuel S. Hinds. In its own icky, bittersweet way, it's terribly effective, but did Frank Capra have an honest bone in his body? (Regency; through Oct. 11.)

Jaws—Don't bite. (34th St. East.)

Journey into Fear (1943)—Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dolores Del Rio, and Agnes Moorehead in a spy story about smuggling munitions into Turkey. Directed by Norman Foster, but Welles had a large hand in the script and supervised the production, and his command of film vocabulary gleams through. (Quad Cinema; Oct. 10-11.)

Juggernaut (1974)—Fast, crackerjack entertainment by Richard Lester; he demonstrates what a sophisticated director with flair can do on a routine big-action project. (The plot is about a bomb wizard who has planted seven whoppers on a luxury liner carrying twelve hundred passengers.) The genre may be that of "The Poseidon Adventure," but the tone isn't—it's jaunty, cynical slapstick. With Richard Harris, Shirley Knight, Omar Sharif, David Hemmings, Anthony Hopkins, and Roy Kinnear. (10/7/74) (Playboy; starting Oct. 15.)

Just Before Nightfall—Ostensibly about a sado-masochistic killing by a rather down-at-the-mouth bourgeois named Charles (Michel Bouquet), who strangles—at her request—the wife (Anna Douking) of his best male friend (François Périer). Charles' wife (the witty Stéphane Audran) administers to his neglected sense of guilt by giving him, at his wordless bidding, a fatal dose of laudanum. So goes the schematic balancing of Claude Chabrol's most ironic and chillingly blasé film. But it quickly turns out to be less about perverted sexuality than about the notions of heresy, reprisal, repentance, and redemption that have steadily fascinated Chabrol. In French. (8/4/75) (Paris; through Oct. 11.)

The King of Marvin Gardens (1972)—Indecipherable dark nonsense about brothers and spurious goals and the American Dream. An unqualified disaster, though Ellen Burstyn tries valiantly, and so does Bruce Dern. Jack Nicholson is dim and ploddingly serious. Directed by Bob Rafelson, from a script by Jacob Brackman. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 10.)

Lacombe, Lucien (1974)—About a boy who has an empty space where feelings beyond the purely instinctual are expected to be. The time is 1944, and the boy—a French peasant—goes to work each day hunting down and torturing people for the Gestapo. The director, Louis Malle, casts as Lucien a teen-age country boy (Pierre Blaise) who can respond to events with his own innocence, apathy, and animal shrewdness. Malle's gamble is that the cameras will discover what the artist's imagination can't, and, steadily, startlingly, the gamble pays off. Without ever mentioning the subject of innocence and guilt, this extraordinary film, in its calm, dispassionate way, addresses it on a deeper level than any other movie. With Aurore Clément as a Parisian Jewish girl, Holger Löwenadler as her meticulously cultivated father. In French. (9/30/74) (Elgin; Oct. 12-13.)

The Lady from Shanghai (1948)—Orson Welles directed the picture and plays an Irish sailor who once fought for the Spanish Republic, and now is caught up in what he calls a "bright, guilty world" of rich people. Arthur Bannister (Everett Sloane) is a criminal lawyer who is himself criminal, and the blight has spread to his wife (Rita Hayworth). Witty and enjoyable; there was never a director so excited by the grammar of film imagery as Welles. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 11.)

The Last American Hero (1973)—Jeff Bridges stars in Lamont Johnson's fine, scrupulous film based on Tom Wolfe's article about Junior Johnson, the moonshiner's son who learned to drive by running his daddy's whiskey on back roads at night, and, as a racer, beat the expensive cars sponsored by Detroit. The casting, the acting, and the milieu seem effortlessly, inexplicably right. This movie transcends its genre; it isn't only about stock-car racing, any more than "The Hustler" was only about shooting pool. With Art Lund, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Gary Busey. (10/1/73) (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 14.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1961)—Alain Resnais directed and Alain Robbe-Grillet provided the script for this very pretty puzzle picture. Delphine Seyrig is the high-fashion sleeping beauty. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 15.)

Lenin in Poland—With Maxim Straukh and Anna Lisyanskaya, directed by Sergei Yutkevich. In Russian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 14.)

Lenny—The earnest Bob Fosse film starring Dustin Hoffman is for audiences who want to believe that Lenny Bruce was a saintly gadfly who was martyred for having lived before their time. Hoffman makes a serious, honorable try, but he's the wrong kind of actor to play Bruce. Hoffman is a nice boy; Bruce was uncompromisingly not nice. Valerie Perrine is touching as Honey, and Gary Morton has a fine bit as the type of comic who knew how to keep his public happy. (11/18/74) (Cinema Village; through Oct. 11.)

Let's Do It Again—A sequel to "Uptown Saturday Night," with Sidney Poitier and Bill Cosby repeating their original roles. Mr. Poitier is again the director. (86th St. East, and Festival; starting Oct. 11.)

Lies My Father Told Me—A Canadian film, with Yossi Yadin. Directed by Jan Kadar. (Paris; starting Oct. 12.)

Lisztomania—With Roger Daltrey, directed by Ken Russell. (Ziegfeld; starting Oct. 10.)

Little Big Man (1970)—The exhilarating Thomas Berger novel, brought to the screen by Arthur Penn. A hip epic, with an amiable first hour. Then the massacres and messages take over. With Dustin Hoffman as the only white survivor of Custer's Last Stand. (Cinema Village; through Oct. 11.)

Love and Anarchy (1973)—Lina Wertmüller's large, epic film is set mostly in a thirties brothel; there, a young country bumpkin (Giancarlo Giannini, looking like a freckled young chicken), who intends to assassinate Mussolini, falls in love and botches his plans. The movie is uneven; it often seems like a silent film, and sometimes it is extravagant and operatic. But when Wertmüller concentrates on the whores' faces and attitudes it can be very beautiful. In Italian. (Beekman; through Oct. 11.)

Love and Death—Woody Allen's imperially funny new picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his

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remote cousin Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (6/16/75) (Eastside Cinema, U. A. East, Greenwich, Cinema Studio, and Thalia.)

The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob (1973)—Gérard Oury directs the great Louis de Funès who looks as if he were perpetually quenching a sneeze. The film is a complicated gangster comedy, with de Funès disguised as a rabbi. There are also numerous French Catholic detectives and Muslim revolutionaries, and a great slide down a chute into a bath of green bubble gum. A joy for children. A French film, dubbed in English. (7/22/74) (Olympia; through Oct. 14.)

The Magician (1958)—It has a fairy-tale atmosphere of expectation, like those stories that begin "We started out to see the king, and along the way we met . . ." but then this story of a nineteenth-century mesmerist (Max von Sydow) and his assistant (Ingrid Thulin) goes off into an argument about magic vs. rationalism and gets somewhat tacky. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 10.)

Mahogany—With Diana Ross, Anthony Perkins, and Billy Dee Williams, directed by Berry Gordy. (Loews Orpheum.)

Mark of the Vampire (1935)—Uninspired and choppy, this is a lesser effort of Tod Browning's, though it's handsomely staged and well photographed (by James Wong Howe). The cast includes Carol Borland as an amusing female vampire. Lionel Barrymore, Bela Lugosi, Lionel Atwill, and Elizabeth Allan. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 8.)

The Master Gunfighter—With Tom Laughlin, directed by Frank Laughlin. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Mean Streets (1973)—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie and Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy. (10/8/73) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 9.)

The Merchant of Four Seasons (1971)—A measured, distanced study of a victim (Hans Hirschmuller)—a rejected son of a middle-class family—and how he loses the will to live. The film is considered by many to be a masterpiece, but the style of the director, Rainer Werner Fassbinder, doesn't have enough authority; an American viewer may be uncertain how to react to the distancing devices, and how to react to the masochism and the misogyny and the view of women as coldhearted betrayers. When is Fassbinder being sardonic, and when is the degradation and futility meant to be taken straight? The picture, which has some conceptual resemblances to the later films of Robert Bresson and to Dreyer's "Gertrud," and some psychological resemblances to such Emil Jannings films as "Variety," is an art thing, all right, but perhaps not a work of art. In German. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 16.)

Midnight Cowboy (1969)—Jon Voight as the cowboy, and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Cinema Village; starting Oct. 15.)

Monty Python and the Holy Grail—A cheerfully loused-up reworking of the story of King Arthur, written and acted by the Python team, who were first famous on English TV and then picked up a devoted following here. (5/5/75) (Gramercy, 72nd Street East, and Symphony; through Oct. 14. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; starting Oct. 15.)

Moses and Aaron—A film version of the Arnold Schönberg opera, directed by Danièle Huillet and Jean-Marie Straub. In German. (Embassy 72nd St.)

Murmur of the Heart (1971)—An exhilarating high comedy—Louis Malle's portrait of the artist as a young dog is also probably the wittiest study of French bourgeois life. With Lea Massari as the enchantingly permissive mother. In French. (Elgin; Oct. 12-13. . . . ¶ Symphony; Oct. 15-16.)

My Night at Maud's (1970)—A fine film by Eric Rohmer, terrifically intelligent, quizzically sexy, with three droll grownups talking about—for once, in films—things that grownups do actually talk about. Rohmer has a better understanding than anyone else around of the way people listen. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Elgin; Oct. 14.)

The Mystery of Kasper Hauser—Shown recently at the New York Film Festival under the title "Every Man for Himself and God Against All." Directed by Werner Herzog. In German. (Beekman; starting Oct. 12.)

Nashville—Robert Altman's crowning work so far. The rangy story is set in Nashville, Tennessee; the twenty-four characters are simultaneously caught up in the country-and-Western music industry and in local politicking on behalf of a Wallace-like Presidential candidate. Altman uses improvisation, many cameras, and multi-track sound recordings to the hilt. Wonderful performances by Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson. "Nashville" is not the explanation of America to itself that it purports to be, but it is enlivening in its detail. (3/3/75 and 6/16/75) (Art, and Loews 83rd St. . . . ¶ Coronet; through Oct. 9.)

Niagara (1953)—Exceptionally good script by Charles Brackett, directed by Henry Hathaway, with Marilyn Monroe magnetically scheming and Joseph Cotten as her psychotic husband. (Elgin; Oct. 15-16.)

Nights of Cabiria (1957)—A series of episodes in the life of a shabby, gullible little Roman streetwalker (Giulietta Masina). Arguably Fellini's finest picture. (It was the basis for the American musical "Sweet Charity.") In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 16.)

Nothing Sacred (1937)—What are generally sentimentalized as "the little people" are the satiric targets in this famous thirties comedy. According to Ben Hecht, who wrote the script, they are boobs and lascivious slobs. They drip crocodile tears over a girl they think is dying of radium poisoning, and enjoy every minute of it. The audience may begin to wonder what makes the reporter hero, Fredric March, and the girl, Carole Lombard—who was by that time "the screwball girl" and the "Duse of daffy comedy"—any better than anyone else. The answer can only be that they, like the author, hate phoniness. William Wellman's direction is more sluggishly paced than usual, but the film has many classic sequences: March's leg being bitten by a small boy; Lombard passing out while showgirls impersonating the heroines of history parade in her honor; and a great slugging match between March and Lombard. With Walter Connolly as the dyspeptic big-city editor, Charles Winninger as the alcoholic small-town doctor, Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom, in his acting début, and Frank Fay. (The film spawned a Broadway musical, "Hazel Flagg," as well as a movie with Jerry Lewis in the Lombard role.) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 13.)

Once Is Not Enough—From the Jacqueline Susann novel, with Kirk Douglas. Directed by Guy Green. (72nd Street East; starting Oct. 15.)

A Pain in the A..—Fairly funny French farce about a would-be suicide (Jacques Brel) and a gun-assembler (Lino Ventura) who occupy adjoining hotel rooms as they try to carry out their respective purposes. In French. (9/1/75) (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Passenger—Antonioni's film about an estranged London TV-news reporter for whom everything has staled—work and personal life both. The reporter is on the track of a story in a remote part of Africa. He seizes the chance to exchange his identity for a dead man's, and takes on the dead man's slowly revealed undercover missions. Jack Nicholson, as the reporter, gives a performance that is a marvel of insight. With Maria Schneider. (4/14/75) (Trans-Lux 85th St.; starting Oct. 15.)

Plisetskaya Dances (1965)—The camera cheats once or twice in this Russian documentary about the fiery Bolshoi ballerina, making her into an inferno of speed, but there are times—as in the blazing excerpts from "Don Quixote"—when it does not lie. (Elgin; Oct. 12, one performance, at noon.)

Rashomon (1951)—In ninth-century Kyoto, a nobleman's bride is raped by a bandit; the nobleman lies dead. This double crime is acted out in the versions of the three participants and a witness. Akira Kurosawa's great enigmatic film created a new interest in Japanese cinema. With Machiko Kyo, Toshiro Mifune as the bandit, Masayuki Mori as the husband, and Takashi Shimura as the witness. From stories by Ryunosuke Akutagawa. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 8.)

The Return of the Pink Panther—Peter Sellers strikes again, with a wonderfully matured piece of comic embodiment as Inspector Clouseau, the accident-prone French cop whom he first played in 1964. There is a superlative performance by Herbert Lom as Clouseau's boss. Directed by Blake Edwards. (6/2/75) (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, and Olympia; through Oct. 14.)

Rollerball—Norman Jewison's noisily unintelligent sci-fi film about a future in which the world is purged of hostility, opinion, hunger, overpopulation, and every other trouble on our minds by a game called Rollerball, which looks like a slaughterhouse version of tag. Not to have clued us in to the rules of the game is quite an omission. (7/7/75) (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 14.)

Royal Flash—Based on the "Flashman" novels by George MacDonald Fraser. With Malcolm McDowell as Harry Flashman. Directed by Richard Lester. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Coronet; starting Oct. 10.)

The Ruling Class (1972)—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. Peter O'Toole gives an interesting, romantic performance as a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ and inherits the earldom in the teeth of most of the family. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 11.)

Sahara (1943)—Bogart and an all-male supporting cast that includes J. Carrol Naish and Rex Ingram, in a lost-patrol-type story set during the Second World War. Bogart is a sergeant in command of an American tank that's been cut off from the rest of the Army during the British retreat to El Alamein. The tank keeps rolling, picking up strays along the way until it has a full Hollywood ethnic complement—a Texan, a Brooklyner, a white Southerner, a black Sudanese, and so on. Excitingly staged and stunningly photographed, the film might have been a classic wartime melodrama if it weren't so offensively didactic. John Howard Lawson and the director, Zoltan Korda, wrote the screenplay, based on an incident in a Soviet screenplay, and the picture has the self-righteous, uplifting formula of many Soviet films—Bogart and his buddies capture a complete Nazi battalion. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Oct. 16.)

Salvation Hunters (1925)—Josef von Sternberg made his directing début with this highly symbolic lower-depths film, shot in and around the mud flats of San Pedro, California, on a budget of forty-eight thousand dollars. The characters are derelicts who sit around and think dark thoughts. George K. Arthur is the boy who defends the girl (Georgia Hale) against the advances of a brute who shows his lust by scratching his thigh. The film was much admired by Chaplin, Max Reinhardt, and many other artists, and one can certainly see why. It was fiercely hated by quite a few others, and the reasons for that are evident, too. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 8.)

Scenes from a Marriage (1974)—Bergman's picture of the intimacies and misapprehensions between Johan (Erland Josephson) and Marianne (Liv Ullmann, never more beautiful), originally made for TV as six fifty-minute sequences, here cut into a triumphantly coherent two and three-quarters hours of film, photographed by Sven Nykvist. Johan has a touch of the priggish about him, and also a touch of the weak; Marianne, apparently the victimized one, turns out to be the stronger. In Swedish. (9/23/74) (Symphony; through Oct. 14.)

The Seduction of Mimi (1972)—Written and directed by Lina Wertmüller. A very funny farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (Beekman; through Oct. 11.)

She Wore a Yellow Ribbon (1949)—John Ford's film begins with Custer and the disgrace of Little Big Horn, and the film has the handsome, faintly melancholy look of Frederic Remington's work. The subject is the burden of command, and the cavalry-captain hero (John Wayne), an officer on his last mission before retirement, is a man who, unlike Custer, is worthy of his office. Like Ford's other large-scale, elegiac Westerns of this period, it's not a simple action film but a pictorial film with great set pieces. There's some tedious Irish comedy (Victor McLaglen is around too much) and a lamentable pair of lovers—John Agar and Joanne Dru. The cast includes Ben Johnson, Mildred Natwick, Noble Johnson, George O'Brien, Francis Ford, and Arthur Shields. Based on James Warner Bellah's "War Party;" screenplay by Frank Nugent and Laurence Stallings. Filmed in Monument Valley. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 9.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—A comedy about melancholia—probably the *only* comedy about melancholia. Charles Aznavour is Charlie the Piano Player, who just wants to be "out of it" in François Truffaut's poetic, nihilistic gangster picture. A modern classic. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 13.)

Stage Door (1937)—One of the flashiest, most entertaining comedies of the thirties, even with its tremolos and touches of heartbreak. As roommates in a New York boarding house for girls aspiring to a stage career, Katharine Hepburn and Ginger Rogers are terrific wisecracking partners. (Rogers, at her liveliest, holds her own with apparent ease.) The other girls waiting for their lucky breaks include Eve Arden (who wears a cat around her neck like a tippet), Lucille Ball, Ann Miller, Andrea Leeds, and Gail Patrick. The cast includes Adolphe Menjou as a producer with a roving eye, Franklin Pangborn as his valet, and Constance Collier as an aged actress who does coaching. Gregory La Cava directed this adaptation of the Broadway hit by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber. (Regency; starting Oct. 15.)

Stella Dallas (1937)—A sentimental war-horse, but effective. In this version, directed by King Vidor, Barbara Stanwyck plays the uncouth young woman who gives up her daughter (Anne Shirley), and John Boles is the socially proper man she can't live up to. Tim Holt, Marjorie Main, Alan Hale, and Barbara O'Neil are also in the cast, but the picture is all Stanwyck's, and worth seeing for her brassy, touching, all-out performance. (Regency; Oct. 12-14.)

La Strada (1954)—Federico Fellini's spiritual fable sets a mood, and it remains in one's memory—even if one rejects the meaning of the fable. Giulietta Masina is the innocent waif, Anthony Quinn the brutal strong man, Richard Basehart the artist-clown. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 9.)

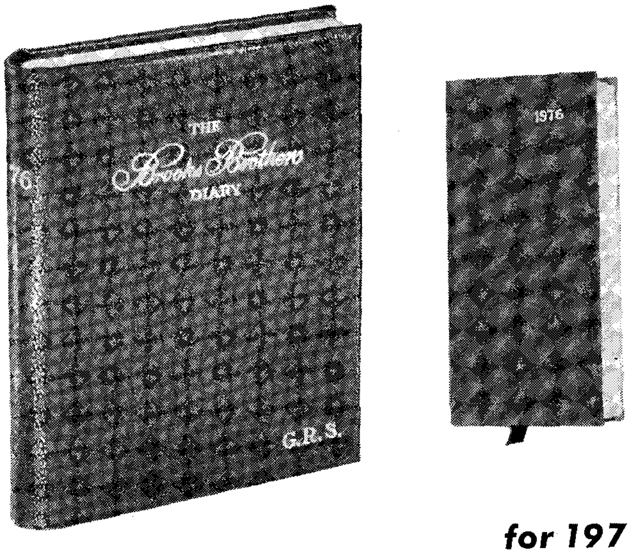
Sunday Bloody Sunday (1971)—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Elgin; Oct. 9.)

Suspicion (1941)—Hitchcock cast Cary Grant as a wife-killer; the studio insisted that the ending be changed. The result is a very unsatisfactory movie about a wife (Joan Fontaine) who is preposterously suspicious of her innocent husband. And since the movie is told from her point of view, it seems rather a cheat that we're being alerted to false clues. Not top-grade Hitchcock. (Quad Cinema; Oct. 10-11.)

Sweet Movie—With Carole Laure and Pierre Clémenti, directed by Dusan Makavejev. In French and English. (D. W. Griffith.)

Swept Away—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. The film is raspingly funny and rancorous, shuddering with Latin rows about élitism. It is also sad, because the rich woman is not serious about her expeditionary love. In Italian. (9/22/75) (Cinema II.)

Sylvie and the Phantom (1945)—In Claude Au-



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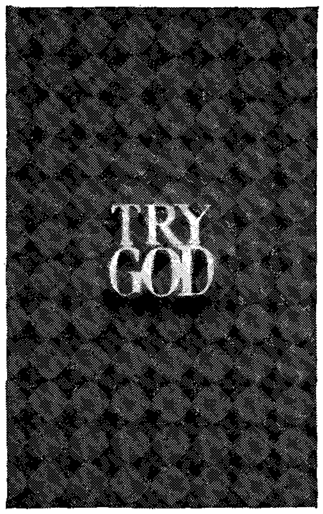

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tant-Lara's graceful but extremely slight fantasy, Odette Joyeux plays a sixteen-year-old girl who falls in love with a ghost. The film is such a delicate pastry that you can hardly remember eating it. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 14.)

THE TALL BLOND MAN WITH ONE BLACK SHOE (1973)—French burlesque, inky-shadowed and funny, about an unlistenable-to musician (Pierre Richard) with hectic hair suggesting Colette's. The hero is in the middle of a farce about a mini-rivalry between an intelligence chief and his deputy. Written by Yves Robert and Francis Véber, directed by M. Robert. Recommended for true quixotry. In French. (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; starting Oct. 15.)

THE TEXAS CHAIN SAW MASSACRE (1974)—With Marilyn Burns, directed by Tobe Hopper. (Trans-Lux East.)

THESE THREE (1936)—A beautifully made early version of the Lillian Hellman play "The Children's Hour," which effectively transposes the lesbian accusation to a heterosexual accusation. Merle Oberon (in one of her better performances), Joel McCrea, and Miriam Hopkins are the three leads; Bonita Granville is the ghastly, tale-bearing child; and Catherine Doucet is Hopkins' aunt. William Wyler, who directed, also made the later version (with Shirley MacLaine and Audrey Hepburn, and Hopkins in the aunt role), which restored the original material, but "These Three" is a better movie. (Regency; Oct. 12-14.)

THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY? (1969)—Horace McCoy's nineteen-thirties novel about the Hollywood extras who enter a marathon dance, here turned into another savage nightmare of American life. Jane Fonda gives a good, strong performance, and Sydney Pollack's direction keeps the nightmare lively. (New Yorker; through Oct. 14.)

THREE DAYS OF THE CONDOR—This expensive spy thriller gets some tension going, but there's no real fun in it, and it's empty, like "The Parallax View," so that you may come out feeling depressed or angry. Robert Redford plays a researcher for the C.I.A. who accidentally turns up a clue to the existence of a renegade conspiratorial network in the C.I.A. organization and becomes everybody's target. With a miscast, subdued Faye Dunaway, and Max von Sydow, Cliff Robertson, and John Houseman. Sydney Pollack directed. (10/6/75) (Loews Tower East.)

THREE LITTLE WORDS (1950)—Vera-Ellen and the invincible Fred Astaire in a musical that dabbles with no pain at all in the lives of the songwriters Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. Astaire is Kalmar; Vera-Ellen plays his wife and dancing partner; Red Skelton is Ruby. Keenan Wynn as a theatrical agent has one of the funnier drunk scenes in the long repertory of comic drunks. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 12-14.)

THUNDERBOLT (1929)—This Josef von Sternberg underworld melodrama (which he did just before he went to Germany and made "The Blue Angel") was filmed as a silent and released in that form in some places, but sound was added to the completed film, and it was more generally released as a talkie. George Bancroft is the gang leader known as Thunderbolt; Fay Wray is his gun moll, Ritzy; Richard Arlen is the bank clerk who knew her before she took up with Thunderbolt, and wants to marry her. Bancroft was such a genial, large-spirited actor that he makes Thunderbolt likable even while he's framing the bank clerk for murder. The two men wind up facing each other in opposite cells on death row. Tully Marshall is very funny as the agitated, sly, vaguely philanthropic warden. The picture is an imitation of von Sternberg's 1927 hit, "Underworld," also starring Bancroft, and it isn't in the same class, but the first half isn't bad. After that, the contrivances are threadbare. With Eugenie Besserer as Arlen's mother, and Fred Kohler as Bad Al. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 15.)

TO BE OR NOT TO BE (1942)—A strangely tasteless anti-Nazi comedy melodrama, crudely effective at times. The stars are Carole Lombard and Jack Benny, bizarrely cast as a famous Polish actress and her actor-husband; the plot involves actors disguising themselves as Nazis in order to foil the Nazis. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch, who is far off his usual delicate style. With Robert Stack, Lionel Atwill, Stanley Ridges, and Felix Bressart. It was Lombard's last film; two weeks after completing it, she was killed in a plane crash while on a tour to sell defense bonds. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 13.)

TOMMY—The famous rock opera composed and sung by The Who, turned into a clamorous film by Ken Russell. With Ann-Margret and Roger Daltrey. (4/7/75) (Columbia II. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 14.)

THE VIRGIN SPRING (1960)—A young girl is raped and murdered on her confirmation day, and her father (Max von Sydow) takes a bloody revenge. On the stark side. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 10.)

I VITELLONI (1953)—Fellini made this warm observation of overgrown Italian loafers. The warmth doesn't prevent his view from being accurately acid about these adolescents pushing thirty who sponge off their parents and (all but one) lack the stomach to quit their aimless provincial lives. Fellini, as usual, wonderfully touches melancholy with farce. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 9.)

WHAT'S UP, DOC? (1972)—Peter Bogdanovich tries but fails to resuscitate screwball comedy; the movie works only fitfully, and at a rather infantile, imitative level. Ryan O'Neal, playing Cary Grant, is an embarrassment; Barbra Streisand comes out better by simply playing herself. Madeline Kahn does a traditional bossy-female caricature that is strident and sometimes funny, but the best moments (seconds, really) come from Mabel Albertson and Sorrell Booke. (Little Carnegie.)

WHO IS HARRY KELLERMAN AND WHY IS HE SAYING THOSE TERRIBLE THINGS ABOUT ME? (1971)—Ulu Grosbard directs this Manhattan fable, written by Herb Gardner, about a pop songwriter played by Dustin Hoffman. The writer is split down the middle; the world says he is a success, he says he is a failure. The scenes that include Barbara Harris or David Burns are tender and funny, but the whole idea leans on a convention of psychoanalytic slapstick that is going to be incomprehensible a couple of decades after the epoch of the couch. (Cinema Village; Oct. 12-14.)

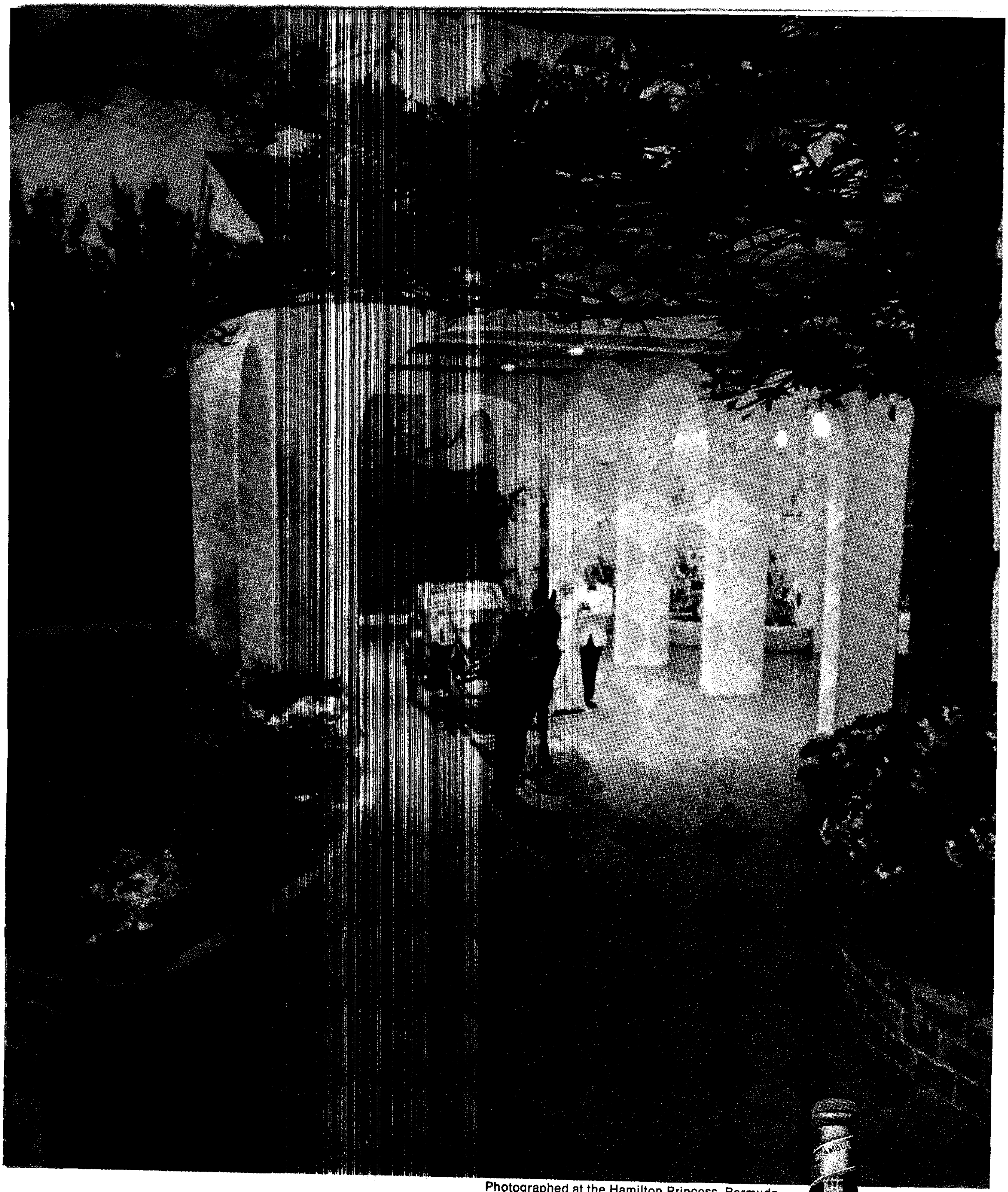
THE WIND AND THE LION—The flamboyance of the writer-director John Milius is initially startling; this film opens with such a bang that the viewer may really expect a beautiful, old-fashioned swords-in-the-desert epic. However, when the actors begin to talk, the ludicrous dialogue and the amateurish acting (especially by the secondary characters) take one back to the low-budget buffoonery of Maria Montez and Turhan Bey. The plot involves Brian Keith as Theodore Roosevelt, Sean Connery as the last of the Barbary pirates, and Candice Bergen as a kidnapped American, but Milius is not a gifted storyteller. His characters talk incessantly, and toss away the information the audience needs to make sense of the action. People are killed so arbitrarily that the whole epic seems dissociated—as if Milius were trying to think like a nine-year-old boy but wasn't sure how he should feel about his boyish ideas; there isn't enough conviction behind this movie to hold it together. Billy Williams did the cinematography. (Playboy; starting Oct. 15.)

WOMEN IN LOVE (1970)—Ken Russell's purple pastiche—a gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence. It's frequently impressive, but if you want to know what the characters are about, you'd do well to read the book first. With Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed. (Symphony; Oct. 15-16.)

WOODSTOCK (1970)—Michael Wadleigh's three-hour account of the Woodstock Festival, with half a million good-humored kids up there on screen. Wadleigh has a kind eye and an exuberant style; the triple-image editing is particularly effective on such groups as The Who. Jimi Hendrix makes "The Star-Spangled Banner" sound like an air raid. (Elgin; Oct. 10-11.)

WORDS AND MUSIC (1948)—Disastrous double bio of Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart, with Tom Drake and Mickey Rooney insanely miscast in the roles. The story part is painfully embarrassing to watch, but some of the musical numbers aren't bad. The huge cast includes Judy Garland, Cyd Charisse, Perry Como, Janet Leigh, Gower Champion, Gene Kelly (who choreographed the "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue" ballet that he dances with Vera-Ellen), and June Allyson, whose "Thou Swell" with the Blackburn Twins is a bright spot in her career. Norman Taurog directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 12-14.)

XALA—A Senegalese film, directed by Ousmane Sembene. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; through Oct. 9.)



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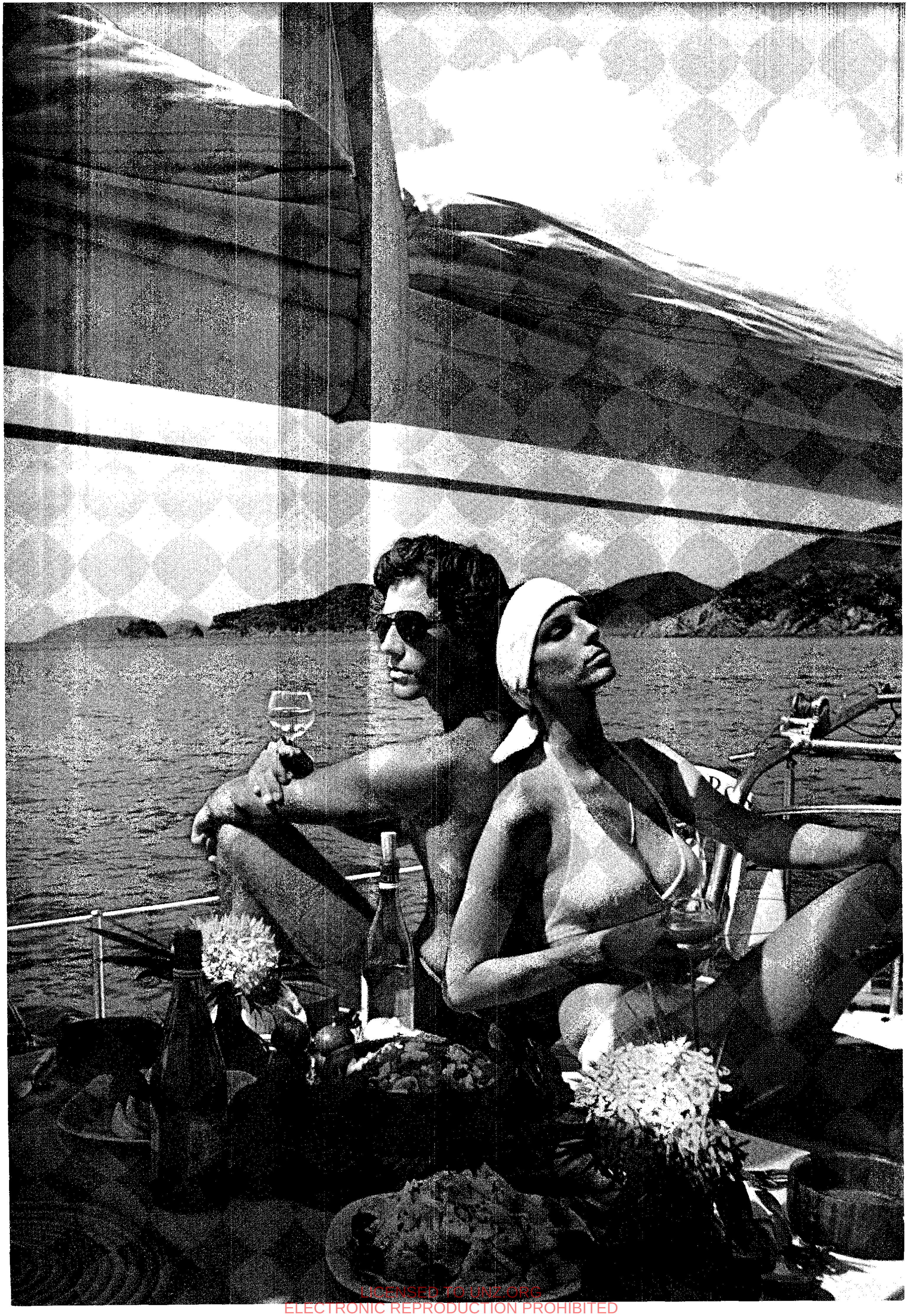

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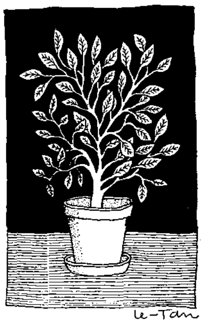
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

FEW events have more clearly underscored the isolation of the political climate in the United States from the political climate in Europe than the divergent reactions on the two sides of the Atlantic to the recent execution in Spain of five men who had been convicted of killing several policemen and civil guards. For some weeks, the issue had preoccupied the Continent. The Common Market nations had appealed unanimously for clemency, and the ambassadors of eight of the nine Common Market nations were out of Madrid or were called out. In the European press, the issue had pushed all other issues aside. Pope Paul VI had made three requests for clemency to General Franco. In the immediate background of the intense European reaction was the promulgation by the Franco regime of an "anti-terrorism" law that sharply reversed a brief period of modest political liberalization; and deeper in the background, of course, was the entire history of Fascist Spain under Franco, including its close association with Hitler's Germany and Mussolini's Italy. Moreover, the trials of at least two of those executed had mocked justice: according to a report by Edwin McDowell, of the *Wall Street Journal*, ten lawyers brought into court by the accused men were expelled one after another for raising legal objections, and the accused were finally defended by court-appointed Army officers who had no experience in the law and who were given five hours to prepare a defense. The European dismay at the executions therefore represented a revulsion against broad signs of repressive vigor in the aged Franco regime. Nor were the Europeans being selective or capricious in their reaction. The Common Market had halted important trade negotiations with Greece when Greece was under the dictatorial rule of the colonels, and many European governments had also given steady support to the democratic Socialist forces in Portugal since the overthrow of the dictatorial right-wing regime there. The Common Market, which may be the only political association in the world composed entirely of democratic governments, has shown a willingness to do what the United States has so conspicuously failed to do in recent decades: to make judicious use of its political power in order to support liberty. None of the waves of sentiment stirred up by the Spanish issue penetrated the United States. Our political atmosphere proved somehow impervious to the voices that were being raised in Europe. The White House announced that the events in Spain were an "internal affair," and three days after the executions Secretary of State Kissinger met with the Spanish Foreign Minister to negotiate an agreement on the presence of American bases in Spain. In Europe, fresh currents of political feeling were flowing, and a new political landscape seemed to be emerging, in which the dividing lines between right and left were growing blurred. But here in the United States, where the government still seemed to regard any enemy of the left as a friend of ours, all the old distinctions were rigidly in place, and we seemed trapped in a political atmosphere as stale and closed in its way as the atmosphere of Franco's Spain.



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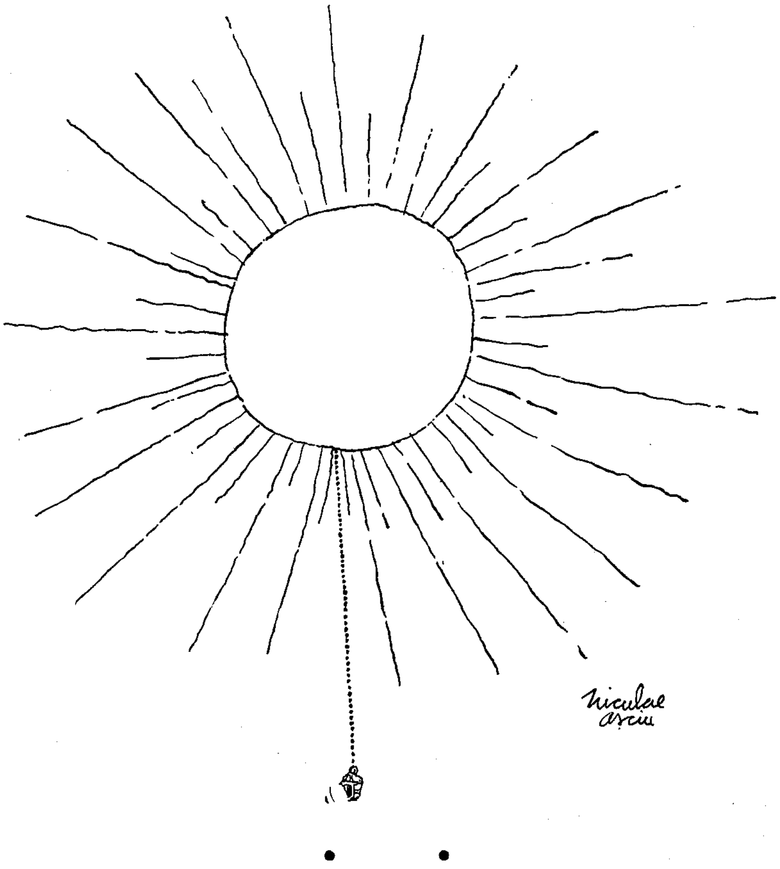
Islamic

THE most comprehensive collection of Islamic art in the world can be found at Fifth Avenue and Eighty-second Street. We uncovered this little-known fact during a recent tour of the Metropolitan Museum's handsome new Islamic Galleries, a ten-room installation on the second floor that will display, on a rotating basis, most of the museum's staggering collection of about thirty-six hundred Islamic art objects. Some clarification is necessary here, so we'll start from the top. Islamic art, as defined by the Met, begins in the late seventh century A.D. and peters out in the early eighteen-hundreds, when, according to scholars, it became corrupted by increasing contact with Europe. It was created in a vast stretch of territory that extends from southern Spain to northern India and the border of China, with Iran, Iraq, Turkey, Egypt, Syria, and North Africa sandwiched in between. Islamic art is primarily decorative and nonfigurative (except for a few rugs, some ceramics, and several hundred years of exquisite Persian miniatures), and its intricate abstractions (the Arabs, of course, invented the arabesque) are particularly pleasing to the modern eye. It flourished under the twin umbrellas of religion and classical Arabic calligraphy, which was as important to the medieval and Renaissance Muslim world as painting and sculpture were to the West.

We acquired this information from a gray-and-white pamphlet titled "Notes on Islamic Art in Its Historical Setting," which was handed to us at the exhibit entrance by John Ross, of the Metropolitan's staff. "This is not a catalogue," Mr. Ross said, "because many of the objects now on view will be changed in six months. But it will help you sort out the Timurids from the Safavids." He added that seven of the rooms were arranged in chronological order, beginning with eighth-century and ninth-century pottery and glass from Damascus and Baghdad and ending with the splendid carpets, jewelry, and textiles of the six-



teenth-century Mogul empire. "The three rooms just inside the entrance contain a general introduction to Islamic art, an exhibit of artifacts from Nishapur—a medieval Persian city that the Metropolitan helped to excavate—and an extraordinary eighteenth-century room from a house in Damascus," Mr. Ross said. We entered the Introductory Gallery, a small, rectangular room that was dominated by a large white ceramic bowl on a spotlighted pedestal. Around the edge of the bowl ran a dark-brown border of bold Arabic brushstrokes. "This comes from tenth-century Nishapur," Mr. Ross said, "and it symbolizes the majestic, simple abstract art of Islam. The writing around the edge says, 'Planning before work protects you from regret.' " We looked at other samples in the glass cases that lined the walls—an exquisite sixteenth-century Iranian silk carpet covered with birds, animals, and flowers, a white jade Mogul dagger handle in the shape of a horse's head, a Syrian glass bottle with a frieze of mounted warriors chasing one another around the bottom, a glowing turquoise-and-black Iranian bowl, a pair of intricately carved wood-and-ivory Egyptian doors—and paused at a wall map showing the main centers of Islamic civilization. "I'll meet you in the Mamluk-Nasrid room," Mr. Ross said, disappearing through a doorway. "Fifteenth-century carpets."

We walked through the first four galleries, pausing to admire a fragile blue glass goblet (ninth-century Syria), a carved ivory casket (eleventh-century Sicily), a Mongol head (twelfth-century Iran), and a magnificent fourteenth-century Iranian mihrab, or prayer niche, an intricately patterned mosaic of blue, green, mustard, and white tiles cemented into a wall. In the Mamluk-Nasrid room we found three priceless Egyptian and Spanish rugs hanging on the walls, and a fourth—the famous Simonetti carpet—sunk into a lighted well in the floor. We also found Mr. Ross, now joined by a tall, gray-haired scholar who turned out to be Dr. Richard Ettinghausen, chairman of the museum's Islamic Art Department.

We asked Dr. Ettinghausen to tell us about the rugs.

"We have several hundred in the collection," he said, "but here we're showing mainly court carpets—the very best examples that were made for kings and emperors." He led us to a glowing but threadbare rug on the wall and told us that it had probably been made in Nasrid Spain around 1475. "This is perhaps our oldest rug," he said. "The geometrical patterns on the red background indicate a design inspired by Anatolian carpets of the period. About the same time, the Egyptians produced the Simonetti carpet, which is named for the Roman dealer who discovered it. I rediscovered it in a Madison Avenue gallery a few years ago and eventually bought it for the museum." We looked down at the Simonetti—a large, glistening ribbon of red, green, gold, and blue—and asked Dr. Ettinghausen how he could tell that it had been made in Egypt. "We know that it is Cairene because it contains several distinctive patterns," he replied. "The blue borders have tiny, parasol-shaped designs that resemble the ancient Egyptian symbol for papyrus. And the center medallions contain a series of beautifully balanced geometrical figures that are similar to the designs of pre-Islamic Coptic textiles from the same area."

As we walked through the Timurid and Safavid galleries—large rooms containing enormous patterned rugs hanging from the walls and delicate Persian miniatures in low Lucite cases—we asked Dr. Ettinghausen how he had selected the rugs for the exhibit.

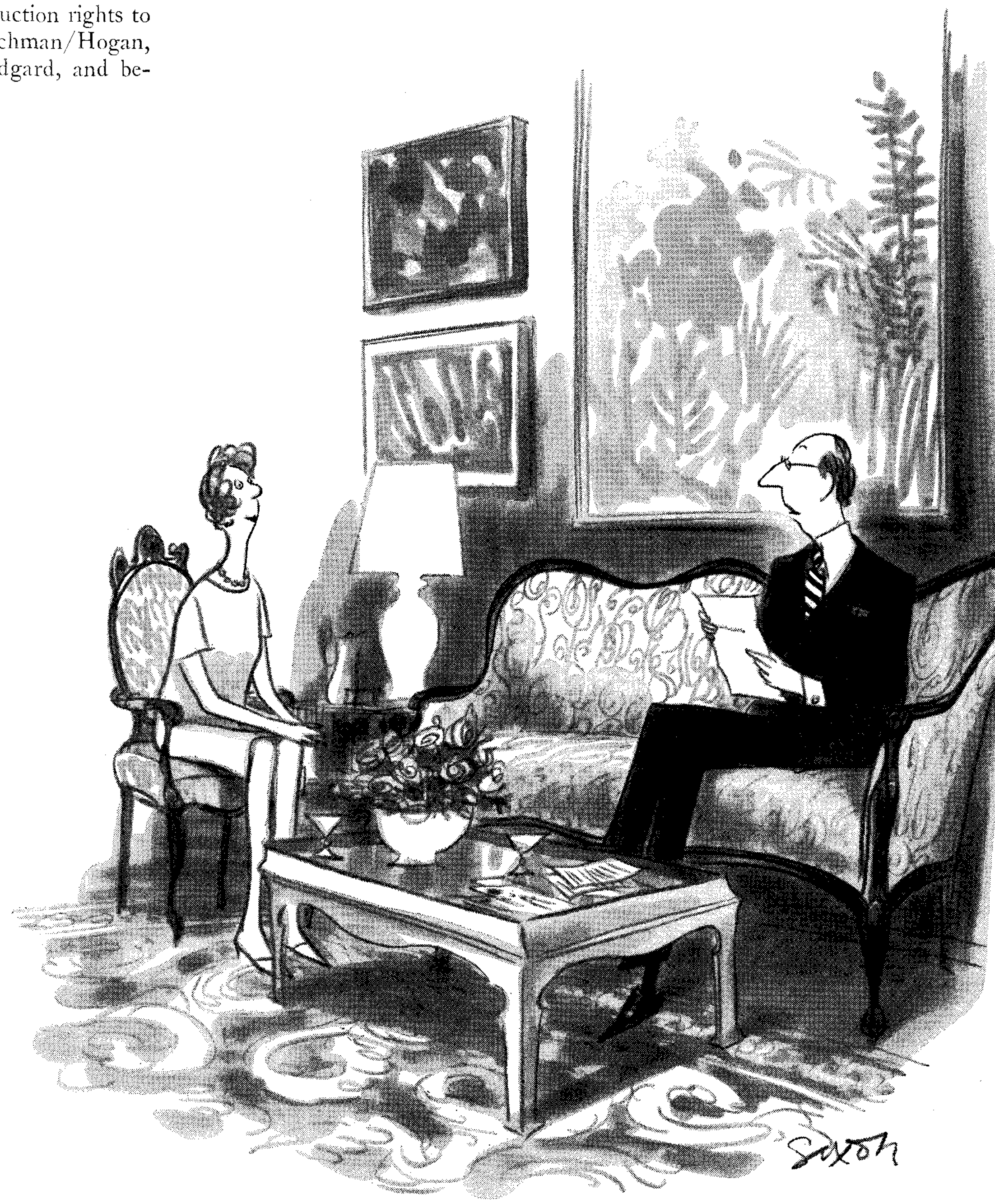
"We have concentrated on the great period of Islamic carpets," he said. "This runs from 1475 to 1625. After that, court carpets deteriorate—patronage disappeared, rugmakers began to mix up patterns and colors. You don't see the same fine sense of design. All the rugs here are prototypes that have been imitated through the succeeding centuries. Curiously, the finest knotting of all is found not in Persia but in the great flowered carpets that were produced for the Mogul court of India. There is one large framed fragment that has nine hundred knots per square inch."

Entering Room 1005

WHEN, in the opening chapter of Malraux's "La Condition Humaine," the terrorist Ch'en Ta Erh sneaks into the hotel room of the sleeping Tang Yen Ta and places a dagger in his chest, the reader is led to believe that Ch'en has filched a copy of the luckless Tang's room key—which he probably has. However, questions arise that Malraux left unanswered: How did the wily Ch'en come to possess the extra key? And why didn't the hotelkeepers of Shanghai in the nineteen-twenties give a bit more thought to the comfort and safety of their guests? These are the sorts of things that Ben Bodne and Andrew Anspach would like to know. Mr. Bodne and Mr. Anspach are, respectively, the owner and managing director of the Hotel Algonquin, the West Forty-fourth Street landmark, where no one has ever been treated as harshly as Tang Yen Ta and where room keys have become obsolete. The room keys have disappeared, thanks to the efforts of Herschel Hochman and Dennis Hogan, a couple of aerospace engineers from St. Petersburg, in Florida, who surveyed the depression in the aerospace industry back in 1971 and decided that their time could be better spent inventing an electronic system that would keep intruders out of hotel rooms. (So much for Ch'en Ta Erh's descendants.) When Hochman/Hogan finally came up with a plan that looked foolproof, they took the idea to the American District Telegraph Company, manufacturers of sophisticated alarms. The people at A.D.T., who believe that no security system is foolproof—"Anything that can be designed by a human being can be undermined by a human being" is a favorite saying around the office—nevertheless liked Hochman/Hogan's idea well enough to buy the production rights to it. Then they hired Hochman/Hogan, named the system Cardgard, and began selling it to hotels around the country, among them the Algonquin, where New York's first Cardgard system recently went into full operation.

When the finishing touches were being applied to the apparatus, we took a security tour of the Algonquin with Mr. Anspach to see how Cardgard works. Before he would reveal any electronic secrets, however, he was eager to show us the Andrew Anspach-inspired design for the keycard—the credit-card-size device that functions, in effect, as a room key. Cardgard keycards are unmistakably plastic, but Mr. Anspach spent a good deal of time explaining that the Algonquin's keycards really aren't. "The whole idea is to look at this card and think not *plastic* but *Algonquin*," he explained. "Well, just look at it! We've gone in for pale, understated English colors—light green, beige, and white—and there's that sort of Edwardian scrolled border and the Algonquin logo. A great deal of time and attention went into designing this card. What do the other cards look like? Oh, it can be just dreadful. Some of them have big white arrows to show the user which way to point the card to make it work, and a very large A.D.T. symbol. We have, you will notice, a very small pair of arrows. The other way is so plasticky."

At the front desk in the lobby of the Algonquin, in the space formerly inhabited by room keys, there is now a plastic installation with tiny lights and narrow vertical slots. Mr. Anspach asked a desk clerk for a keycard to enter Room 1005. The cards, which come in pairs or in sets of three, depending upon how many guests occupy a given room, contain punched holes that have been made by the Cardgard hole-puncher, a little black machine hidden in a room behind the front desk. "You see, any set of cards will open Room 1005, but no card will open the room unless a matching card is inserted in the control panel here at the desk," Mr. Anspach said. The desk clerk opened a drawer, removed a pair of keycards, gave one to Mr. Anspach, and placed the other in the control-panel slot for Room 1005. When the first card was placed in the door of Room 1005, Mr. Anspach explained, the control panel would "read" the card and send a signal to the terminal at Room 1005 indicating the code that would open the room. There are 2^{21}—or 2,097,152—punched keycard



"Of course you have a pretty smile. Would I have married a woman with an ugly smile?"

codes. "If a guest loses a card, we just throw away the control card and pull out a different pair. The cards cost about three cents each; for a regular key-and-lock system, it costs forty dollars to change a lock on a room door. When a guest checks out of the hotel, we throw away his card and start all over with a new set the next time the room is rented. No thief can just pick a lost card up off the street and use it to enter a room, as he would with a regular room key, because when we hear that a card is missing we immediately change the control card. The hotel maids have pass cards for an entire floor, but we also change the pass cards every day. This is a whole lot safer than having room keys floating around. I gather that there are people who make a living ripping off hotels. Let's take a ride to Room 1005."

On the trip up, Mr. Anspach explained that the installation of the Cardgard system had been as tidy as possible. "When we change things around here, we try to do it so that people won't even notice," he said. "If we remove, say, the carpet in the dining room, we do it late at night, when people aren't watching. The main trick is to be inconspicuous."

The doorway to Room 1005 looks just as it always has—brass doorknob, keyhole, and all—but on the wall next to the door there is now a four-by-ten-inch plastic panel known as the keyport. "The way to do this is to insert the card, according to our arrows, into the keyport, and we will hear a clicking sound that will signal the opening of the lock," said Mr. Anspach, slipping the card, the way the arrows indicated, into the keyport. The lock clicked and the door opened.

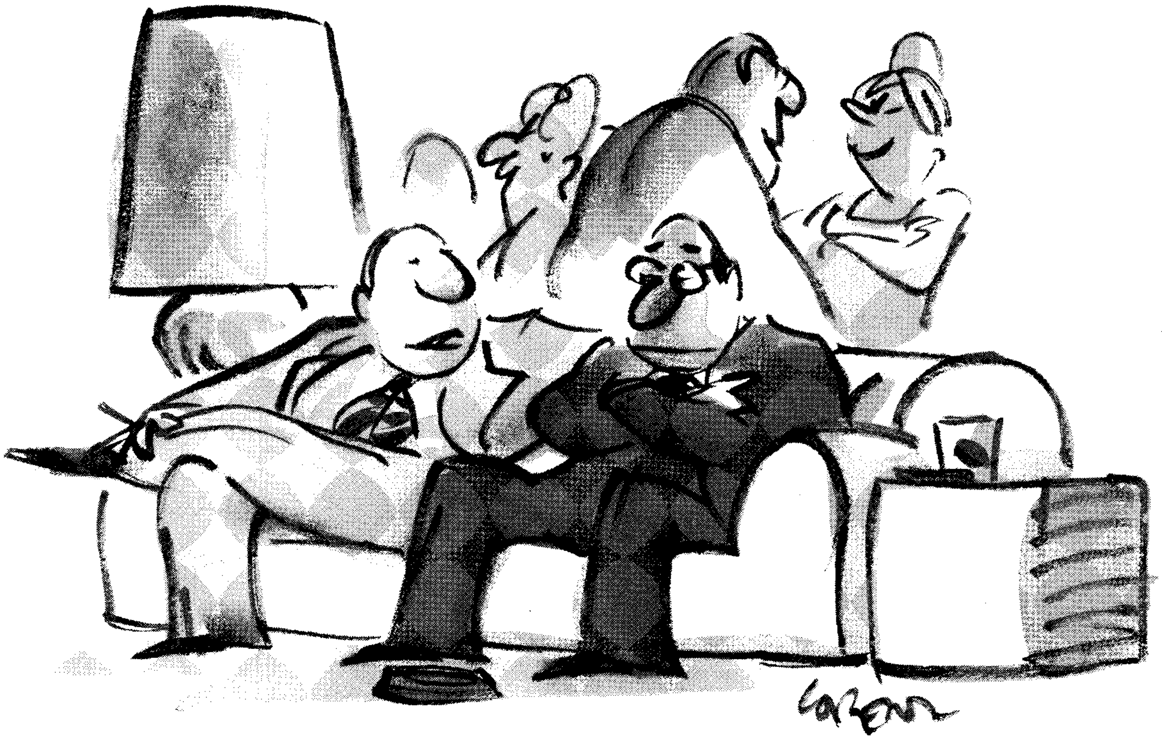
Inside, we saw that the television set and all the room's lights were turned on, meaning either that the previous occupant was insufficiently energy-conservation-conscious or else had a healthy respect for the Cardgard's power-shutdown device, which cuts off power to a room when a control card is removed from the panel at the front desk. Replacing the control card restores the power. The Algonquin's Cardgard setup—the more expensive of the two systems that A.D.T. sells—also includes a lock-tampering-alarm device, an early-warning-fire-alarm device, and a room-management device, which permits the maid to signal the front desk when a room is ready for the next occupant. The early-warning fire alarm has gone off only once. "A couple of guests lit the candles in a large candelabra and placed the candelabra on a table directly below the fire detector," Mr. Anspach said. "When the alarm went off, we were up in less than two minutes. The people in the room were surprised to see us. Mostly, they were *very*, *very* impressed."

HODKINS
BYRD
JENNY HALL
WELLS
BONACKERS
SAL
DAVIE
DAY
C.T. MORAN
1907-1975
TUFFY
1969-1973

Observation Deck

WE have received a letter from a friend of ours who says he's from the Midwest, and probably is:

> I went out to LaGuardia, the other day, to meet my little sister, who goes to college in New York now, and since I got there early, I went up on the observation deck. To get to the observation deck, you take an escalator from the second level, in the central waiting room, right across from the statue of Fiorello LaGuardia. I don't like airlines or airplanes very much, because I think in-flight magazines are not that great (with articles like "Ten Ways to Beat the Heat This Summer," "Delightfully Mad Sausalito," or "Phil Rizzuto Tells You How to Cook Italian"), because stewardesses are forced to say, "Would you care to purchase a cocktail?" at least a hundred times per flight, because Eastern Air Lines took former Met reliever Tug McGraw's great slogan "You Gotta Believe" after he refused to copyright it, because it



"I'm not worried. The Democrats are always in disarray."

• •

is a federal crime to joke about hijacking, and because Leadbelly's "Rock Island Line" is a patently, demonstrably, medically proven better song than John Denver's "Leaving on a Jet Plane." But I feel differently about observations decks. Once, at Cleveland's Hopkins Airport, I went out on the observation deck with my father and two brothers, and since the observation deck at Cleveland is only one story high (on the roof of one of three concourses), we had a good view of the jets at about engine height. My father was telling us something about a jet that was backing around in front of us. He said, "That's a 727. See the big single engine under the tail? Now, if they pointed that thing at us, which they won't, it could blow us clear to—HERE IT COMES!" Suddenly we were blasted by this warm, kerosene-smelling wind. My dad grabbed the rail with one hand and my little brother with the other, and I grabbed the rail, and we all flapped in the wind like pennants. Ever since, I have liked observation decks a lot.

The observation deck at LaGuardia is on the roof of the third level of the airport. It costs a dime to go out on it A tiled walkway stretches just about from one end of the roof to the other. There are a couple of ten-cent binocular machines, some chained-down benches, and signs telling you what gate you are looking at. A large structure behind the walkway houses the Terrace Room Restaurant and Bar (where a Chairman-of-the-Board Burger costs $3.85), and some conference rooms (with names like Fiorello Room A and Fiorello Room B). In front of the big windows of the Terrace Room Restaurant and Bar there are some sad shrubs widely spaced on a fenced-in area of plastic grass. The part of the roof that is not observation deck or restaurant is covered with tar and gravel. (The big boomerang-shaped, sweeping roof that you can see from the highway is not really the roof of anything except the restaurant and conference rooms. It is just up there for effect.) Olive-green drain gratings stick out of the actual roof here and there. The actual roof is the kind of place police chase snipers across. Walking around on the actual roof, I saw an empty Schaefer can, a mangled copy of *Time*, some milky pieces of plastic sheeting, a broken exit sign, five dried-up French fries, some air-conditioning vents, and a fifty-foot piece of rope.

There are not usually many people on the observation deck. This time, there were two guys in business suits, a hippie couple very much in love, and six weird little English nerds with Horatio Hornblower-type telescopes. I asked them what they were doing, and they said they were plane-spotting. What they would do was, every time a plane landed or took off they would note the registration number and then underline it in their book of all known planes. I looked at one of their books, and just about every number was underlined. They said that they did this three days a week at Heathrow Airport, over in London, and that they spent a few days at it whenever they came to America. They said that they used to do train-spotting and now they were doing this.

"What's the point?" I asked.

"It's just a hobby," one of them said.

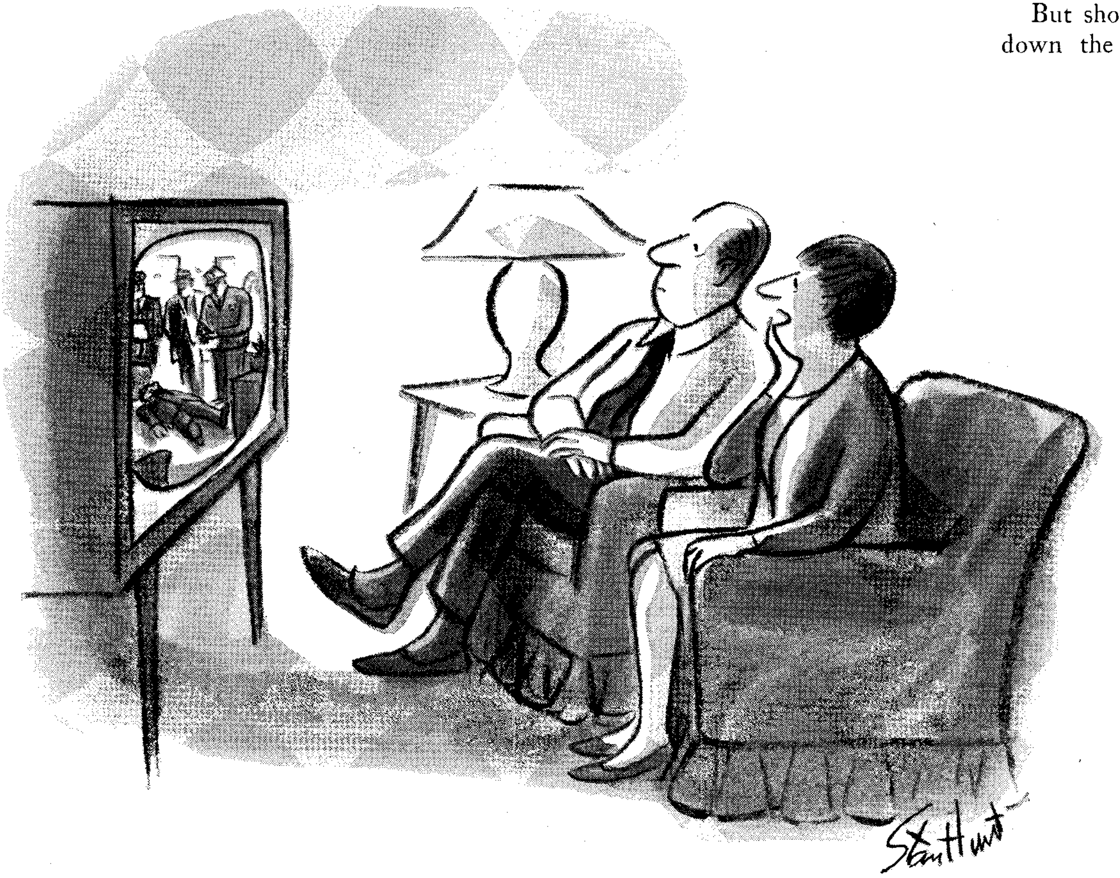
I went over to lean on the guardrail that runs from one end of the roof to the other. The rail was vibrating. Twenty-six jets were whining out on the tarmac. The airline that calls its jets Whisperjets must be being ironic. The air was shimmery above the engines. The T.W.A. in-flight caterers were loading dinners onto a jet in aluminum cases that looked like ammo boxes. A Port Authority cop came up to a baggage-cart driver and asked to see his identification. It was a relatively clear day, and I looked into the gray haze over Co-Op City, where the arriving planes were coming from. I stared and stared, but it was like trying to watch the hands of a clock or a sunset. All of a sudden, a plane would appear, but I never saw it actually emerge from the haze. Suddenly it would just be there. It was getting close to the time for my sister to arrive. I kept staring, concentrating, and those little frog's-egg bubbles in the fluid of my eye kept distracting me. I saw a speck, then landing lights, then the plane touched down. Wrong airline. Again and again, wrong airline. Three or four more times. Then I watched a plane that was United. (I forgot to tell you my sister was flying United.) It taxied around and headed for the right gate—Gate 18. I left the observation deck and went to Gate 18 and met my sister. As airport experiences go, it was O.K.

THE FOLDING-CHAIR SET

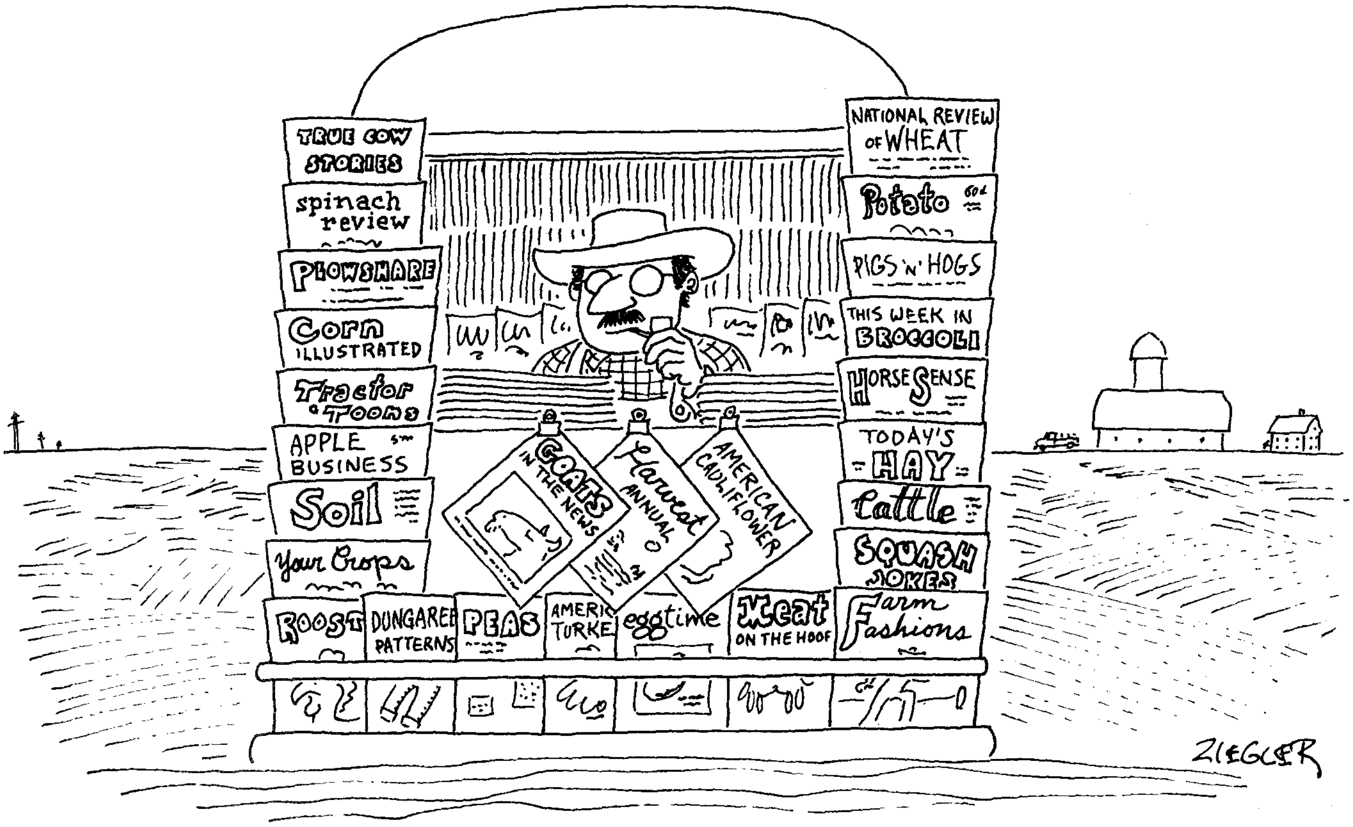
As much as I detest characterizing men and women by the minutiae of their world, I honestly cannot recall ever having seen Gail and Teddy Estabrook seated on anything but folding chairs. This is not because of my habits and those of whomever I happen to be living with, because we've always been very fluid, moving gracefully from cabin hatches to tooled-leather hassocks. And while it wouldn't be truthful to say that when you found folding chairs you found the Estabrooks, it would be quite true to say that when you found the Estabrooks you found folding chairs. They were the doyens of that world of committee meetings and public gatherings I see with such lamentable narrowness. Presidential elections brought them into great social and managerial prominence. Beginning with the spring of any election year, the Estabrooks would appear at fund-raising golf and tennis matches, cocktail parties, dinners, and dances—always sitting, of course, on folding chairs. One saw them everywhere, and they were really quite pleasant. When their candidate was defeated—and he almost always was—they would disappear in November, as does so much else in nature. If one followed the political history of the village, one would find them on their folding chairs at school-board elections, hearings of all sorts, conscientiously supporting every issue of civic virtue. It was not until quite late in my life, when I became a religious zealot, that I discovered that they filled up the time between Presidential elections with concerns of the spirit. My own particular sect (the Pelagian Heresy) met in bleak parish houses and damp church basements. Our schedules were loose and confusing, and seeking my particular form of worship I often mistakenly stumbled onto other devotions, such as Ritual Dance, Transactional Analysis, Alcoholics Anonymous, Sikhs, Zen Buddhists, Muslims, Charismatic Christians—any gathering that expressed, so much more succinctly and so much less acceptably than the country club, man's passion for salvation. Now and then, searching for my own faith, I found the Estabrooks sitting on their folding chairs. This may sound snobbish but, after all, my mother's last request was that her death not be reported in the newspapers. "Why, Mother dear?" I asked. She said, "Because I don't want *them* to know."

The Estabrooks were the sort of people who considered their stopover in Samarkand to be of general interest, and who went around the world once or twice a year, reading simple detective stories in Statlers and Hiltons while the monsoon rains lashed the nearby temples they had come to see. Their reading could be explained by the fact that if the world around you seems like Delacroix's "Death of Sardanapalus," the persuasions of an empty canvas will be irresistible. He was the sort of man who looks for skin magazines in his neighbor's trash cans, and she was the sort of woman for whom water glasses and toilet seats are sterilized. They were the sort of people who take cut-rate cruises in those ships that catch fire off the Lesser Antilles, and they were the sort of people who use "host" as a verb and who describe their curtains as "drapes"—even when they live in the White House. They were the sort of people who used to be married in the Church of the Transfiguration, and he was the sort of man who, if you let him, would tell you about having drinks with Texas Guinan, Tuesday Weld, Bernard Berenson, Nikita Khrushchev, and Sophia Loren, and who once bowed his head in prayer beside J. P. Morgan, when they were both attending the funeral of George Foster Peabody. This could have been a stab at bringing his passions for spirituality and rectitude together.

But should you ask how I can put down the Estabrooks as the sort of people who never got to Ascot or even Wimbledon and not explain what sort of people *we* were, I would say that we were the sort of people who could best be described as the citizens of some border principality, such as Liechtenstein. We lacked the mountainous scenery, but our passports were fat with visas, we dealt in spiritual contraband, we spoke four languages poorly, and knew the words to four national anthems. I particularly remember this because once, when I was sitting in a café in Kitzbühel with my brother, listening to a band concert, he sprang to his feet and put his Tyrolian hat over his heart. "What's up?" I asked, and he said, "They are about to play the national anthem." What the band was about to play was "Home on the Range,"



"My goodness, a little cyanide certainly goes a long way."

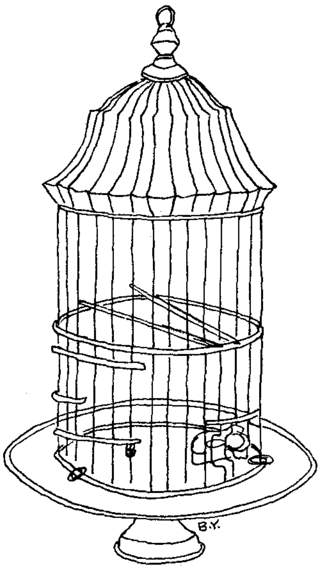


and I mention this only to illustrate the fact that we were the sort of people who endeavor to be versatile at every level.

I can remember my mother coming down a circular stairs in a coral-colored dress heavily embroidered with pearls, on her way to hear "Tosca," and I can remember her pumping gas on the main road to Cape Cod at that point in the landscape where scrub pine takes over and the nearness of the sea can be read in the pallor of the sky. She didn't actually wear tennis sneakers, but she wore some kind of health shoe, and her dress was always much lower in the bow than in the stern. And I can remember her repeatedly regretting invitations to dine at the Trenchers', who were famous in the village for having, in the space of a week, bought both a pipe organ and a yacht. We were the sort of people who lived in a Victorian mansion and, when this was lost, moved back to the family homestead, which included a splendid eighteenth-century house and the franchise on two Socony gas pumps that stood where the rose garden had been. When the news that we were going to run a gas station got out, my Aunt Louisa came directly to the house and, standing in the hallway, exclaimed, "You cannot pump gasoline!" "Why not?" asked Mother. Aunt Louisa's chauffeur came in and set a box of tomatoes on the floor. He wore puttees. "Because," said Aunt Louisa, "you will lose all your friends." "On the contrary," said Mother, "I shall discover precisely who they are." "The next thing I expect to hear," said Aunt Louisa, "is that you are working as a waitress." "I will never wait on table," said Mother. "I would sooner take in doorsteps to scrub."

So, as you can see, we were the sort of people whose path was not easy to follow, and I like to think that my father's insistence upon my being a fisherman and a mountain climber was intended to show me the final importance of taking the right trail in the moral wilderness in which one lives. My father spent most of his time tacking a catboat around small harbors. He was very adroit and composed at handling his tiller and the sheets. He was great with all lines—kite lines, trout lines, and moorings—and he could coil a garden hose with an authority that seemed to me princely. Dance—which he detested—best described his performance on a boat. The instant he dropped the mooring he began a performance as ordained, courtly, and graceful as any pavane. Line squalls, luffing sails, thunder and lightning never broke his rhythm. It was at about this time that I could be described as the sort of young man who leads the Nanuet Cotillion. The Nanuet landed in the New World in 1672. The leader of the expedition was Peter Wentworth. After my drunken and cranky father, I was his principal male descendant, and so I led the cotillion. That's all I really have to say. It was a pleasure to leave the gas tanks to Harry (a spastic) and dress in my father's tails. This brings us back to the thrill of living in a border principality. My father's tails fitted perfectly, I thought, and were made of black broadcloth—as heavy as the stuff of an overcoat. I don't spend much time in front of a mirror excepting when I'm in tails, but I think I can bring them off. I would drive into the city in whichever car was running, lead some débutante—chosen by the committee for her wealth and her connections—down to the principal box, and bow to its occupants. In my day these were mostly bankers, but when my cousin James took up the task he was stuck with funeral directors, the owners of chains of nursing homes, and the enormously wealthy manufacturers of dog and cat food; but would you rather have had Judge Gary and the Henry Clay Fricks?

We were the sort of people who claimed to be sustained by tradition but were in fact sustained by the much more robust pursuit of a workable improvisation, uninhibited by consistency. While we were still living in the mansion, we used to have dinner at the club on Thursdays and Sundays. I remember one such night. Mother had brought the car under the porte cochère. The car was a convertible called a Jordan Blueboy, which my father had won in a raffle. My father was not with us, and I suppose he was on his catboat. I got into the Blueboy, but my brother remained on the carriage step. He was a handsome young man, but his face was very white. “I will not go to the club,” he said to my mother, “unless you call the steward by his name.” “His name,” said Mother, “is Horton.” “His name is *Mr.* Horton,” said my brother. “Oh very well,” said Mother. My brother got into the car. Mother was not an intentionally reckless driver, but on the road she was an agent of death. She had already killed one Airedale and three cats. Both my brother and I shut our eyes until we heard the sound of the gravel on the club driveway. We took a table, and when the steward came to welcome us my mother asked, “What are you going to tempt us with tonight, Horton?” “Excuse me,” said my brother. He left the table and walked home. When we returned, I found him—a grown man—sobbing in his room; but even he, my only brother, was inconsistent. Years later when we used to meet for drinks in New York, he would summon the waiter by clapping his hands. Once, after the headwaiter had asked us to leave and I tried to explain to my brother that there were simpler and more acceptable ways of getting a waiter’s attention, he said, “I don’t understand, I simply don’t understand. All I wanted was a drink.”



But I was the sort of boy who used regularly to read a boilerplate column in the local paper called “You and Your Family.” This was to put me at some disadvantage the first time that my father threatened to commit suicide. I was not yet sixteen, and I didn’t have a driver’s license. I came in from pumping gas to find the supper table set for two. “Where’s Dad?” I asked, impetuously—because the laconism developed by my family was ceremonious and tribal, and one seldom asked questions. My mother sighed and served the red-flannel hash with poached eggs. I had already faulted, and so I went on. “But where *is* Dad?” I asked. “I’m not sure,” she said. “When I came downstairs to make supper he handed me a long indictment, enumerating my failures as a woman, a wife, and a mother. There were twenty-two charges. I didn’t read them all. I threw it into the fire. He was quite indignant. He said that he was going to Nagasakit and drown himself. He must have begged rides, since he didn’t take the car.” “Excuse me,” I said. No sarcasm was intended. I’m sure some members of the family must have said as much when they lay dying. I got into the car and headed for the beach. That’s how I remember that I was not sixteen, because there was a new policeman in the village of Hepworth who was the only one who might have stopped and asked to see my license. He had it in for the family for some reason. I knew all the other policemen in the villages along that coast. I got to Nagasakit and ran down to the beach. It was late in the season, late in the day, and there were no bathers, no lifeguards, nothing at all but a very weary swell from what was already a polluted ocean. How could I tell if it contained my father? I walked along the crescent of the beach. The amusement park was still open. I could hear some music from there, profoundly unserious and belonging very much to the past. I examined the sand to keep, I guess, from crying. There had been that year a big run on Japanese sandals made of rubber and also a run on small knights in armor made of plastic. There were dismembered knights and odd sandals mixed in the shingle. Respiratory noises came from my beloved sea. The roller coaster was still running. I could hear the clack of the cars on the rail joints and also some loud laughter—a sound that seemed wasted on that scene. I left the beach. I crossed the road to the entrance of the amusement park. The façade marked a period in the Italian immigration. Workmen from Italy had built a wall of plaster and cement, painted it the saffrons of Rome, and decorated the wall with mermaids and scallop shells. Over the arch was Poseidon with a trident. On the other side of the wall, the merry-go-round was turning. There was not a passenger on it. The loud laughter came from some people who were watching the roller coaster. There my father, pretending to drink from an empty bottle, was also pretending to contemplate suicide at the summit of every rise. This clowning was successful. His audience was rapt. I went up to the razorback who ran the controls. “That’s my father,” I said. “Could you land him?” “Sure,” said the razorback. When the car carrying Daddy stopped at the platform he saw me. I was his younger son and killjoy. He got out and joined me, as he knew he must. “Oh Daddy,” I said, “you shouldn’t do this to me in my formative years.” That was off the boiler plate.

BUT if someone I deeply love should ask me how I can put down the Estabrooks and still not tell the truth about the sort of people we really were, I would prefer to have the question asked at an altitude of above ten thousand feet, in the dusk of an early morning. I would need that much darkness and that much clearness in order to reply—with the greatest honesty—that we were the sort of people we were because we could never pay our bills.

And in the end the Estabrooks were the sort of people who are successful in joining their passion for salvation to their passion for shining and established matters. Their rise was meteoric in the sense that its arc and its fire were most natural. He was elected village trustee, mayor, state senator, congressman, and Vice-President, and when he succeeded to the Presidency—after the hideous mutilation of the incumbent—I attended his inauguration. It was my fourth. It was cold, of course. It usually is. We stood for the national anthem, bowed our heads in prayer, stood for the laureate’s ode, and then, for the introduction of the President by the Speaker of the House, sat down in our folding chairs.

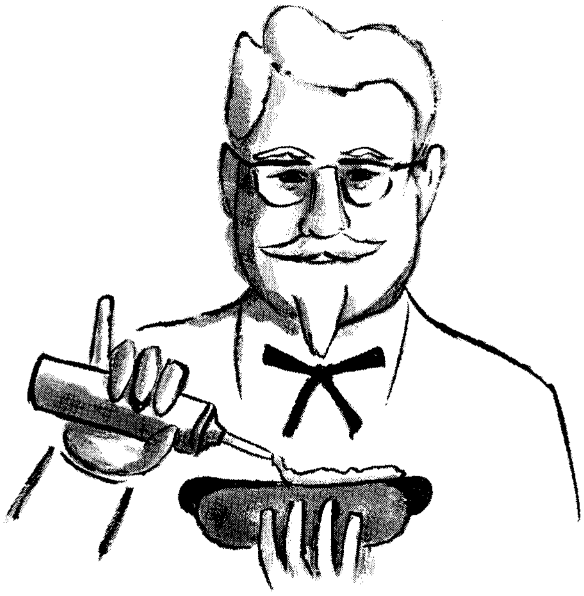
—JOHN CHEEVER

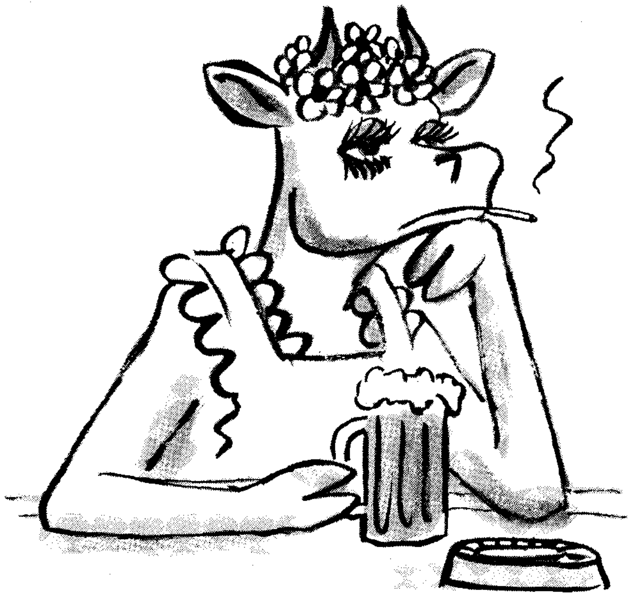
●

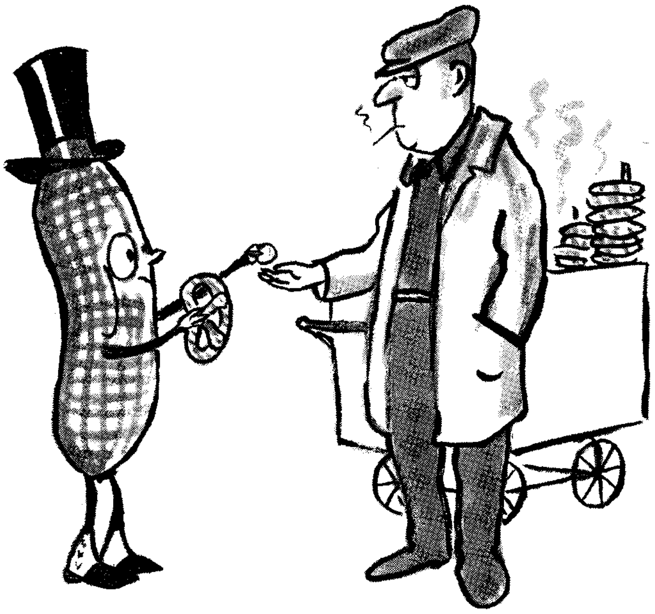
A rare opportunity to purchase a custom designed contemporary home of stone construction. Southern exposure, large old oak trees protecting the house with shade in summer. A spacious lawn with a magnificent view of the valley & best of all 4.5 acres in a natural woodland setting to give the ultimate in privacy. The entrance hall offers a dramatic experience because of the unknown architect James R. Grieves, AIA—No description can fully do justice to this incredible home.—*Adv. in the Baltimore Sun.*

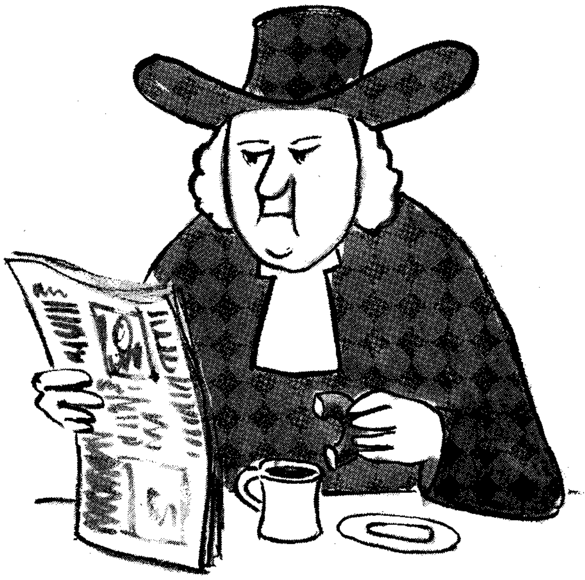
Just the same, we’ve had a pretty good start.

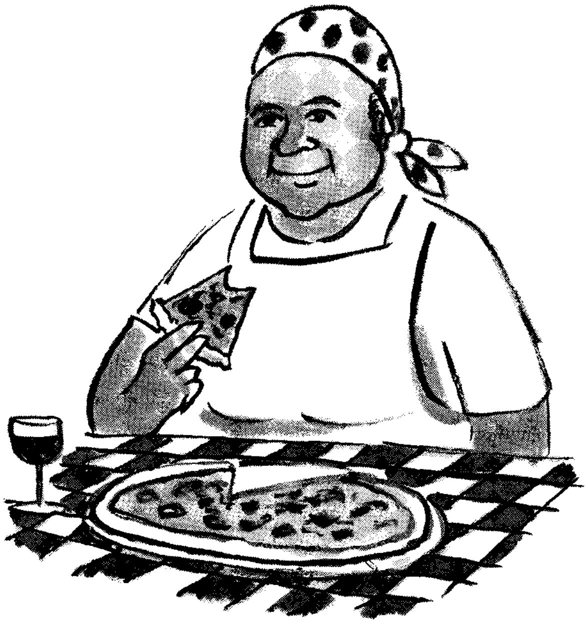
FORBIDDEN APPETITES

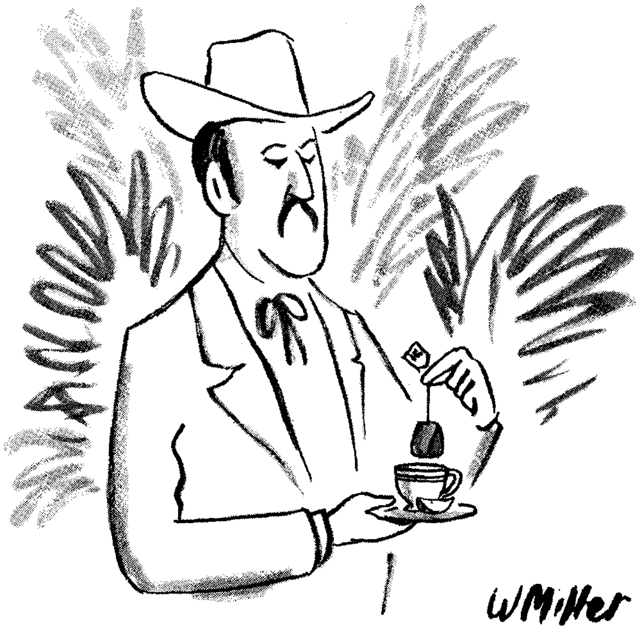








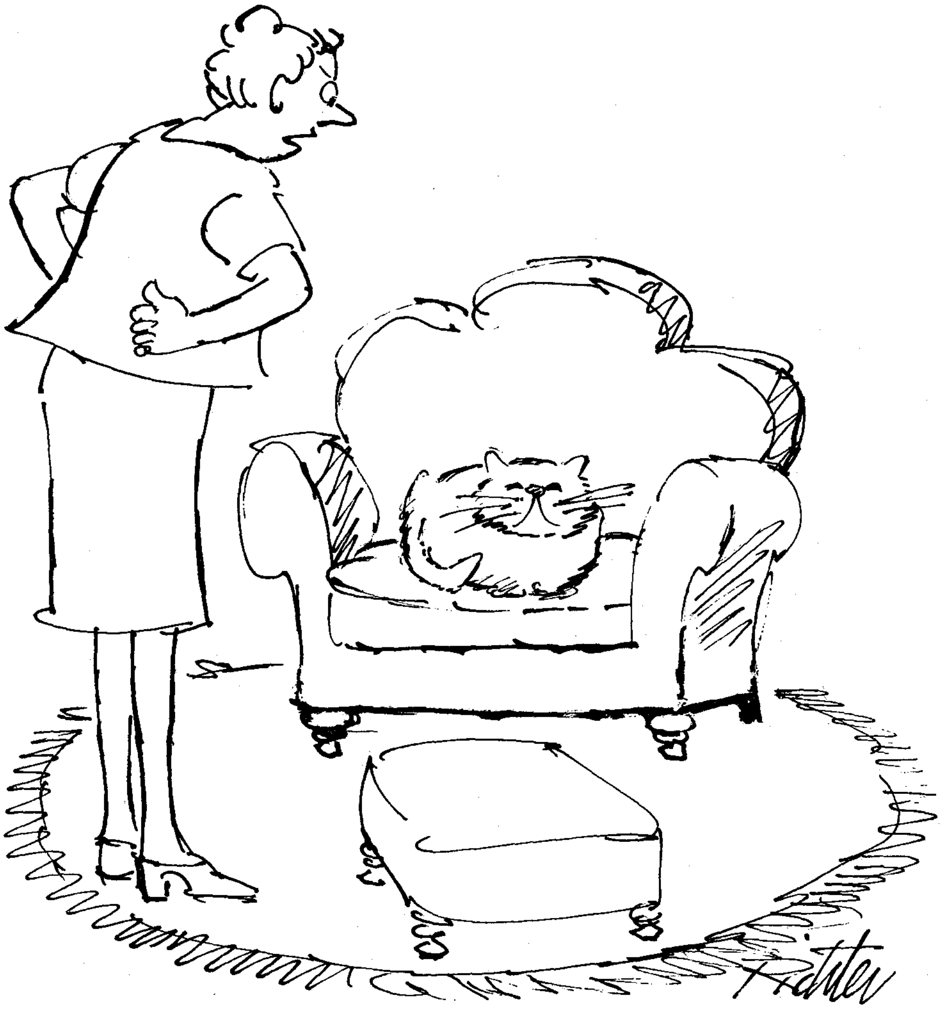




CITY LOVERS

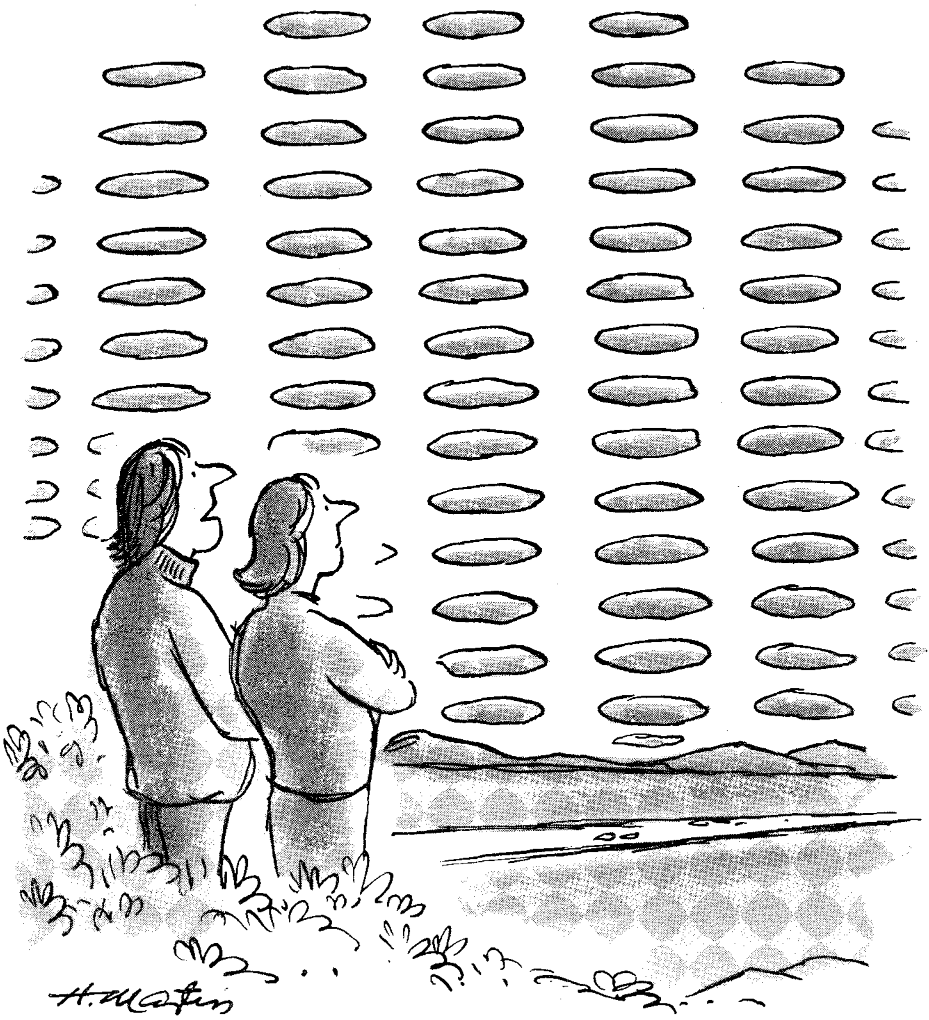
Dr. Franz-Josef von Leinsdorf is a geologist absorbed in his work—wrapped up in it, as the saying goes. Year after year, the experience of this work enfolds him, swaddling him away from the landscapes, the cities, and the people of Peru, New Zealand, the United States, or wherever else he may live. He’s always been like that, his mother could confirm from their native Austria. Even as a small boy, he seemed to present only his profile to her: turned away to his bits of rock and stone. His few relaxations have not changed much since then—an occasional skiing trip, listening to music, reading poetry. Rainer Maria Rilke once stayed in his grandmother’s hunting lodge in the forests of Styria, and the boy was introduced to Rilke’s poems while very young.

Now he has been in Africa for almost seven years, first on the Côte d’Ivoire, and then, for the past five years, in South Africa. A shortage of skilled manpower brought about his recruitment here. He has no interest in the politics of the countries he works in. His private preoccupation, within the preoccupation of his work, has been research into underground watercourses, but the mining company that employs him in a senior capacity is interested only in mineral discovery. He is much out in the field—“the veld,” here—seeking new gold, copper, platinum, and uranium deposits. When he is at home, on this particular job, he lives in a three-room flat in a suburban block with a landscaped central garden, and does his shopping at a supermarket across the street. He is not married—yet. That is how his colleagues, and the typists and secretaries at the mining company’s head office, would define his situation. Both men and women would describe him as a good-looking man, in a foreign way. The lower half of his face is dark and middle-aged (his mouth is thin and curving, and no matter how closely he shaves his beard shows like fine shot embedded in the skin around his mouth and chin), and the upper half contradictorily young. He has deep-set eyes (some would say gray, some black) and thick eyelashes and brows. A tangled gaze, through which concentration and thoughtfulness perhaps appear as languor. The women in his office say that he’s “not unattractive.” Although the gaze seems to contain promise, he has never invited any of them to go out with him. There is a general assumption he probably has a girl who’s been picked for him, back home in Europe, where he comes from—that he’s bespoken by one of his own kind. It is understood that many of these well-educated Europeans have no intention of becoming permanent immigrants; colonial life doesn’t appeal to them.


“Am I talking to myself?”

One advantage, at least, of living in underdeveloped or half-developed countries is that most flats are serviced—resident cleaners come in every day. All Dr. von Leinsdorf has to do for himself is buy his own supplies and cook an evening meal if he doesn’t want to go to a restaurant. He simply drops in to the supermarket on his way from his car to his flat after work in the afternoon, and wheels a shopping cart down the aisles. At the cashiers’ counters, there are racks of small, uncategorized items for last-minute purchase. Here, as a Colored girl cashier punches the register (he has quickly accustomed himself to South African use of “Colored” to distinguish people of mixed blood from those of pure African descent), he sometimes picks up cigarettes and perhaps a packet of salted nuts or a bar of nougat. One evening in winter, he saw that the cardboard display board was empty of the brand of razor blades he preferred, and he drew the cashier’s attention to this. These young Colored girls were usually unhelpful, taking money and punching their machines in a manner that asserted, with the timeserving obstinacy of the half-literate, a limit of any responsibility toward customers, but this particular girl glanced over the selection of razor blades, explained that she was not allowed to leave her post, and said she would see that the stock was replenished “next time.” A day or two later, she recognized him as he took his turn before her counter. “I ahssed them,” she said gravely, “but it’s out of stock. You can’t get it. I *did* ahss about it.” He said it didn’t matter. “When it comes in,” she said, “I can keep a few packets for you.” He thanked her.

He was away with the prospectors the whole of the next week. He arrived back in town just before nightfall on Friday, and was on the way from his car to his flat, arms filled with briefcase, suitcase, and two canvas bags,



"As we move toward a more structured society, I suppose we'll see fewer and fewer days when clouds are scattered lazily across the afternoon sky."

when someone stopped him by standing timidly in his path. He was about to dodge round unseeingly on the pavement, but she spoke. "We got the blades in now. I didn't see you in the shop this week, but I kept some for when you come. So . . ."

He recognized her. He had never seen her outdoors before, and she was wearing a coat. She was rather small and finely made, for one of them. The coat was skimpy, but she did not show a typical big backside. The cold brought a graining of warm color to her cheekbones, beneath which her very small face was quite delicately hollowed. Her skin was smooth, the subdued satiny color of certain yellow wood. She had crêpey hair, but it was drawn back flat into a little knot and pushed into one of the cheap wool nets that he recognized as being among the miscellany of small goods (along with the razor blades) on sale at the supermarket. He said thanks, he was in a hurry—he'd only just got back from a trip. He shifted the burdens he was carrying, to demonstrate. She said, "But if you want, I can run in and get the blades for you quickly. If you want."

He saw at once that all the girl meant was that she would go back to the supermarket, buy the blades, and bring the packet to him there where he stood, on the pavement. It was this certainty that made him say, in the kindly tone used for an obliging underling, "I live just across there. Atlantis—that flat building. Could you drop them by, for me—No. 718, seventh floor?" He gave her a one-rand note.

She had never been inside one of these big flat buildings. She lived a bus-and-train ride away, to the west of the city but this side of the black townships, in a township reserved for people her tint. In the entrance of the building called Atlantis there was a pool with real ferns, not plastic, and even a little waterfall pumping over rocks. She didn't wait for the lift marked "Goods" but took the one for whites. A white woman with one of those sausage dogs on a leash got in with her but did not pay her any attention. The corridors leading to the flats were nicely glassed in, not drafty.

He decided he should give her a twenty-cent piece for her trouble—ten cents would be right for a black—but she said, "Oh, no . . . please," standing outside his open door and awkwardly pushing back into his hand the change from the money he'd given her. She was smiling, for the first time, in the dignity of refusing a tip. It was difficult to know how to treat these people, in this country, difficult to know what they expected. In spite of her embarrassing refusal of the tip, she still stood there, unassuming, with her fists thrust down the pockets of her cheap coat. Her rather pretty thin legs were neatly aligned, knee to knee, ankle to ankle.

"Would you like a cup of coffee or something?" he said.

He couldn't very well take her into his living room and offer her a drink. She followed him to his kitchen, but at the sight of her pulling out the single chair there to drink her cup of coffee at the kitchen table he said, "No, bring it in here," and led the way into the big room, where, among his books and his papers, his files of scientific correspondence (and the cigar boxes of stamps from the envelopes), his racks of records, and his specimens of minerals and rocks, he lived alone.

IT was no trouble to her. She saved him the trips to the supermarket and brought him his groceries two or three times a week. All he had to do was leave a list and the key under the doormat, and she would come up in her lunch hour to collect them, returning after work to put away his supplies in the flat. Sometimes he was home and sometimes not. He bought a box of chocolates and left it, with a note, for her to find. That was acceptable, apparently, as a gratuity.

When they were there together, he saw that her eyes went over everything in the flat, although her body seemed to try to conceal its sense of being out of place by remaining as still as possible. Sitting in a chair, she was like a coat laid there until its owner takes it up to go.

"You collect?" she said one day, looking at the stones and bits of rock that took the place of the pretty ornaments she would have expected in such a setting.

"Well, these are specimens—connected with my work."

"My brother used to collect. Minia-

AUTUMN AGAIN

The flowers drying
in the garden are
the body. My wife
raises the fallen arm
and binds the forehead.
She goes on her knees
before a rose blackened
at the center, she rests
in the shadow of sunflowers.
At 8:30 there is a carnival
of blue morning glories;
the mockingbird squawks
their sudden thoughts,
the hummingbird steals
their intuitions. If I love
the body that is yours
for a time, wild phlox,
marigold, weed, if I love
the cactus that holds on
and the thistle burning
alone, if we are
our bodies, naked
in the sun of 'Tater Hill,
tipped with sweat
and chilled in the winds,
will we come at last
to dirt and stone and love them?
I ask with this tongue
which makes words and is
itself a word, this breath
humming among the 22
graves of my mouth.
If the body's hair
moves in a slow dance, one
part fire, three parts
water, if the eye
is an island that beholds,
do we therefore say,
"You are the apple
of my eye?"
First cold
morning in September
on a rock overlooking
Lake Huron. I said,
"It ends here." A wild horse,
I might have run
where the fields pulled.
I might have prayed for wings
and flown. Remembering,
I laugh. I back my car
out over the grass, I
slow on 41 to avoid
the smear of possum,
I pass the schoolyard
with its fence of spikes
and broken glass. I work
today, head down at my desk,
not daring to look out for fear
there will be snow falling
and each flake must be counted.
Among all the letters, one
from my mother. She has lost
her name, can I tell her
how she was born and came
to be in Los Angeles?
Do I recall the lilacs
she passed each morning,
the mock orange I planted
to please her and how
it sprang up like corn,
how the children grew
and thickened like August days,
how each was one more
small charge against the sky?
If I held her head now
it would be clay,
it would be a clear ache
of blue. If I asked why,
my tongue would curl back
and be swallowed. Covered
with dust, rags over
their mouths, our sisters
go out in open trucks
to burn in the fields.
Everyone inches up or down,
step by step. The heart
of a peach glows on its tree,
at dusk a worm calls itself
by a name no one knows.
Everyone brings some piece
of himself to the table,
and the old wood groans.
Even I heal and become
new again. Under the scab
the skin is pink and shiny,
and though the hand kinks
until the fingers are a cup
of five pains that once held
water and flesh, I will sleep
and waken by the road
below the Renault garage.
Down the oiled path of cans
and inner tubes in the field
by the river, the young
mechanic ties up his beans
at dawn, weeds his herb garden
fenced with string, marjoram,
costmary, dill, and worships
one part more than another
because they are his.

—PHILIP LEVINE

• •

tures. With brandy and whiskey and that in them. From all over. Different countries."

The second time they had coffee together, she watched him grinding the beans and said, "You always do that? Always when you make coffee?"

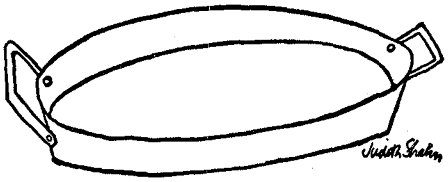
"But of course. Is it no good, for you? Do I make it too strong?"

"Oh, it's just I'm not used to it. We buy it ready—you know, coffee essence, it's in a bottle; you just add a bit to the milk or water."

He laughed. "That's not coffee," he said. "That's a liquid synthetically flavored. In my country we drink only real coffee, fresh, from the beans. You smell how good it is as it's being ground?"

One day, she was stopped by the caretaker and asked what she wanted in the building. Heavy with the *bona fides* of groceries clutched to her body, she said she was working at No. 718, on the seventh floor. The caretaker did not tell her not to use the whites' lift. After all, she was not black; her family was very light-skinned.

One day, there was the item "gray button for trousers" on one of his shopping lists. As she unpacked the shopping basket in the flat, she said, "Give me the pants, then," and spread them on her lap as she sat on his sofa, which was always gritty with fragments of pipe tobacco. She sewed swiftly in and out through the four holes of the button with firm, fluent movements of the right hand, her gestures supplying an articulacy missing from her talk. She had a little gap—a peasant's gap, he thought of it—between her two front teeth when she smiled. He didn't much like this, but when her face was turned away to a three-quarter angle, with her eyes cast down in concentration and her soft lips almost closed, it didn't matter. Watching her sew, he said, "You're a good girl;" and touched her.

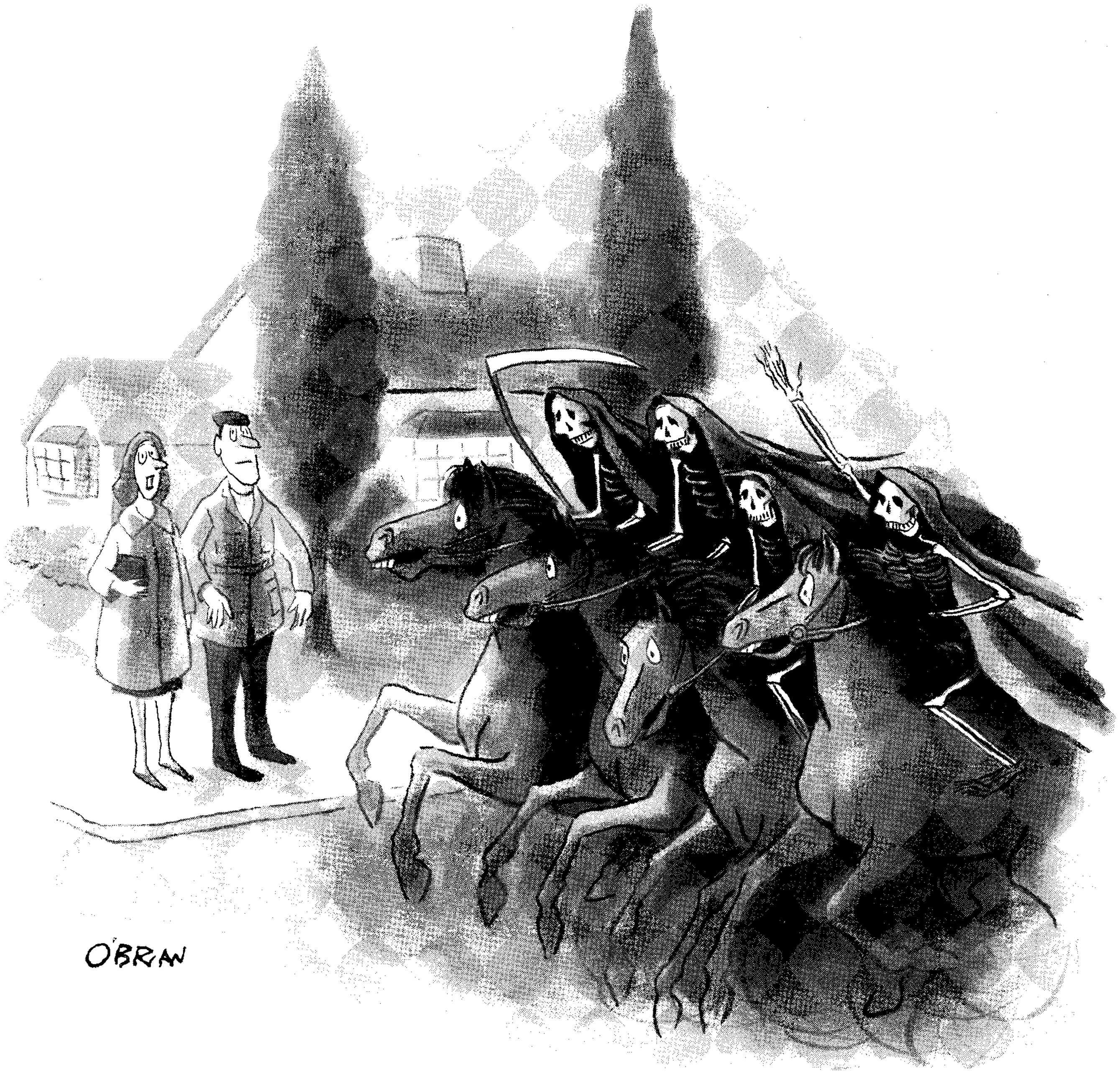


SHE remade the bed every late afternoon when they left it and she dressed again before she went home. After a week, there was a day when late afternoon became evening and they were still in the bed.

"Can't you stay the night?"

"My mother," she said.

"Phone her. Make an excuse." He was a foreigner. He had been in the country five years, but he didn't yet understand that where she lived people didn't have telephones in their houses. She got up to dress. He didn't want that tender body to go out in the night cold, and kept hindering her with his hands, saying nothing. Before she put on her coat, when the body had



"In Larchmont! Well, really!"

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already disappeared, he spoke. "But you must make some arrangement."

"Oh, my mother!"

Her face showed a fear and vacancy he could not read. Did the mother still think of her daughter as some pure and unsullied virgin?

"Why?" he said.

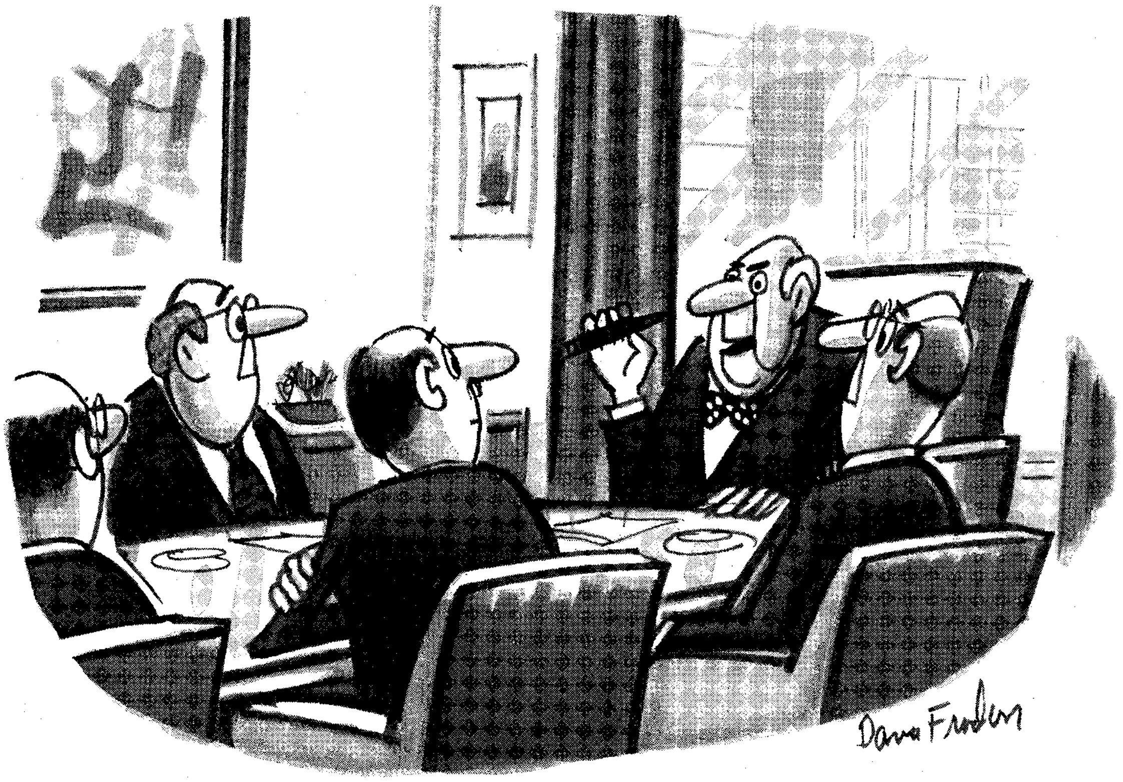
The girl said, "S'e'll be scared. S'e'll be scared we get caught."

"Don't tell her anything," he said. "Say I'm employing you." In his building there were rooms on the roof for tenants' servants.

She said, "That's what I told the caretaker."

SHE ground fresh coffee beans whenever he wanted a cup while he was working at night. She never attempted to cook anything until she had watched him do it the way he liked, and she learned to reproduce exactly the simple dishes he preferred. Sometimes she handled his pieces of rock and stone, at first admiring the colors: "It'd make a beautiful ring or a necklace, ay." Then he showed her the striations, the formation of each piece, and explained what each stone was, and how, in the long life of the earth, it had been formed. He named the mineral it yielded and what that was used for. He worked at his papers, writing, writing, every night, so it did not matter that they could not go out together to public places. On Sundays, she got into his car in the basement garage, and they drove to the country and picnicked away up in the Magaliesberg, where there was no one. He read or poked about among the rocks; they climbed together to the mountain pools. He taught her to swim. She squealed and shrieked in the water, showing the gap between her teeth as—it crossed his mind—she must when among her own people.

Occasionally, he had to go out to dinner at the houses of colleagues from the mining company. She sewed and listened to the radio in the flat, and he found her in the bed, warm and already asleep, by the time he came in. He made his way into her body without speaking; she made him welcome without a word. Once, he put on evening clothes for a dinner at his country's consulate. Watching him brush one or two fallen hairs from the shoul-



"Granted, we don't want to overcommercialize the Bicentennial. On the other hand, we don't want to undercommercialize it, either."

• •

ders of the dark jacket that sat so well on him, she saw a huge room, all chandeliers, and people dancing some dance from a costume film—stately, hand in hand. She supposed he was going to fetch a partner for the evening, to sit in her place in the car. They never kissed when either of them left the flat. Suddenly, kindly, pausing as he picked up cigarettes and keys, he said, "Don't be lonely." And added, "Wouldn't you like to visit your family sometimes, when I have to go out?"

He had told her that after Christmas he was going home to his mother in the forests and mountains of his country, near the Italian border (he showed her on the map). She had not told him how her mother, not knowing there was any other variety, assumed he was a medical doctor, or how she had talked to her mother about the doctor's children and the doctor's wife, who was a very kind lady, glad to have someone who could help out in the surgery as well as the flat.

She remarked wonderingly on his ability to work until midnight or later, after a day at work. When she came home from her cash register at the supermarket, she was so tired that once dinner was eaten she could scarcely keep awake. He explained, in a way she could understand, that while the work she did was repetitive, requiring little mental or physical effort, and therefore unrewarding, his work was his greatest interest; it taxed his mental capacities to their limit, exercised all his concentration, and rewarded him constantly, as much with the excitement of a problem presented as with the satisfaction of a problem solved. Later, putting away his papers, speaking out of a silence, he said, "Have you done other kinds of work?" She said, "I was in a clothing factory before. Sportbeau Shirts—you know? But the pay's better in the shop."

Of course. Being a conscientious newspaper reader, he was aware that it was only recently that the retail trade here had been allowed to employ Coloreds as shop assistants; even punching a cash register represented advancement. With the continuing shortage of semi-skilled whites, a girl like this might be able to edge a little further into the white-collar category. He began to teach her to type. He was aware that her English was poor, but because he was a foreigner her pronunciation did not offend him, nor categorize her. He corrected her grammatical mistakes but missed the less obvious ones because of his own sometimes unusual English usage. She continued to use the singular "it" for the plural "they." Because he was a foreigner (although so clever, she saw), she was less inhibited than she might have been by the words she knew she misspelled in her typing. While she sat at the typewriter, she thought how one day she would type notes for him, as well as making coffee the way he liked it and taking him inside her body without saying anything and sitting (even if only through the empty streets of quiet Sundays) beside him in his car, like a wife.

ON a summer night near Christmas—he had already bought and hidden a slightly showy but good watch he thought she would like—there was a knocking at the door that brought her out of the bathroom and him to his feet, at his worktable. During the day, it might have been a canvasser or a hawker, but no one ever came to the flat at night; he was not at home to friends. The summons was an imperious banging that clearly would not stop until the door was opened.

Wearing a big bath towel, she stood in the bathroom doorway, gazing at him across the passage into the living room; her feet and shoulders were bare. She said nothing, did not even whisper. The flat seemed to shake with the strong, unhurried blows.

He made as if to go to the door at last, but now she ran and clutched him by both arms. She shook her head wildly. Her lips drew back, but her teeth were clenched. She didn't speak. She pulled him into the bedroom, snatched some clothes from the clean laundry laid out on the bed, and got into the built-in wardrobe, thrusting the key at his hand. His arms and calves felt weak and cold, but he was distastefully embarrassed at the sight of her crouching there under his suits and coats; it was horrible and ridiculous. "*Come out!*" he whispered. "*No! Come out!*"

"Where?" she said. "Where can I go?"

"*Never mind! Get out of there!*"

He put out his hand to grasp her. At bay, baring the gap in her teeth, she said in a terrible whisper, "*I'll throw myself out the window!*"

She forced the key into his hand like the handle of a knife. He closed the door on her face and drove the key home in the lock, then dropped it among the coins in his trouser pocket.

He unslotted the chain that was looped across the entrance door of the flat. He turned the serrated knob of the Yale lock. Three policemen, two in plain clothes, stood there without impatience, although they had been banging on the door for several minutes. One of the plainclothesmen—a big, dark man with an elaborate mustache—held out, in a hand wearing a plaited gilt ring, some sort of identity card.

"What is it?" Dr. von Leinsdorf said quietly, the blood coming strangely back to legs and arms.

The sergeant told him they knew there was a Colored girl in the flat. They had had information. "I been watching this flat three months," he said. "I know."

"I am alone here." Dr. von Leinsdorf did not raise his voice.

"I know, I know who is here. Come." And the sergeant and his two assistants passed him and moved systematically through the living room, the kitchen, the bathroom (the sergeant picked up a bottle of after-shave cologne and seemed to study the French label), and entered the bedroom. The assistants removed the clean laundry that was laid upon the bed and then turned back the bedding, carrying the sheets over to be examined by the sergeant under the lamp. They talked to one another in Afrikaans, which the doctor did not understand. The sergeant himself looked under the bed and lifted the long curtains at the window. The built-in wardrobe was of the kind that has no knobs; he saw that it was closed, and began to ask in Afrikaans, then politely changed to English, "Give us the key."

Dr. von Leinsdorf said, "I'm sorry, I left it at my office. I always lock up and take my keys with me in the mornings."

"It's no good, man. You better give me the key."

He smiled a little, reasonably. "It's on my office desk."

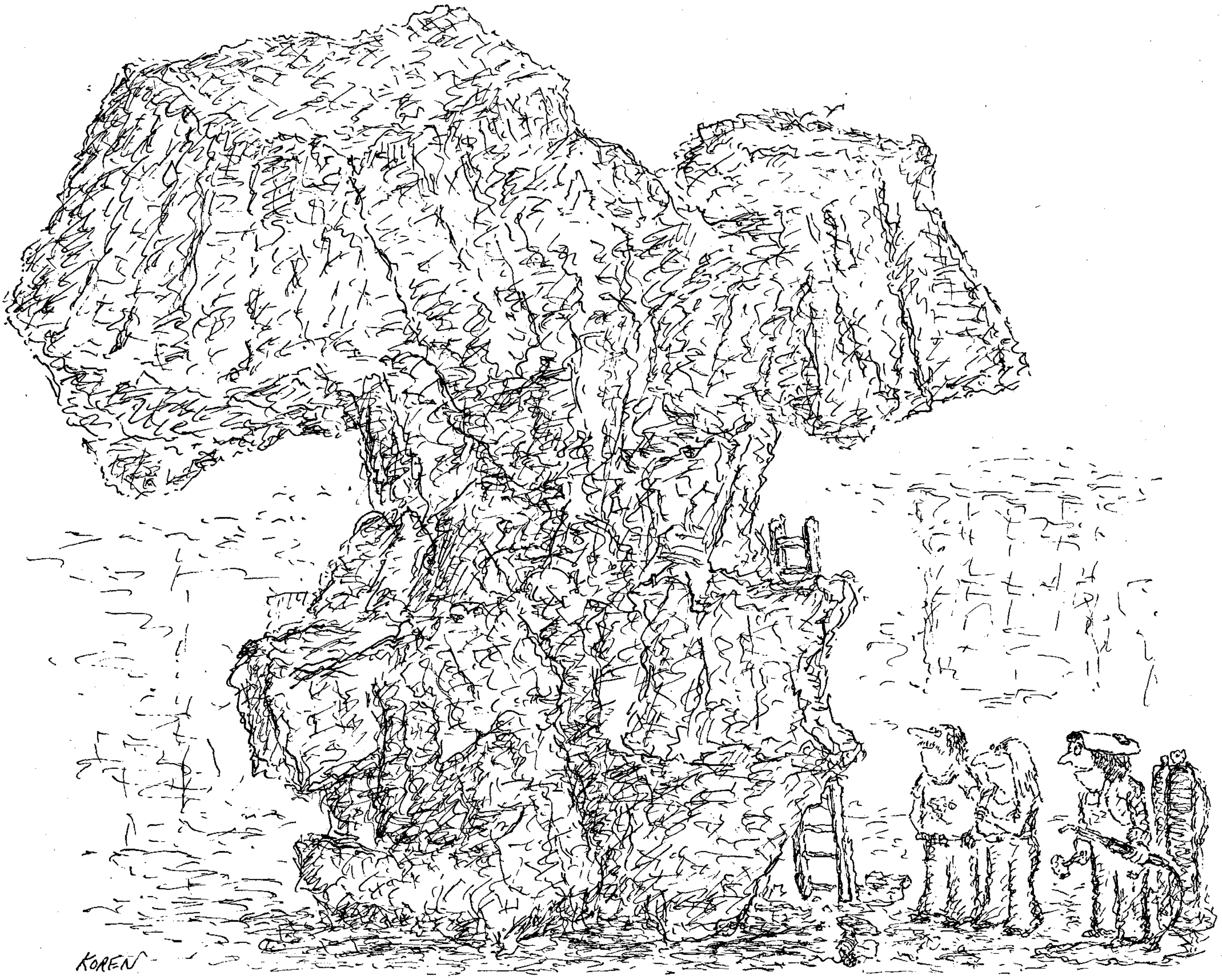
The assistants produced a screwdriver, and he watched while they inserted it where the wardrobe doors met and gave it a quick leverage. He heard the lock give.

She had been naked, it was true, when he had locked her in, but now she was wearing a long-sleeved shirt with an appliquéd butterfly motif on one breast, and a pair of jeans. Her feet were still bare. In the dark, she had managed to get into some of the clothing she had snatched from the bed, but she had no shoes. She had perhaps been weeping behind the door (her cheeks looked stained), but now her face was sullen and she was breathing heavily, her diaphragm contracting and expanding exaggeratedly and her breasts pushing against the cloth. She looked angry, but it might simply have been that she was half suffocated in the wardrobe and needed air. She did not look at Dr. von Leinsdorf. She would not reply to the sergeant's questions.

They were taken to the police station, where they were at once separated and led in turn for examination by the district surgeon. The man's underwear was taken away and examined, as the sheets had been, for signs of his seed. When the girl was undressed, it was discovered that beneath her jeans she was wearing a pair of men's briefs, with his name on the neatly sewn laundry tag. In her haste, she had taken the wrong garment to her hiding place.

Now she cried, standing there before the district surgeon in a man's underwear. He courteously pretended not to notice. He handed the briefs, jeans, and shirt to someone outside the door, and motioned her to lie on a white-sheeted high table, where he placed her legs apart, resting in stirrups, and put into her where the other had

← IT ALL
AWAY FROM IT ALL →



"Is it too cutesy?"

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made his way so warmly a cold, hard instrument that expanded wider and wider. Her body opened. Her thighs and knees trembled uncontrollably while the doctor looked into her and touched her deep inside with other hard instruments carrying wafers of gauze.

When she came out of the examining room, back to the charge office, Dr. von Leinsdorf was not there; they must have taken him somewhere else. She spent what was left of the night in a cell, but early in the morning she was released and taken home to her mother's house in the Colored township. She was driven by a white man who explained he was the clerk of the lawyer who had been engaged for her by Dr. von Leinsdorf. The clerk said Dr. von Leinsdorf had also been bailed out that morning. She was not told when or if she would see him again.

A STATEMENT made by the girl to the police was handed in to the court when she and the man appeared to meet charges of contravening the Immorality Act in a Johannesburg flat. "I lived with the white man in his flat," it read. "He had intercourse with me sometimes. He gave me tablets to take to prevent me becoming pregnant."

Interviewed by the Sunday papers, the girl said, "I'm sorry for the sadness brought to my mother." She said she was one of nine children of a female laundry worker. She had left school in Standard Three because there was no money at home for gym clothes or a school blazer. She had worked as a machinist in a factory and a cashier in a supermarket. Dr. von Leinsdorf taught her to type his notes.

Dr. Franz-Josef von Leinsdorf, described in the newspaper as the grandson of a baroness—a cultured man engaged in international mineralogical research—said he accepted social distinctions between people but didn't think they should be legally imposed. "Even in my own country it's difficult for a person from a higher class to marry one from a lower class," he said.

The two accused gave no evidence. They did not greet or speak to each other in court. The defense argued that the sergeant's evidence that they had been living together as man and wife was hearsay. (The woman with dachshund had reported suspicions, perhaps, or maybe it was the caretaker.) The magistrate acquitted them because the state failed to prove that carnal intercourse had taken place on the stated night.

In the Sunday papers there was a photograph of the girl's mother, who was quoted as saying, "I won't let my daughter work as a servant for a white man again." —NADINE GORDIMER

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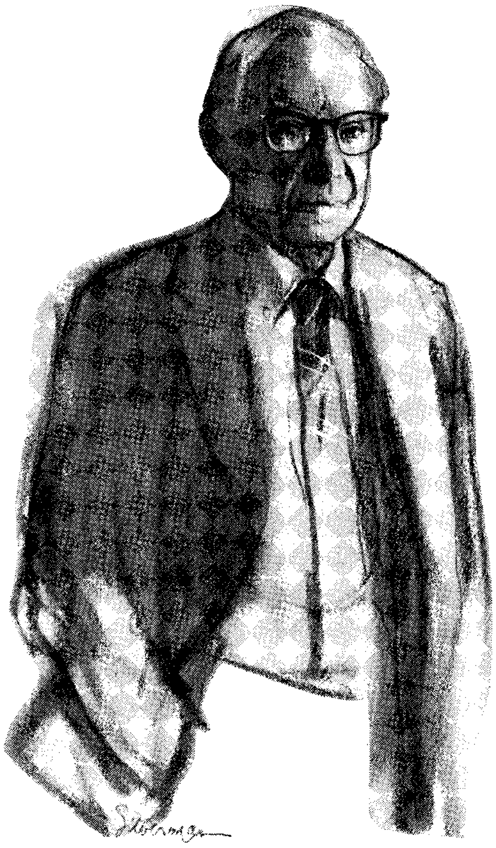
Agreed generally that all land use at the airport should relate to aviation, except that which does not.—*Announcement by the City Airport Commission in the Santa Barbara (Calif.) News-Press.*

Was there much debate?

PROFILES

PHYSICIST—I



I. I. Rabi

ON the afternoon of March 29, 1974, there was a brief ceremony in Pupin Laboratory—the locus of the Columbia University Physics Department—in honor of the department's most distinguished professor emeritus, Isidor Isaac Rabi. A bust of Rabi, in bronze, was presented to the department, and there was a great deal of good-natured discussion about how much the bust actually resembled Rabi. (Rabi is short, perhaps five feet six, white-haired, and given to wearing dark suits.) About one matter there was no discussion, and that was how much the Columbia Physics Department, with its galaxy of past and present—and, no doubt, future—Nobel Prize winners, has reflected the personality of Rabi for nearly a half century. I. I. Rabi created the modern Columbia University Physics Department not once but twice: the first time during the nineteen-thirties, when he and a small number of his colleagues and friends, including J. Robert Oppenheimer, brought the new physics—quantum physics—back from Europe, where they had been students; and the second time after the Second World War, when the department had been brought to a standstill by the wartime projects of much of its faculty, including the development of the atomic bomb and radar. Rabi himself was one of the prime movers then in the development of radar, at the Radiation Laboratory of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in Cambridge. He also functioned as a trouble-shooter for Oppenheimer at Los Alamos, New Mexico, and participated in all the early decisions that physicists had to make in order to advise politicians and the military in the totally new field of atomic energy. A few years after the war, he was one of the physicists, along with Enrico Fermi, who initially opposed the construction of "the super"—an antiquated and unworkable version of the hydrogen bomb. They were overruled by President Truman, and it was Oppenheimer's association with this negative advice as much as anything else that brought about his collision with the military and led, in the atmosphere of the McCarthy era, to his security-clearance hearing in 1954. In April of that year, Rabi, who has never had the slightest fear of speaking his mind to anyone, testified at Oppenheimer's security hearing before the Atomic Energy Commission, in Washington, "There is a real, positive record. . . . We have an A-bomb and a whole series of [them]. . . . What more do you want—mermaids? This is just a tremendous achievement. If the end of that road is this kind of hearing, [I think it is] a pretty bad show."

It was Rabi's conviction, shared by other scientific leaders of the time, that an American President must have reliable scientific and technological advice—that the President must have his own science adviser within the White House. This feeling became urgent when Sputnik was launched in October of 1957 and it suddenly appeared that the Russians were about to outstrip the West in military technology. President Eisenhower had great confidence in Rabi's integrity and judgment—confidence that stemmed from an incident in 1947, before Eisenhower became president of Columbia University. During a visit to Columbia, Eisenhower made a statement that Rabi thought was totally wrong, and Rabi said so in no uncertain terms. Eisenhower never forgot this, and when he became President of the United States he sought Rabi's advice, knowing that Rabi would always say exactly what he felt, whether or not he believed that it would meet with Presidential approval. When Rabi suggested that the President should have a science adviser, Eisenhower agreed, and James Killian, of M.I.T., was appointed to the post. This office functioned with varying degrees of success under Presidents Eisenhower, Kennedy, and Johnson, but in 1973 President Nixon abandoned it. Beyond all this, in the last half century Rabi has been one of the most important physicists in terms of scientific discoveries. He refuses to classify himself as either a theoretical or an experimental physicist, but his Nobel Prize, awarded in 1944, was given for a series of experiments dealing with the magnetic structure of nuclei—experiments of such elegance and coherence that the papers emerging from them, in the nineteen-thirties, have been used as the basis for courses in nuclear physics.

During a number of conversations I had with him recently in the study of his apartment, on the upper West Side, Rabi, who is now seventy-seven years old, discussed his life and career with me. He was born on July 29, 1898, in Rymanów, in Galicia, which belonged to the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Soon after, the family emigrated to the United States. "My parents came to this country not as a refuge from persecution, as did the Jewish refugees from Russia," he said. "They lived quite freely in the Jewish community of Rymanów. They had no resentment against Emperor Franz Josef. He was apparently well liked. The real problem was how to make a living, and my father, who had no skills, finally had to emigrate in order to make a living. When he left, he was quite young—he must have been twenty-one or twenty-two—and he went by himself to America. He got himself established, and a few months later was able to get some money to send for my mother and me."

I asked Rabi what language he had learned first. "Yiddish," he answered. "Yiddish, which I really spoke very well—like a native. My parents spoke Polish occasionally. It was a secret language, to keep things away from the children, but otherwise we spoke Yiddish."

Like so many other Jewish immi-

SAILING THE BACK RIVER

Tonight no one takes fish. Tattered pennants
of T-shirts flap, their shadows riding wave-crests,
among the hulls half ashore and wholly drowned.
Always I am the waterman snagging nets on keels
in the graveyard of boats, the pale sailor who
glides with the music of nails through plank-rot
and oil-scum to sit in the toy wheelhouse of fathers.

I do not ask you to come with me or even to watch
the pennants signalling the drift of the winds.
Nothing I could do would raise one body bound
under these mud-struck beams, but I mean to do
what I can to save my own waterlogged life and here
is the best place I know to beg. I throw out love
like an anchor and wait where the long houselights
of strangers tickle the river's back. I go alone

as a creaky-boned woman goes to the far bench
at the heart of her garden, where the rose suffers.
There will be time for you to hold in your palms
what each has held here, the sudden canting of gulls,
a room with one back-broken chair, the potbelly
sputtering as it answers the wind, the soft knock
waters make at the fair skin of roots. I come here
to stop up my lying words: your life was always bad.

Isn't it right to drag the rivers for the bodies
not even the nets could catch? I won't lie; I want
you to lie with me on the tumbling surface of love.
This is the place to honor crab-song, reed's aria,
where every hour the mussel sighs *begin, begin.* Say
I am water and learn what I hold as river, creek,
lake, ditch, or sewer. I am equal with fire and ice.
We are one body sailing or nothing. My life, yours,
what are they but hulls homing, moving the sand?

—DAVE SMITH

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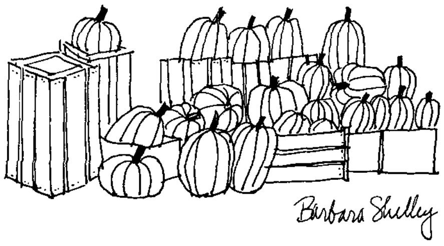
grants, the Rabis first lived on the lower East Side of New York. "I had to learn English in the streets," Rabi told me. "I remember one time— One doesn't really remember how one learns a language, but I remember one time asking another boy, 'What is the English word for "*zucker*"?' And he said 'sugar.' And after a while—I suppose by the time I was four or five—my English was very good; that is, for lower East Side English." Rabi's parents were deeply religious. "They had a very strong Orthodox, Chassidic, fundamentalist tradition, which they carried on in New York," he recalled. "I was raised in that, and heard all the stories that go with it—all the stories about evil spirits and devils, and, of course, on the other side, God and the Founding Fathers, so to speak. For those people, God was present all the time. In conversation, not a paragraph—hardly a sentence—would go by without a reference to God. The Orthodox Hebrew religion requires a lot of doing; there is a lot of ritual, so that you're pretty busy at it. It isn't just going to the synagogue on Saturdays and holidays. Indeed, if you have the time, if you don't have to make a living, you go there every day—three times a day, as a matter of fact. You're kept pretty busy with prayers and with the learning that accompanies them. It is not a superficial kind of culture."

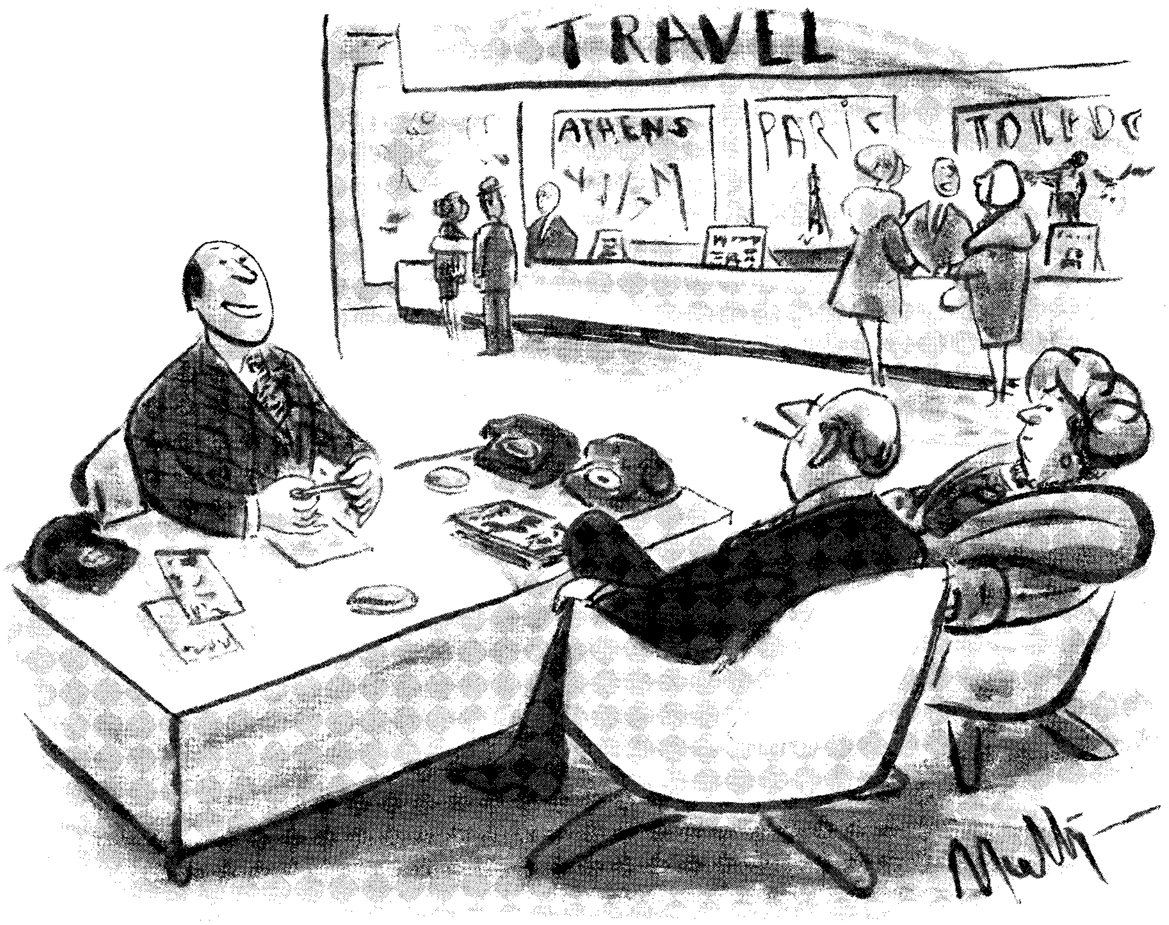
To make a living, Rabi's father began doing such jobs as delivering ice until he "graduated into work in the sweatshop, making women's blouses." Eventually, he borrowed some money and opened a grocery store on the lower East Side. A few years after the Rabis had settled here, Rabi's sister, who is five years younger than he, was born. They were the only children of the family. "Both my mother and my father came from large families—twelve or thirteen—and they saw the evils of a large family," Rabi said. "They wanted to educate their children."

Rabi told me that as far back as he could remember he never doubted that he would go to college. "When I look back at it now, it seems absurd, because we had hardly enough money for food," he said. "All the tales that you read about those times—I am talking now of 1900 to 1907, when we lived on the lower East Side—all the tales you hear about people living in slums, that's the way we lived. Still, I never had any idea I was living in a slum. Nor did I have any envy of richer people—they were just richer, we were just poor. That's all there was to it. So there was no class consciousness of the sort that you see in people now." The neighborhood was divided up according to the residents' place of origin in Europe—Russian Jews with Russian Jews, Galician Jews, like the Rabis, with other Galician Jews, and so on. Every attempt was made to preserve these boundaries—including attempts to prevent intermarriage among the different Jewish communities. "It was very densely populated—lots of kids around," Rabi said. "There were street gangs, and the Jewish gangs were very tough. There were holdups. They didn't have policy games, quite, but something like them. There were lots of prostitutes and saloons—every intersection had three or four saloons. And, of course, there were a lot of synagogues. There were no Christians living there then. Some of the synagogues were, so to speak, fossil churches—they had been bought and 'cleansed' by an elaborate ritual to convert them into synagogues."


Barbara Shelley

I asked Rabi at what age he had begun to go to school, and he said, "It was the tradition in my family that a boy started going to school at the age of three, which I did. My reading was in Yiddish books and Bible stories. Because I was very small, I needed protection. I had it, because I was so good at telling Bible stories. I'd keep them fascinated—the big boys. I was kind of a mascot because of my Bible stories."

In those early years, Rabi was rather sickly. (He now appears to enjoy robust health.) "I had every kind of disease that was going," he told me. "You know, children's diseases. In that congested region, I caught them all. I really kept my family poor with doctors' bills. Well, as we look back on it now, it is a wonder that people survived there." The food was pretty poor, as Rabi remembers it—"very little protein." There were no government social services. "If my father was out of work, he was out of work, and there was nothing coming in," he recalled. "The cupboard was bare." There were voluntary neighborhood associations, some religious and some consisting of people who had come from the same European town or village. "There was one to which my father belonged," Rabi said. "It was called the Rymanów Young Men. These were societies in which, among other things, one could borrow small sums. There was a tremendous amount of self-help within the community."



"Good news! Venice is rising!"

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Rabi feels that the great virtue of being brought up in such crowded conditions was that the children were exposed from their earliest years to all manner of serious problems and issues. "You heard a lot of conversations on all sorts of topics," Rabi told me. "Most of them you didn't understand, but you understood something. Listening to them did develop my vocabulary, and it gave me a familiarity with the basic issues in life, which a middle-class child doesn't get at all anymore. Now the children are put to bed early, and the real conversation goes on when they're not there, whereas in my family we were right in the midst of it. There was hardly an important issue of the times that I didn't hear about and hear discussed—very passionately, too. It was really so superior to what middle-class children have now, especially if they live in a place like Scarsdale. They see nothing but greenery and have to be taken places to find somebody to play with."

When Rabi was about nine, his family moved to Brownsville, in Brooklyn—which was then almost suburbia. There were chickens in the streets, and Rabi can remember going to buy milk from a local farmer. He continued his education at P.S. 156, in Brownsville. (His first public school had been P.S. 22, on the lower East Side.) "The New York school system was at that time wonderful in many respects," Rabi remarked. "For example, it took these immigrant boys and turned them into Republicans. We became very patriotic." There was rigid discipline in the public schools. Rabi remembers, some seventy years later, a time when the students in his class were supposed to be lined up for some reason. "I was a bit out of line, and the teacher slapped me in the face and knocked me over into a trough," he told me. "I remember being hit over the knuckles with a ruler a few times, too. But in general things were all right. I did well in school, but I was no prodigy. Neither did I do any work. I went to class and listened, and I read outside—but not the classwork." It was in public school that Rabi learned of English-language books. At home, the only books he had ever seen were prayer books in Hebrew and Bible stories in Yiddish. Then, in 1908, he discovered the local branch of the Brooklyn Public Library. "I saw some kid in class who had a book that was clearly not a schoolbook. I asked him where he got it, and he told me about the library. I went and got a library card and took out two books." The librarian stopped him and made him read from them out loud. Rabi was so small and looked so young that the librarian simply could not believe he knew how to read.

I asked Rabi if he had had any particular experience in those early days that turned his mind toward science. "Yes," he said. "A very profound one. One time, I was walking along and looked down the street—looked right down the street, which faced east. The moon was just rising. And it scared hell out of me! Absolutely scared the hell out of me. Another profound experience that I had revolved around the first verses of Genesis. They were very moving to me as a kid. The whole idea of the creation—the mystery and the philosophy of it. It sank in on me, and it's something I still feel. But, as a matter of fact, I got into science in a funny way. I read all the fairy stories and other stories in the children's section of the library. I started with Alcott and worked down through Trowbridge—all those children's books, all those writers. Then I came to the end of *those* shelves, and there was a science shelf. So I started with astronomy. That was what determined my later life more than anything else—reading a little book on astronomy. That's where I first heard of the Copernican system and the explanation of the changes of the seasons, the phases of the moon, and the idea that the stars were suns, very distant suns. Ours was such a fundamentalist family that my parents hadn't heard of the Copernican system, and for me it was a tremendous revelation. I was so impressed—the beauty of it all, and the simplicity."

I asked Rabi if his reading had led to a religious crisis with his family. "Yes, I think there was a kind of religious crisis," he answered. "It came gradually. You see, when you are a fundamentalist everything is covered by religion. As you get a wider perspective, bit by bit, there are contradictions. Besides, the Orthodox life demands so much. Since I was always inclined to be lazy, my religion gradually began to slip away. My father used to say, 'It's not that you're irreligious—you're lazy.' But the biggest contradiction was with the Copernican theory. There is certainly a contradiction between that and what I was told as a child—that the earth is flat and that there is a big fish, the Leviathan, which surrounds it, which has its own tail in its mouth, and which will be eaten on the Day of Judgment by the good Orthodox Jews while the others will get nothing. It's a bit of a jump from there to the Copernican system. Besides, when you are Orthodox you say prayers for the new moon. When you have the astronomical explanation, the rising of the moon becomes a sort of non-event. My family was very conservative. Even Maimonides was a bit suspect. In fact, *more* than a bit suspect—a great man, but still . . ."

Rabi paused, and then went on, "When I think about it, for my family it was rather tragic, because there was nothing they could do. I was the first-born, the only son. And I could outtalk them. They hadn't read about Copernicus. So we reached a sort of modus vivendi where at home I conformed to everything. I didn't try to persuade them of anything else. They would have really suffered from that. And they didn't ask very much what I did outside. So I was a good son in that respect. I tried to help with the holidays—to make them joyful occasions. I have a great respect and a great feeling for those things. It's part of a culture, a way of life, an outlook. Sometimes I feel I shouldn't have dropped it so completely—I'm talking about the way of life. There's no question that basically, somewhere way down, I'm an Orthodox Jew. In fact, to this very day, if you ask for my religion, I say 'Orthodox Hebrew'—in the sense that the church I'm not attending is that one. If I were to go to a church, that's the one I would go to. That's the one I failed. It doesn't mean I'm something else."

I told Rabi, whom I have known for nearly twenty years, that I had always sensed in him the same kind of religious feeling that Einstein seemed to have. Rabi remarked that with Einstein there was something else as well, since when Einstein said things like "God would not play dice"—meaning that the laws of physics would not be allowed by God to be fundamentally statistical—he was, Rabi felt, identifying himself, to a certain extent, with the Creator. "Einstein *was* a world-maker," Rabi said. "In any event, I think that 'God' is a very good heuristic principle—a standard by which you can judge things. The idea of God also helps you to have a greater feeling for the mystery of modern physics. I don't mean the way some of the young people I see, who are very good, take physics. They take it as a system you can do things with, can calculate something with, and they miss—at least, so it seems to me—the mystery of it: how very different it is from what you can see, and how profound nature is. We could not have arrived at modern physics just by extrapolation from what we already knew. It had to result from discovery—from real discoveries. I have never thought of physics as a profession, and in that sense I think I'm a gentleman as far as science is concerned. I never thought of doing it as a living. I didn't care what I did for a living. But science was something I would follow and admire. And enjoy. I think that most of the people I knew who studied physics in my time, who

"It turned out that the only thing holding his marriage together was Vietnam."

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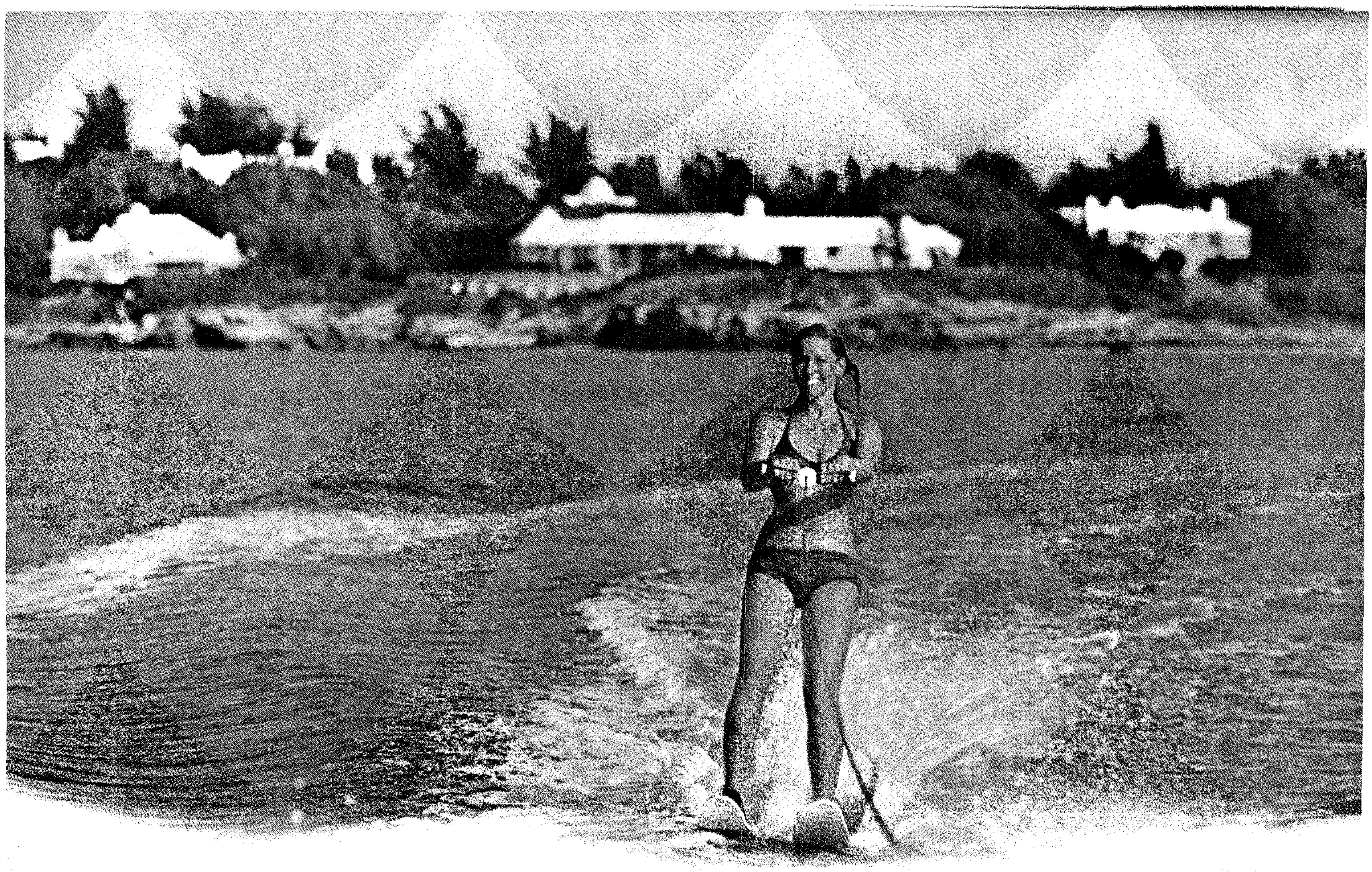

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"Tell me, Agnes, just what the hell have you been knitting all these years?"

were more or less my age, didn't have this attitude, quite. They were doing it as something that they liked to do. Some said, 'It's fun.' I always hated the idea that it was 'fun.' I know other ways to have fun. Physics has a much deeper emotional quality for me than that."

Getting back to Rabi's public-school days, I asked him if he realized then that science was a profession. "I knew that there was an 'astronomer,' but a scientist as such, no," he answered. "Engineering, yes. I thought of becoming an astronomer. I told my father I might become an astronomer, and he said, 'How do you make a living out of this?' I had no idea. I thought you did it by teaching, or something like that. I didn't understand the difference between science and engineering, or know that physics existed and could really be a profession." When Rabi was ten, he began reading about electricity in the local library, and soon he was immersed in telegraphy—both standard and wireless. By the time he was eleven or so, he had learned the Morse code, and had both a sending and a receiving station, and had taken some of the telegraphy examinations that are required by federal regulations if one has a transmitting station. "I organized my own group, and we set up a telegraph system that went over a few blocks," Rabi told me. "I got the equipment, and finally discovered a boy whose father was a junkman. We got wire from him and strung it across the street, so high that it was hardly visible. We had a neighborhood telegraph system." Barely into his teens, Rabi published his first scientific paper, which dealt with making a condenser—a device for storing electrical energy. The paper was published in one of the late Hugo Gernsback's numerous magazines—*Modern Electrics*. Gernsback, who founded *Amazing Stories*, the first science-fiction magazine, sent Rabi a reprint of the article a decade ago. He had paid two dollars for the original manuscript.

In addition to carrying on his technological activities, Rabi continued to read intently. "I used to be able to read with extraordinary rapidity," he told me. "I could read a big book a day. I can't now. I can't read a tenth of a book a day. But at that time I'd come home from the library at the beginning of the week with about five books, and at the end of the week they were back." A book that made a deep impression on him then was Jack London's "The Iron Heel," published in 1907. "I don't know whether you know it," Rabi said. "It describes, among other things, a workers' revolt in Chicago, set in what was then the future—about 1930. In it, he gave, in just a few chapters—beautifully written, as I remember it—a précis of Marxian theory. He gave the theory of class struggle, the labor theory of value, the theory of surplus value, which makes revolution inevitable, and the materialistic interpretation of history. It made an enormous impression on me. I went on to read other authors, like John Spargo, and tried to convert people—fellow-students, even some of the teachers—to Socialism. For a while, I took it very seriously. I went to the meetings of the Socialist Party in the neighborhood, and all that. After a while, I began to have the feeling that the Socialists were either kidding themselves or trying to kid me. Part of the Socialist thing was 'equality': anybody can be President, anybody can do this or that; it just depends on the circumstances of your life. But after I went to high school and looked at my classmates, I said, 'Those people can't run a government or a world,' and dropped the whole thing. But it was an interesting background for me—especially the materialistic interpretation of history, since it was an actual theory of history. When I studied history, all of this fell into place. It wasn't just an arbitrary set of dates. For me, history became a living thing, and later on in high school, when we started taking the Regents Examination for the State of New York, I made the highest grade in history in the whole state. It was just a natural for me. I still have a great interest in history and in its interrelatedness."

After Rabi finished grade school, his parents had wanted him to go on with Hebrew studies—preferably at a yeshiva. Rabi refused. "I was through with that, partly thanks to Copernicus," he told me. Instead, he elected to go to Manual Training High School, in Brooklyn, which he describes as "a second- or third-rate high school." He explained, "I went there purposely. Normally, I should have gone to Boys High—that was *the* school. All the very smart Jewish kids went to it. But I had been raised in an environment where we didn't see anything but Jews. My elementary school was just full of Jews, with maybe here and there a few gentiles who had, as it were, crossed district lines. I wanted to get away from that. I had very definite notions of being an American in a

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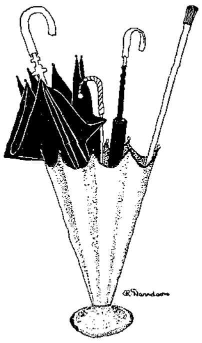
broader sense. I had read a good deal of history, and I wanted to be part of the greater thing, so I went to Manual Training, where there were almost no Jews. I had four years of shopwork—woodworking, cabinetmaking, printing, and various kinds of mechanical work. I did that sort of thing at home with wireless telegraphy and model airplanes. But the great advantage of going to a second-rate school was that I didn't have to do more than ten minutes of homework a day.”

I asked Rabi if his interest in science had continued while he was at Manual Training. “I was interested, but not in the school science,” he answered. “My physics teacher was one of the worst. He was the only teacher there with a Ph.D., too. In fact, all my life I never got good instruction in physics. The chemistry courses were the strongest, and I took a lot of chemistry. Our math teacher was marvellous, and there was, in addition, history, of course—American and European history. American history is so badly done. They give it in an elementary way three times. You just keep on getting it.”

Rabi's math teacher was also the high-school football coach, and this fact determined Rabi's choice of college. He and a friend were asked to help sell tickets to the high-school football games. “For which service we got complimentary tickets,” Rabi told me. “This was important to me, because I had no money. I began going to the games and became interested in football. Now, this was a period when Cornell was preëminent in football. It was in the days of Charlie Barrett, who was their All-America quarterback. So I became interested in Cornell. It had a greater emphasis on science and engineering than other places had. There seemed to be a liberal attitude about it, a sense of freedom and novelty. Furthermore, it was out in this romantic country—romantic to me, at least, as a reader of Fenimore Cooper. That whole storied Finger Lakes region. Here I was, a boy from the city. It seemed like a nice place to go.”



Considering Rabi's general financial situation at the time, I wondered how he had managed to get enough money for college. “I had a New York State Regents scholarship—a hundred dollars a year, which was a lot more money then than it is now,” he said. “I also had a tuition scholarship to Cornell, which was won in an open competition, and the rest I got from home—very little money. As a matter of fact, I lost several teeth because of malnutrition the first year. I didn't know about nutrition, and it seemed silly to me to spend money on vegetables, when I was hungry and needed more solid food. And I didn't want to work. A lot of students supported themselves—they'd work in cafeterias and other places. But I didn't want to work; I preferred to starve, and I did.”

Rabi began at Cornell in 1916 as a student of electrical engineering. “It was pretty dull stuff, pretty bad,” he says now. His roommates were taking chemistry, so he began taking chemistry—skipping the elementary course, the material of which he already knew from his reading. He told me, “What got me excited about chemistry was a course that most people didn't like—qualitative analysis. One was given an unknown and was supposed to find out what was in it. There was a definite way of doing it, and I thought it was wonderful—like research. But basic theoretical chemistry was not known then at Cornell. In physics, Einstein's theory of relativity was not well known anywhere in America, let alone at Cornell. My freshman year was the first time that conduction electricity had been taught there through the theory of the electron.” In 1906, the English physicist J. J. Thomson had been awarded the Nobel Prize in physics for discovering the electron—which he had done in 1897, some twenty years prior to the period that Rabi was discussing. “In lectures that I gave a little later, I would often say that I came, essentially, from an underdeveloped country as far as science was concerned. Just as in most underdeveloped countries, there were a few great men, but an undergraduate in America would never see them and could not be influenced by them.”

Rabi finished his undergraduate program at Cornell in 1919, after only three years. At that time, the students had been mobilized for the war. “I wore a uniform—the Student Army Training Corps—and I was living in a barracks and marched and did K.P. I would have been in the war, without question, if it hadn't stopped.” His degree was Bachelor of Chemistry. I had always supposed, until I asked him, that Rabi had gone right on to graduate school. “No,” he said. “I thought, I'll have to make some money and then go into science. I was obsessed at that time by

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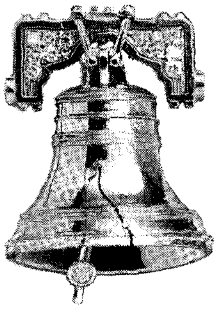

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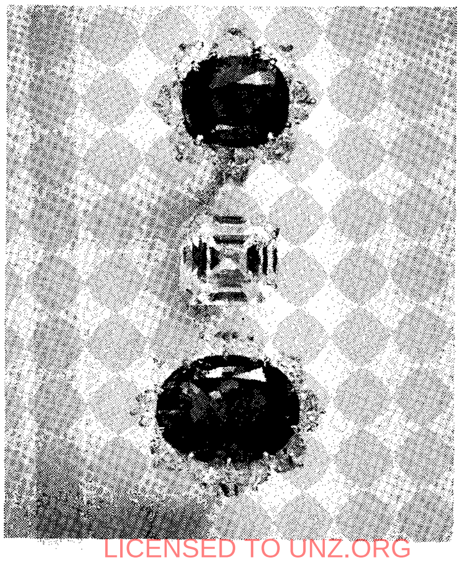

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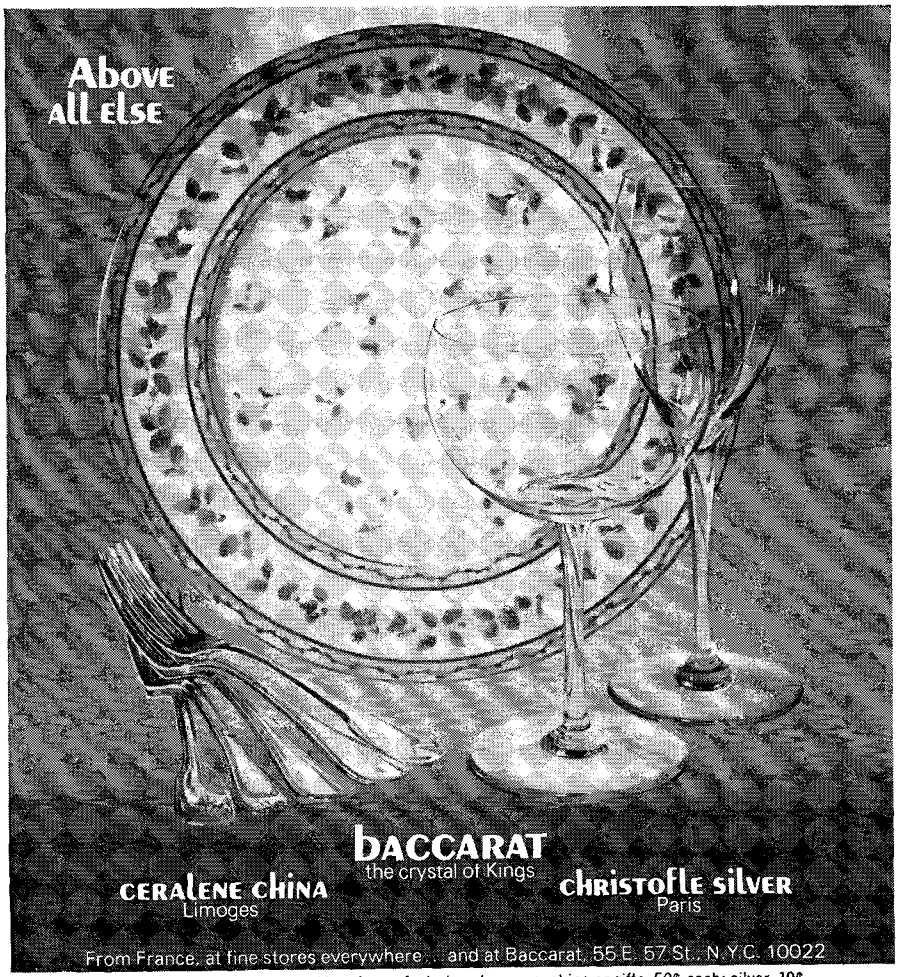

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the difficulty of finding a job. I wasn't offered any jobs, while the non-Jewish boys were all snapped up by various chemical companies."

I asked Rabi if there was a good deal of anti-Semitism in the big chemical companies at that time. "I don't know," he answered. "But Jews didn't get jobs in them, or in the universities. It was really terrible. Well, I did find a job, but it was a menial sort of thing. I was a chemist for Lederle Laboratories, in New York, analyzing mother's milk and furniture polish and things of that sort. And then, with a friend of mine, I worked in a sort of private banking thing—discounting accounts receivable. Then he and I ran a local newspaper in Brownsville—the Brownsville *Bulletin*. I was by that time almost twenty-four."

IN 1922, three years after Rabi had received his bachelor's degree, he decided to return to school. "It was now or never," he told me. "So I went back to Cornell with the idea of doing graduate work in chemistry. By then, I was interested in physical chemistry. They had no physical chemistry, so I thought I would take some physics. I already knew the chemistry, and I thought I could combine the two. So I started taking physics, and I realized that the part of chemistry I liked was called physics, so I took advanced courses in physics. I had a very hard time following them, but I did it. I worked very hard at it." In the summer of 1923, Rabi decided to transfer to Columbia, partly because he had failed to get a fellowship he had applied for at Cornell and partly because he had just met his wife-to-be, Helen Newmark, who was from New York. "It was in the summer session at Cornell. She had just come up to Ithaca from New York, more or less for the hell of it, with another girl, and I happened to meet her." He and Helen Newmark were married after he had had three years at Columbia—on August 17, 1926, the day after he sent off his doctoral dissertation. To support himself at Columbia, Rabi took a job at City College as a tutor. It paid eight hundred dollars a year and required him to teach sixteen hours a week, during the day. "After the first year, I taught both day and night," he said. "It came to about twenty-five contact hours a week—at least four times the load that physicists get now. I don't know how I did it. I didn't seem to be working hard. Nobody saw me working hard. I was doing my dissertation, and even found time to

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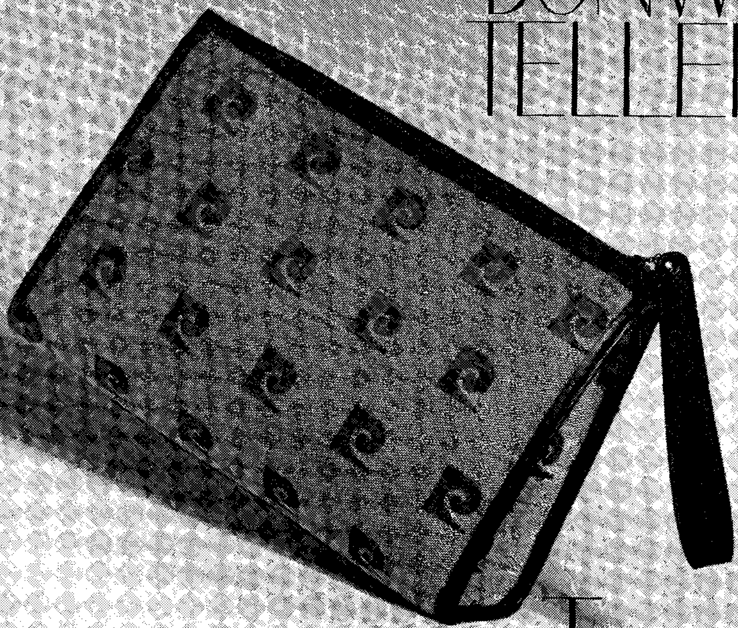

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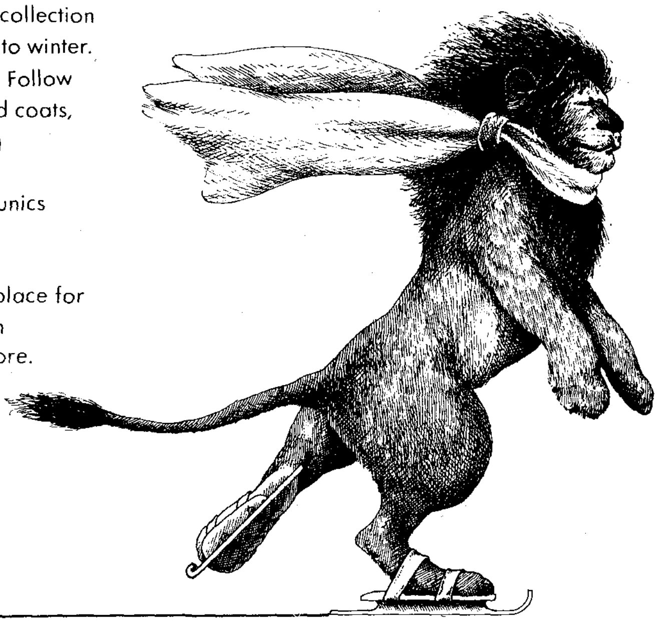
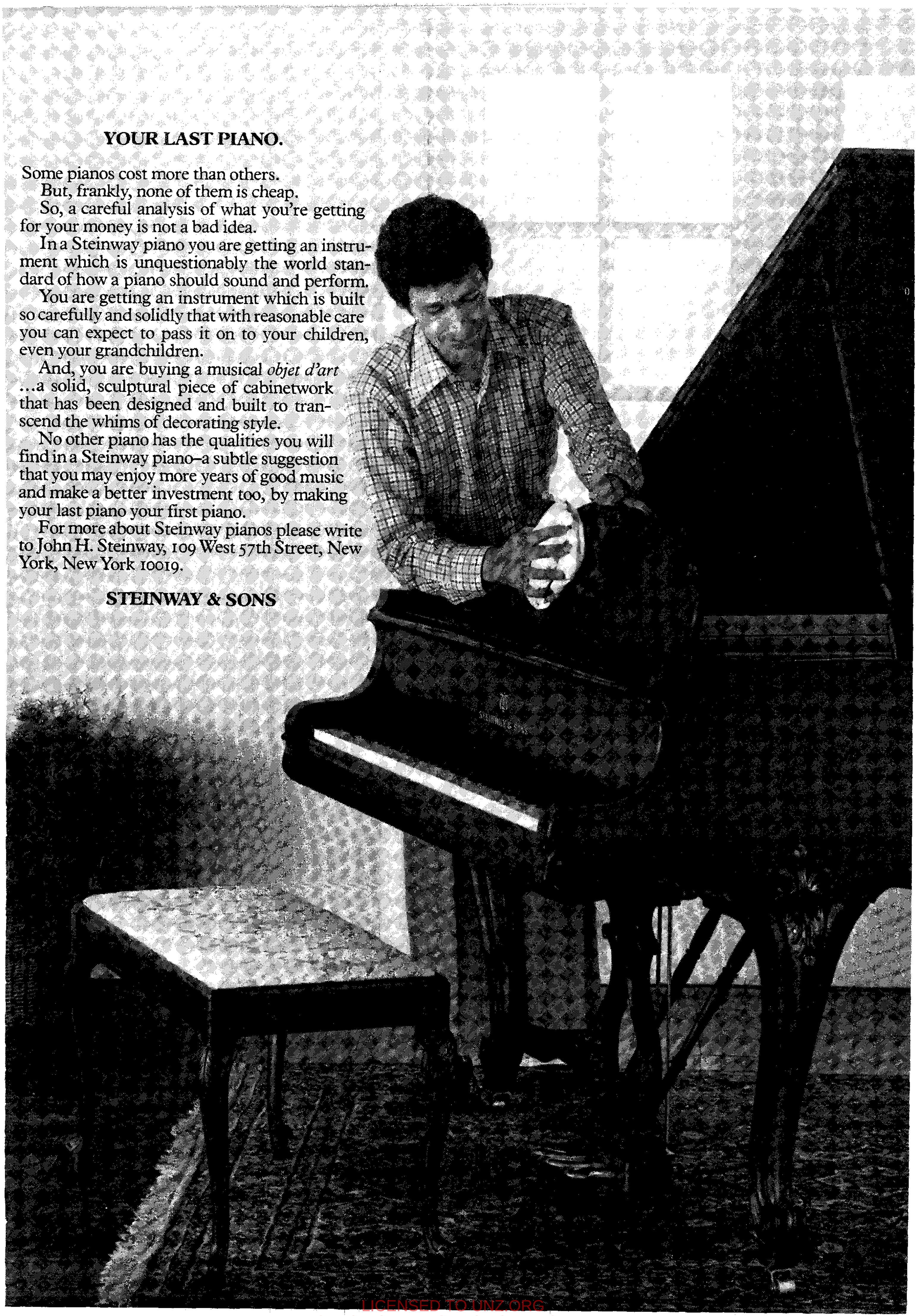


go to the opera—you know, standing room. Maybe my students were badly taught, since I was not single-minded about teaching, but we got through."

At that time, many physics departments had no theoretical physicists as such and very little modern physics at all. Rabi remembers a visit to Cornell in 1922 by the great German physicist Arnold Sommerfeld. "I was sitting in the students' library, and I would see our professors sneak in to take a look at Sommerfeld's book 'Atombau und Spektrallinien'—'Atomic Structure and Spectral Lines'—just to have something to talk with him about," Rabi recalls. Columbia graduate students, in effect, went shopping for a thesis. They would go from instructor to instructor until they found someone who would take them on and give them a problem to do. First, Rabi went to Professor Bergen Davis, who was an X-ray man. But Davis had only a certain number of X-ray machines, and they were already taken up by other students. Then he went to Professor A. P. Wills, who specialized in magnetism. "He suggested measuring the magnetic susceptibility of sodium vapor," Rabi told me. "This was a terrifically difficult experiment to do. Sodium at high temperature is, of course, a gas, and it is corrosive and very hard to handle. Well, I thought about it for a while, and finally I said to myself, 'I'm not going to do this.' So I went to him and told him that I didn't think I was good enough to do it. I couldn't tell him I didn't *want* to do it, and, besides, I didn't think I *would* be able to do it, and I didn't know anyone else at that stage who could do it, either. Wills said that he was disappointed and that he would give the problem to someone else. I said to myself, '*Moichel!* Good riddance.' Wills had no other problems, so I was essentially on my own. Just at this time, the Nobel Prize-winning British physicist William Lawrence Bragg came to Columbia to give a colloquium. He had just measured the electric susceptibility of a whole group of crystals—the Tutton salts, such as nickel-ammonium sulphate-hydrate and potassium-sulphate hexahydrate—which have similar crystalline structures but very different electric and magnetic properties. Bragg's results looked interesting, so I said to myself, 'Why shouldn't *I* measure their magnetic susceptibility?' I went to Wills. He said all right, and that was it. I didn't get any help from him. Nor did I want any. The last thing in the world I wanted when I was doing my dissertation was for somebody to help me."

The standard method of measuring



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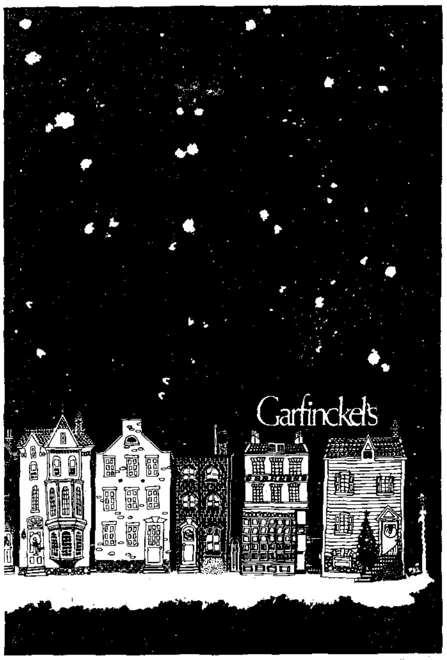

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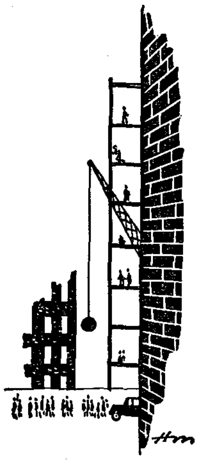
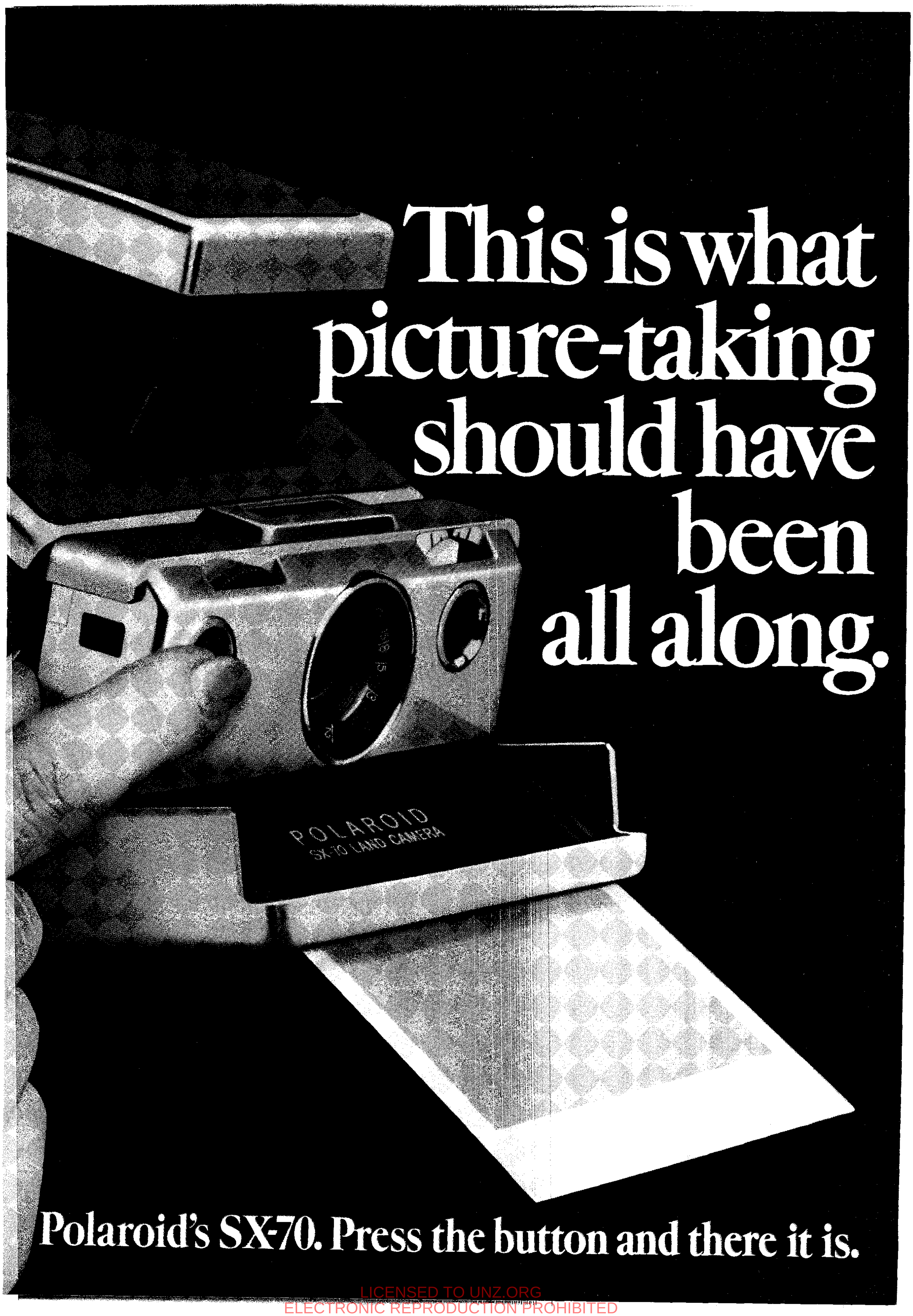
the magnetic susceptibility of crystals at that time had been invented by Woldemar Voigt in Germany in the late nineteenth century. It required cutting accurately three separate sections of the crystal—each section oriented in a different direction within the crystal. The sections were then suspended on a torsion balance in a magnetic field, and the degree of positive or negative response of the crystal to the magnetic force was measured. These three measurements gave enough information to reveal the magnetic structure of the crystal, which varied in different directions within the crystal. All this required a great deal of hard work and the skill of "a good watchmaker," Rabi recalled. "I started right off to grow the crystals, which was very nice," he went on. One makes a solution of the material to be crystallized and then inserts a small piece of the crystal, around which the solution accretes to produce, or grow, a large crystal. "I could just leave them and go off to the opera," he said. "This, of course, was the trivial part. But there came a time when you could no longer temporize, and had to face the very difficult job of cutting and grinding the crystals. We had no equipment for that, and the whole business of measuring the magnetic field looked pretty tedious. Being lazy, as my father said, I just couldn't face doing the experiment the standard way."



Always a tireless reader, Rabi happened at that time to be going through one of the treatises on electricity and magnetism by James Clerk Maxwell, the nineteenth-century Scottish-born physicist, whose monumental work created the modern theory of electromagnetism. Rabi's eye was caught by a passage that discussed the force of a non-uniform magnetic field on a body immersed in a medium—a fluid with a magnetic salt dissolved in it, say. ("Non-uniform" means simply that the magnetic field has different strengths in different regions of space.) If a medium has a certain magnetic susceptibility, he read, and if one immerses in the medium an object that itself has a magnetic susceptibility, then the object's effective magnetic susceptibility is altered by its being in the medium. If the medium has a greater susceptibility, then the immersed object will move in a certain direction in a non-uniform magnetic field; if the medium has a smaller susceptibility, the object will move in the opposite direction; and if the susceptibilities are the same, there will be no motion. This was all that Rabi needed to know. He made a saturated solution that would not dissolve the crystal he was interested in, attached the crystal to a piece of glass fibre, immersed it, and turned on a magnet. He could now vary the magnetic susceptibility of the medium by adding to it known amounts of a standard magnetic salt. When a certain amount was added, the effective susceptibility of the crystal vanished—something that Rabi could observe, since at that point his crystal would not move in the magnetic field produced by his magnet. Rabi then drew out some of this fluid in a tube and weighed it in a magnetic field. He compared this weight with that of an identical tube of water weighed in the same magnetic field. This gave him the susceptibility of the crystal compared to that of water, which was known. (Since the susceptibility varies in different directions in the crystal, Rabi could find the entire directional variation by rotating the crystal in the solution and checking the response of each section to the magnet.) His method was so simple that he was able to do an entire class of crystals—the monoclinic isomorphic series of double sulphates—and three additional crystals of another kind, which was more than had ever been done before, and to do them with better accuracy. The whole thing, from the time Rabi began seriously applying Maxwell's ideas to his experiment until he finished his measurements, had taken him about six weeks.

I asked Rabi if Wills had been impressed. "He must have been," Rabi answered. "Everybody knew that such measurements were very difficult, and so I got a good deal of credit out of it as a great experimenter. Actually, it gave me no experience in experimental techniques at all, because all I needed was a magnet, a switch to turn the magnet on and off, a good chemical balance, a blowtorch to melt the glass out of which I drew the glass fibre, and some shellac to attach the fibre to the crystal. It was something that you could do without taking your jacket off. I never was a real experimental physicist. I had no experimental technique whatever. The first time I picked up a galvanometer, I broke the suspension. I had to fix it. I never was an experimental physicist—or a real theoretical physicist, either. It's always embarrassing when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people ask me, 'What are you?' I say, 'I'm a physicist.' 'Are you an atomic physicist?' 'No.' 'Are you a solid-state physicist?' 'No.' 'Are you a nuclear physicist?' 'No. I'm just a physicist.' Rabi dissolved in laughter at the idea that someone nowadays could describe himself as "just a physicist." At present, the American Physical Society, which is the professional society of American physicists, has broken the discipline of physics down into ten technical divisions, each with an innumerable number of subdivisions, both experimental and theoretical.

Rabi went on with reminiscences of his dissertation. "The old method of measuring the magnetic susceptibility of crystals required great skill, but it was crude," he said. "It was a head-on attack—there was nothing really clever about it. It didn't have what the Germans call a *Witz*. There's no good translation of a *Witz*. It's a joke or a trick. It's the use of this kind of witty trick that I have always liked about physics. I think physics is infinite. You don't have to try to exhaust it in your generation, or in your lifetime. It's a human sort of thing, and the important thing is to do it in an interesting way, with a certain style. You see, I have always taken physics personally. I like it better that way. It's my own physics, within my powers. It's between me and nature. Nature's inexhaustible—nobody's going to take it away. All my experiments, I think, had that quality of *Witz* about them. I wasn't interested in doing them if I couldn't do them in that way. I wasn't interested in a brute-force way of doing them—unless a problem was of such interest and its solution was in such demand that I just couldn't wait for a result, or unless I was up against intense competition. Then you bull your way through. Otherwise, I have always felt that physics was the only occupation for a gentleman. I am not talking about applications—rather, pure physics. You are addressing nature in its most profound form. And you do it with a certain kind of style, a kind of intellectual style."

The year 1926, when Rabi wrote his dissertation, was about the time the modern quantum theory was being developed by such men as the German physicist Werner Heisenberg and the Austrian physicist Erwin Schrödinger. Previously, there had existed what is now referred to as the old quantum theory—basically, a set of ad-hoc recipes for quantizing physical systems; that is, assigning sets of allowed values to certain parameters (such as energy)

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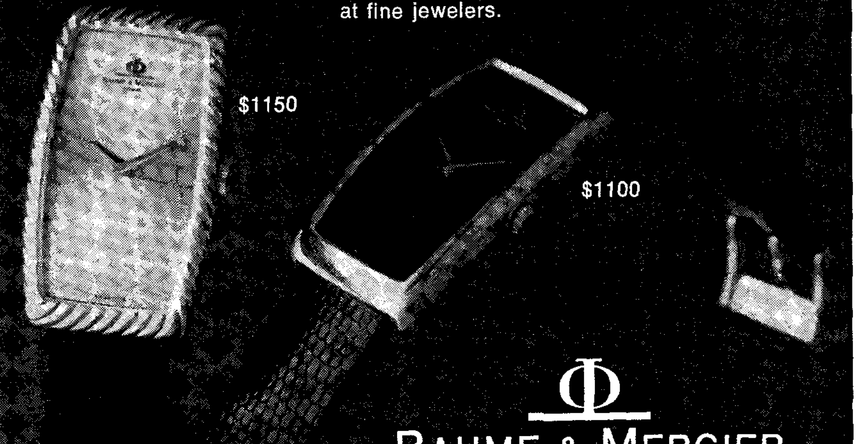

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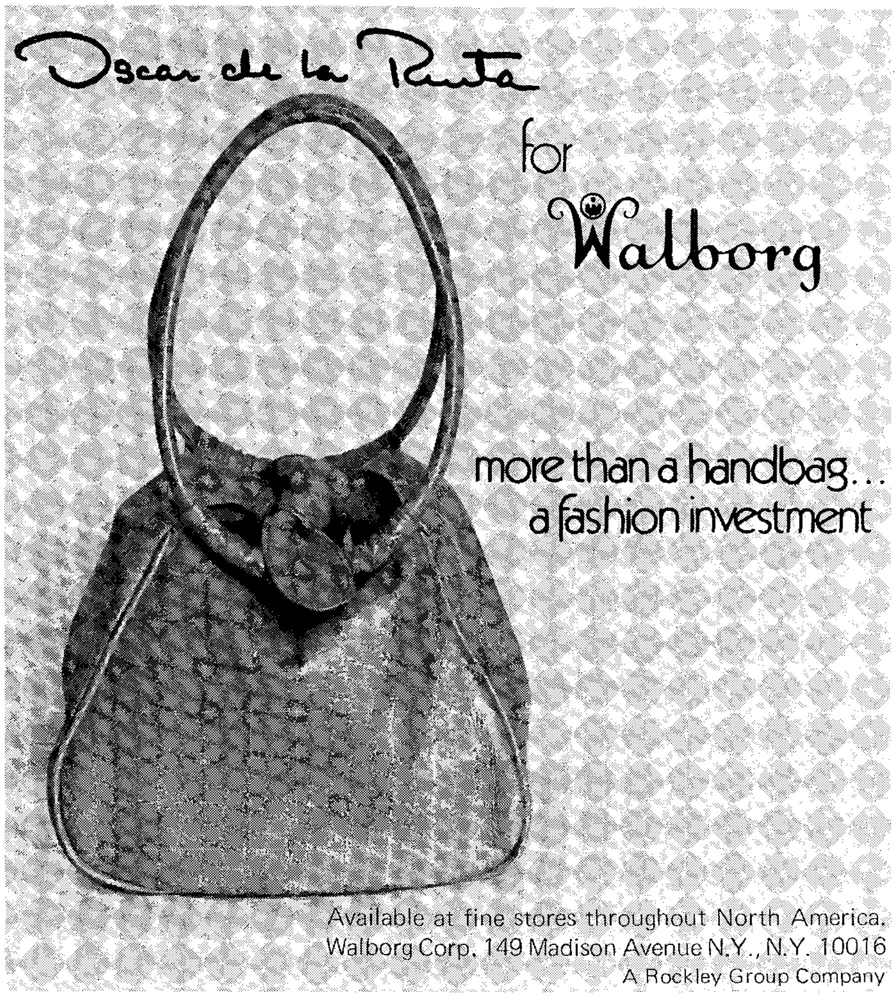
associated with these systems. The procedure had been invented by Niels Bohr in 1913, when he postulated that only certain electron orbits around the proton—"the Bohr orbits"—were allowed in atomic hydrogen. (Atomic hydrogen, the simplest element of all, consists of a heavy proton as its nucleus with an electron circulating around it. The Bohr orbits are the allowed trajectories for this electron.) This postulate enabled him to deduce the atomic-hydrogen light spectrum, and his result agreed with earlier experiments—a fact that lent some credence to the scheme. (In Bohr's picture, the electron "jumps" from orbit to orbit, emitting light quanta as it does so. Since electrons in these orbits are allowed to have only certain energies, the light emitted can have only certain allowed frequencies—"colors"—and this accounts for the nature of the atomic-hydrogen light spectrum.) The whole procedure of assigning these orbits appeared rather arbitrary, however, and, besides, there were a growing number of instances where it either failed to give any prediction about atomic phenomena or gave the wrong prediction. With the Heisenberg and Schrödinger formulations of quantum mechanics—they were shown to be equivalent—these old recipes could be given a rational basis when they were valid and could be suitably amended when they were not. In the Schrödinger picture, for example, one describes the electron in the hydrogen atom by a probability function—the Schrödinger wave function. This function is large at the positions of the old Bohr orbits. Hence it is highly probable that the electron will follow one of these orbits, which is why the Bohr picture worked—at least approximately.

Rabi was reading the quantum-mechanics papers from Europe as fast as they arrived at Columbia, and soon he and another student—Ralph Kronig, who went on to become a distinguished theoretical physicist—decided that they would do an exercise based on the new theory. "Kronig and I said, 'That's new stuff. Let's try to do something.' " They got out Max Born's "Vorlesungen Über Atommechanik"—an encyclopedic work on atom mechanics—to see what had already been done. They found that the "symmetrical top"—a solid shaped like a top—had not yet been treated in the new wave mechanics. They set up the Schrödinger equation—the equation that determines the Schrödinger wave function—which was a fairly heavy piece of applied mathematics, especially for the



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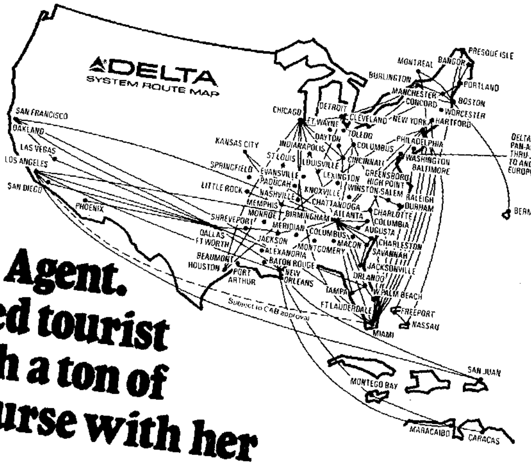
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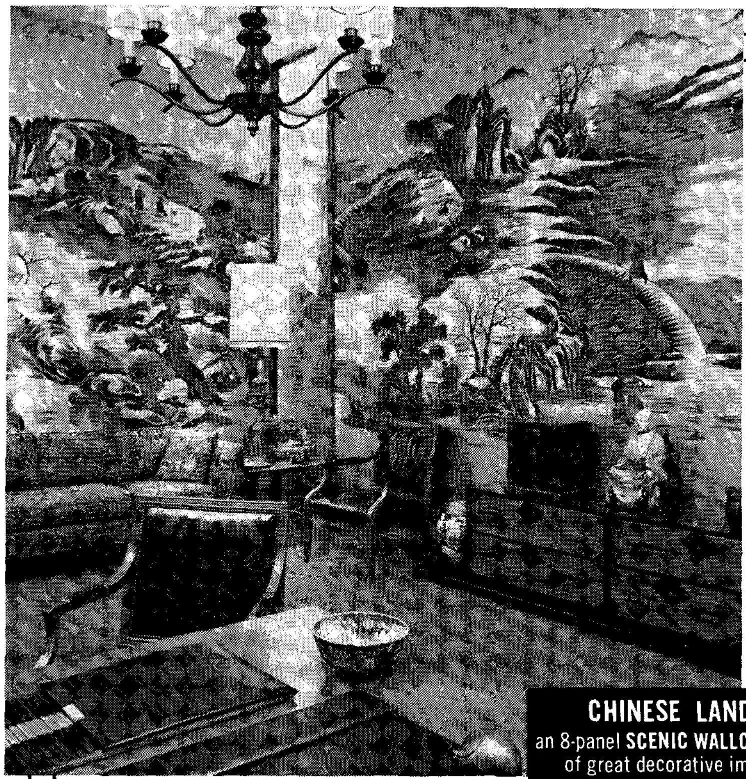
time. (It was also done at about the same time by two well-known German mathematical physicists, Fritz Reiche and Hans Rademacher, in collaboration.) Recently, Rabi told me some of the circumstances surrounding his calculations with Kronig. They found themselves confronted with a hostile-looking differential equation, which neither of them knew how to solve. One day, Rabi was prowling through the General Library at Columbia when he came on a book by the great nineteenth-century German mathematician Karl Gustav Jakob Jacobi (1804-51). He began leafing through it, and suddenly he said to himself, "My God! That's our equation!" It turned out that Jacobi had come across it and solved it in another context. Rabi and Kronig then published a paper in *The Physical Review*, a journal published by the American Physical Society. One feature of Rabi's and Kronig's solution is that it exhibits the quantum character of angular momentum and of energy. In quantum mechanics, such a top can have only a discrete set of values for its angular momentum and energy. These values correspond to the various quantum states of the system, and *these* correspond to different solutions of the Schrödinger equation. As the top being considered becomes more macroscopic—corresponding to the classical-physics situation—these energy and angular-momentum levels come closer together, so a classical top, while quantized in principle, has energy levels so close together that the quantum effects are essentially unobservable, and the same thing is true of the angular-momentum levels. Rabi's and Kronig's work has now become a standard textbook example in quantum theory.

In August of 1926, Rabi sought some sort of fellowship that would take him and his bride to Europe, for he wanted to work with the quantum mechanicians. There were at the time a few fellowships available to Columbia graduate students—two Cutting Fellowships and the Barnard Fellowship. "A Cutting Fellowship was a very good one, and the Barnard was very small," Rabi told me. "It provided fifteen hundred dollars, out of which you had to pay for your travel. I applied for a Cutting Fellowship but didn't get one. I did get the Barnard, so Helen and I travelled fourth class, when it existed. When it was abolished, we travelled third class. We never stayed in a third-class hotel, though—always something lower. Youth hostels and that sort of thing. When we finally got to Germany, we lived the way German stu-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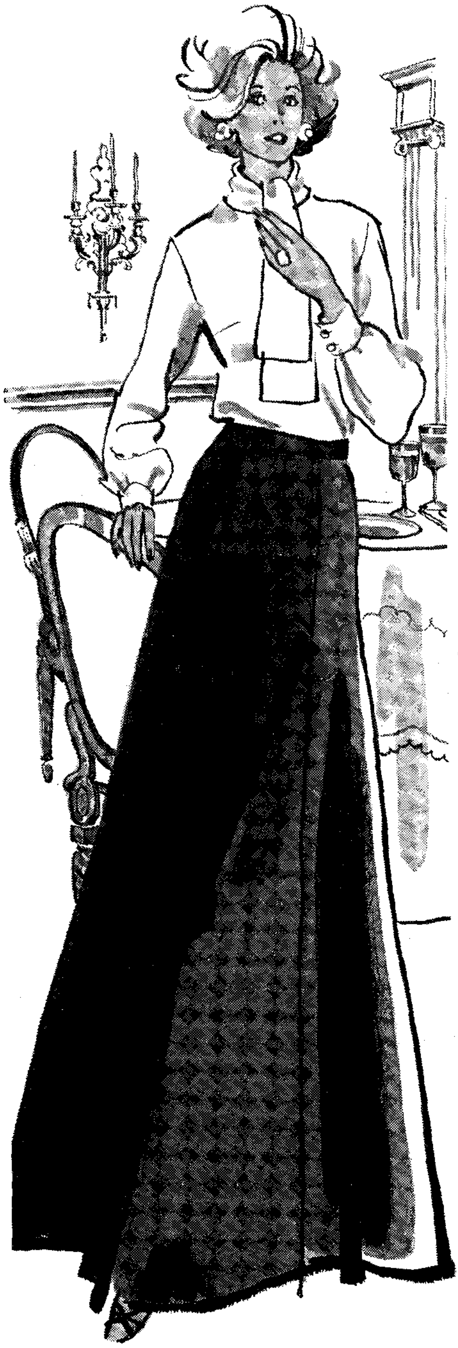

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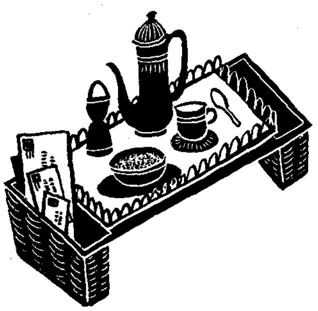
dents lived, and we got to know Germany in that way—including the language."

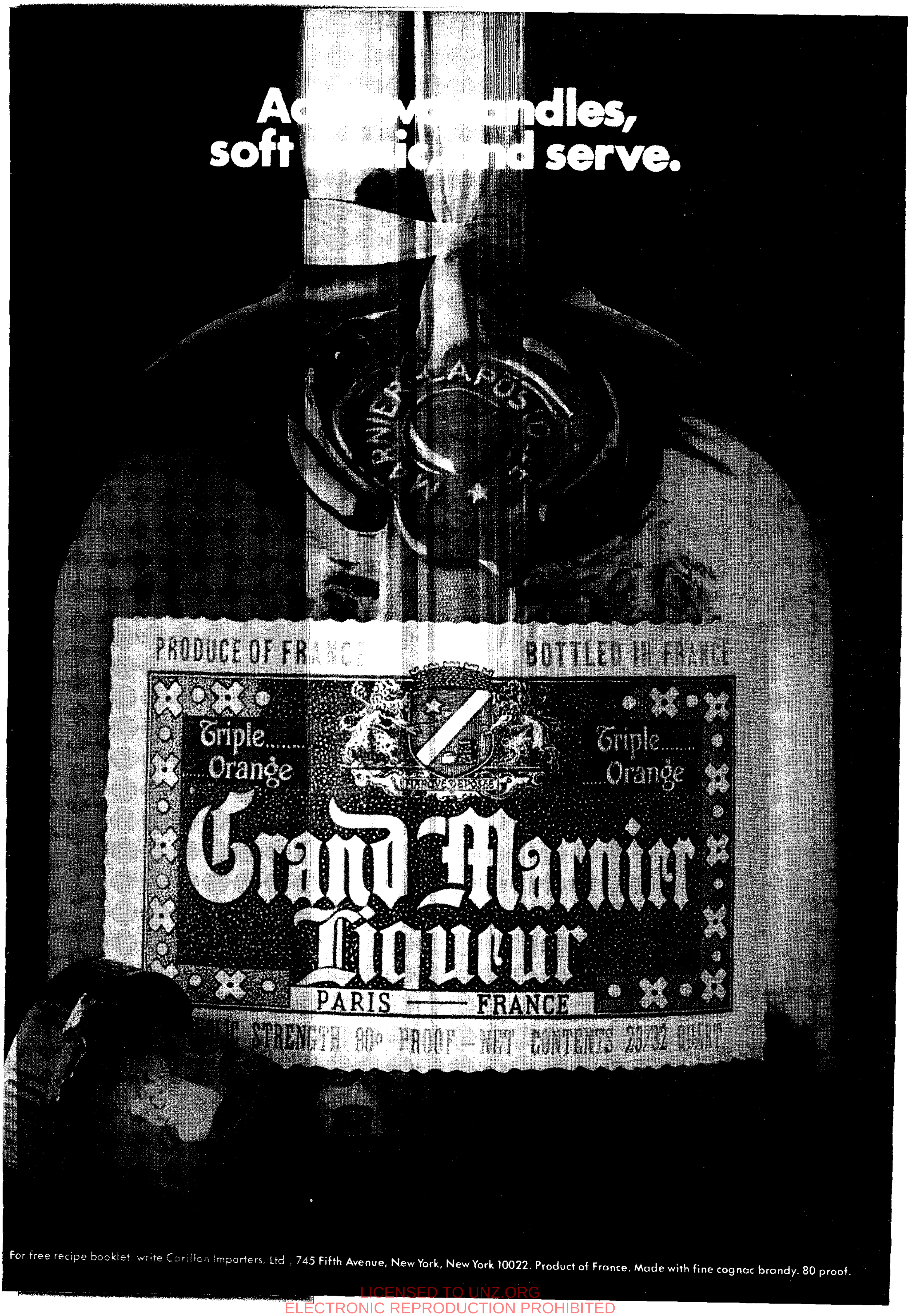
At present, anyone who wants to study at an established European scientific institution has to apply formally and go through an elaborate screening process. In those days, none of this seemed to be necessary. Rabi simply decided where he wanted to go and showed up there, unannounced. "As I look back on it, it seems remarkable—the way I was received," he told me. "Nothing special, but it was not considered unusual that I just appeared like that. Since I was interested in quantum mechanics, I went first to Zurich, where Schrödinger was. He was just about to leave, so I stayed only a couple of weeks. But it was there that I first met some of the people—like Julius Stratton, who became president of M.I.T., and Linus Pauling—who are now among my oldest friends. Pauling was on a Guggenheim, and Stratton was getting his doctorate at the Swiss Federal Polytechnic School [Einstein's alma mater] in Zurich. When Schrödinger left, I went to Munich, where Arnold Sommerfeld was teaching, and stayed until the end of the semester. There I met people like E. U. Condon, the theoretical physicist, who died not long ago, and H. P. Robertson, the mathematical physicist. Hans Bethe, who won the Nobel Prize in physics a few years ago, was a graduate student."

After the semester ended, the Rabis spent a few days in England, and then went on to Copenhagen, where, seven years earlier, Bohr had established his Institute for Theoretical Physics. "We arrived in Copenhagen from England and checked our bags," Rabi recalled. "I bought a map, and we walked to the Institute. I rang the bell. A secretary answered. I said, 'My name is Rabi; I've come to work here.' Again, we had arrived without previous arrangement. She gave me a key to the Institute and the name of a *pension* where Helen and I could stay. I left Helen at the *pension*, went back, and started to work—nobody around. This for days. Then somebody showed up. It turned out to be Jordan." This was the German physicist Pascual Jordan, who later, in collaboration with Max Born and Werner Heisenberg, made fundamental contributions to the quantum theory. "I had trouble making him out at first, because he stammered so badly. All the others arrived within a few days, and I was working away at my thing, but not very effectively. I was trying to compute the magnetic susceptibility of a hydrogen molecule. I was hipped on magnetism. Now, for some reason or other, Bohr was very tired at that time, and so the people around him arranged, without telling me, for me to go to Pauli, in Hamburg." Wolfgang Pauli was one of the most formidable of the quantum theorists. "Well, as it turned out, getting 'thrown out' of Copenhagen was the greatest thing that ever happened to me."



IN Hamburg, there were two principal physicists: Pauli and Otto Stern. Both greatly influenced Rabi's subsequent career. Rabi told me that before he went to Europe he had never come across a first-rate mind. "And there in Hamburg I was close to the greatest minds of the time. Yet I discovered that I knew a lot more physics than the Germans of my age and training—fresh Ph.D.s. I knew a lot of physics, but I would describe my knowledge by saying I had the libretto without the score. In other words, I was not yet immersed in the living tradition of physics. A lot of what you really accomplish in physics depends on your taste in what to work on and what to be interested in. You can work very hard on an unimportant problem and show tremendous skill and ingenuity. Before I went to Europe, I had never met real producers of physics. And such physics, and at such a time! It was the most formative experience I had."

Pauli, who died in 1958, was born two years after Rabi, and was only twenty-seven when Rabi met him. He had been a celebrated child prodigy—and one of the few who have gone on to accomplish something in science in adult life—and just out of his teens he had published what is still one of the best critical monographs on the special and general theories of relativity. He was a devastating but fair critic of scientific ideas, and he had a total contempt for mediocrity. He once characterized a young physics professor whose work he thought was particularly bad with the remark "*So jung und schon so wenig geleistet*" ("So young and already he has contributed so little"). If an idea was really terrible, Pauli would say that it wasn't even wrong. Rabi told me that the young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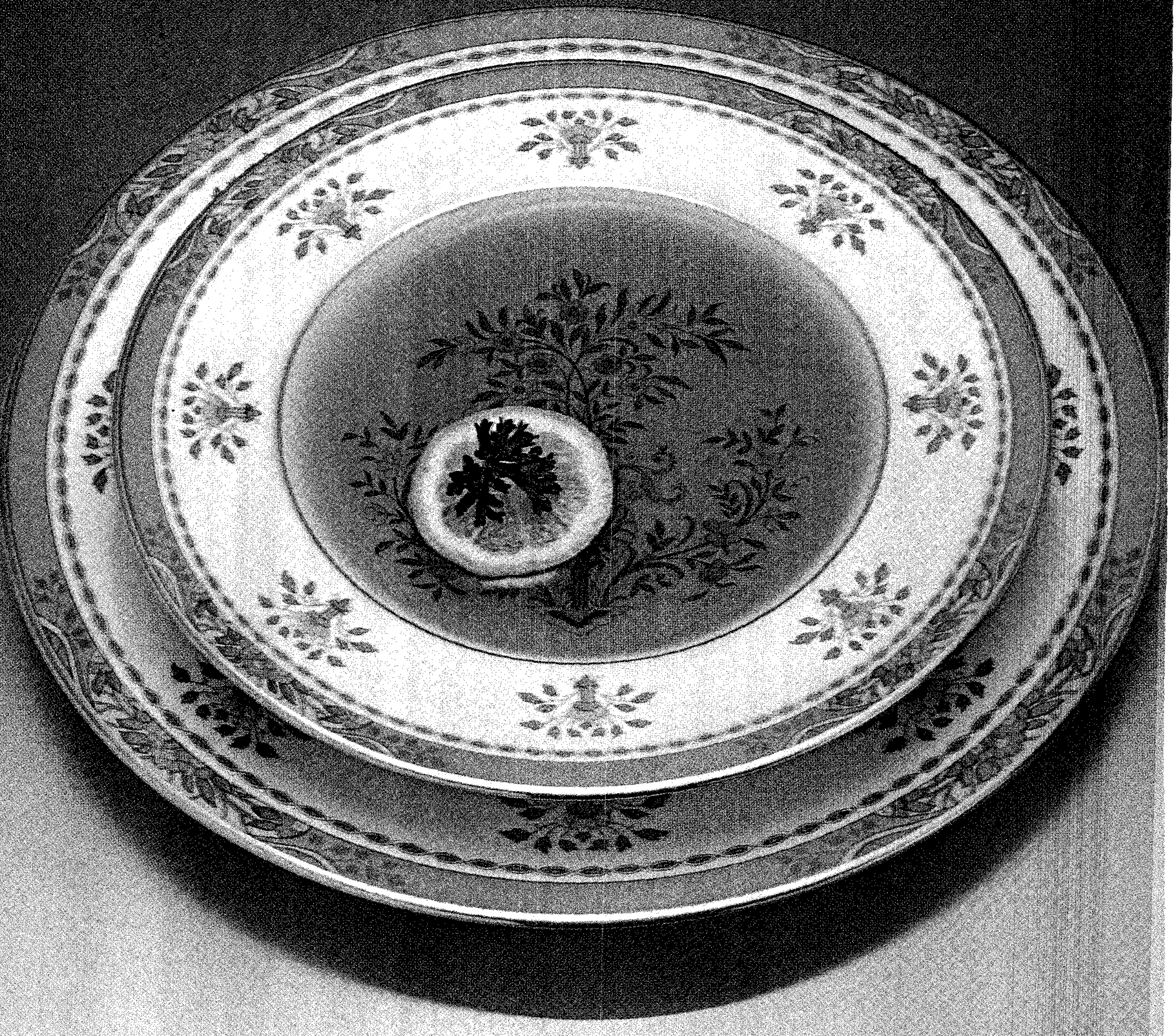

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Pauli "was what Pauli always was—very tough," and went on, "But if you got the first blow in, it was all right. Interestingly, I managed to get the first blow in. We were talking about something, and I wanted to disagree, but my German wasn't very good, so I said, '*Das ist Unsinn*'—'That is nonsense.' One didn't say that to Pauli—he kept walking around afterward saying, '*Unsinn? Unsinn?*' Later, it turned out that the disagreement was purely linguistic—the similarity of 'p' and 'pi.' In German, 'pi' is pronounced like 'p.' It was a misunderstanding. But he never attacked me the way he did some of the others. We got along very well, especially later on, when he came to the United States." If there ever was someone to learn taste from in the choice of scientific problems, it was Pauli; and another advantage for Rabi in working with Pauli was that many of the famous quantum mechanicians, including Bohr, came to Hamburg frequently for visits during that period, to use Pauli as a sounding board for their ideas.

The really decisive influence on Rabi's scientific career, however, was Otto Stern. Stern, Rabi recalls, was not as impressive on first contact as Pauli, but one came to realize that he was "very profound." Stern was born in Sorau, Upper Silesia, in 1888. He moved to Breslau as a child, and in 1906 he entered the University of Breslau to study physical chemistry. In 1912, he received his doctorate. Around that time, he came to realize—just as Rabi did later—that the part of chemistry he liked was physics. In Stern's case, it was Einstein's work—which was by then quite widely known among European physicists—that really attracted him to physics. After receiving his degree, he moved to Prague, where Einstein held a professorship for a brief period, and in 1913, when Einstein became a professor at the Swiss Federal Polytechnic School, Stern followed him to Zurich. There Stern became a *Privatdozent*, or unpaid lecturer, at the same school. He began by doing various kinds of theoretical studies in the old quantum theory, but in time his interest shifted to experimental physics, and he worked in this field after moving to the University of Frankfurt, in 1914. By 1919, Stern had become engaged in the work that led to his being awarded the Nobel Prize for physics in 1943, a year before Rabi received it.

Stern's work evolved from a development of what is called the method of molecular beams. A molecular beam

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is simply a group of molecules moving in one direction in a vacuum, and so avoiding all but a very few collisions, either among the molecules in the beam or with gas molecules. (In any "vacuum" there are always some remaining gas molecules, but so few as to make collisions with the beam molecules unlikely.) The beam can be produced by having a furnace heat up an element—silver, for instance—so that individual molecules boil off into a vacuum. A system of slits is placed in the vacuum, and the molecules pass through these slits. The slits serve to collimate the molecules into a narrow beam. Such a gaseous beam of molecules is an ideal tool for studying the properties of individual molecules.

The first applications of Stern's method were relatively modest. He confirmed some predictions made by the classical statistical mechanics of how heated molecular gases would behave. This was excellent work, but his most significant molecular-beam experiments were carried out in the period from 1920 to 1922—during which he wrote a number of papers on his experiments, in collaboration with Walter Gerlach, a Frankfurt colleague. The experiments began routinely. Stern wanted to measure the magnetic strength of a silver atom by putting the atom in a magnetic field and studying its motion. In Stern's day, there was thought to be one basic source of magnetism—moving electrical charges. Einstein had shown in his theory of relativity that electric and magnetic fields were really aspects of the same phenomenon—electromagnetism—and that which aspect would be manifested depended on the state of motion of the charges relative to the observer. (This had been implicit in Maxwell's theory of the electron field, but its full significance was clarified by Einstein.) Now, an atom consists of a positively charged nucleus around which circulate the relatively light electrons. The moving electrons form an electric current, and this current generates a magnetic field. The magnetic field resembles, in its effects, a tiny bar magnet in which the north and south poles are perpendicular to the plane in which the electrons are circulating. Stern's idea was that he would make a beam of silver atoms and run the beam through a bar magnet—all this in a vacuum. (In this case, the molecular beam became an atomic beam. The silver atom is remarkable in that all its electrons except the one farthest away from the nucleus are locked in a tightly bound configuration. The circulation of the single

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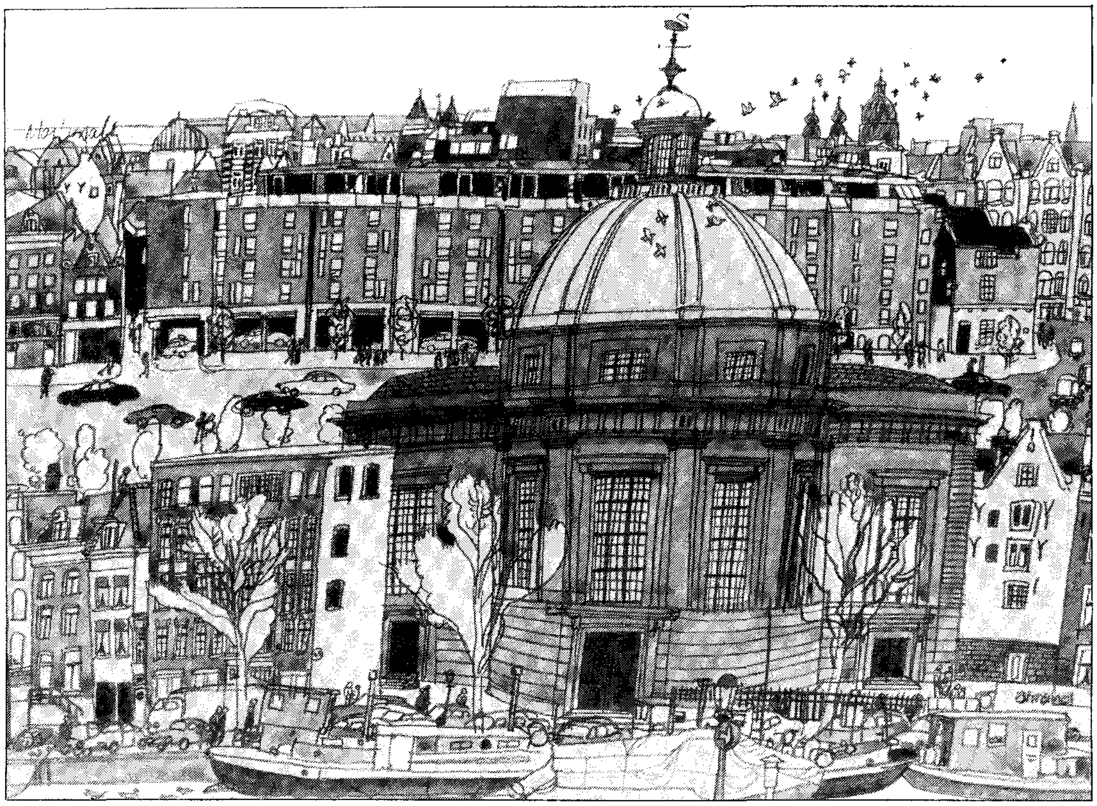

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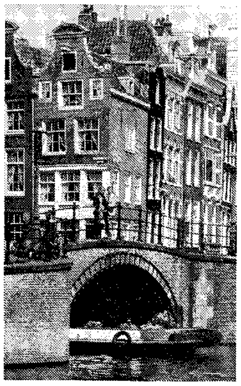

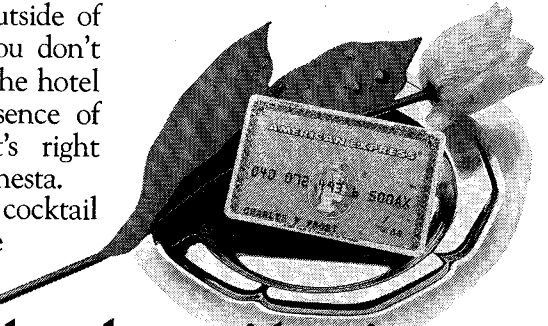

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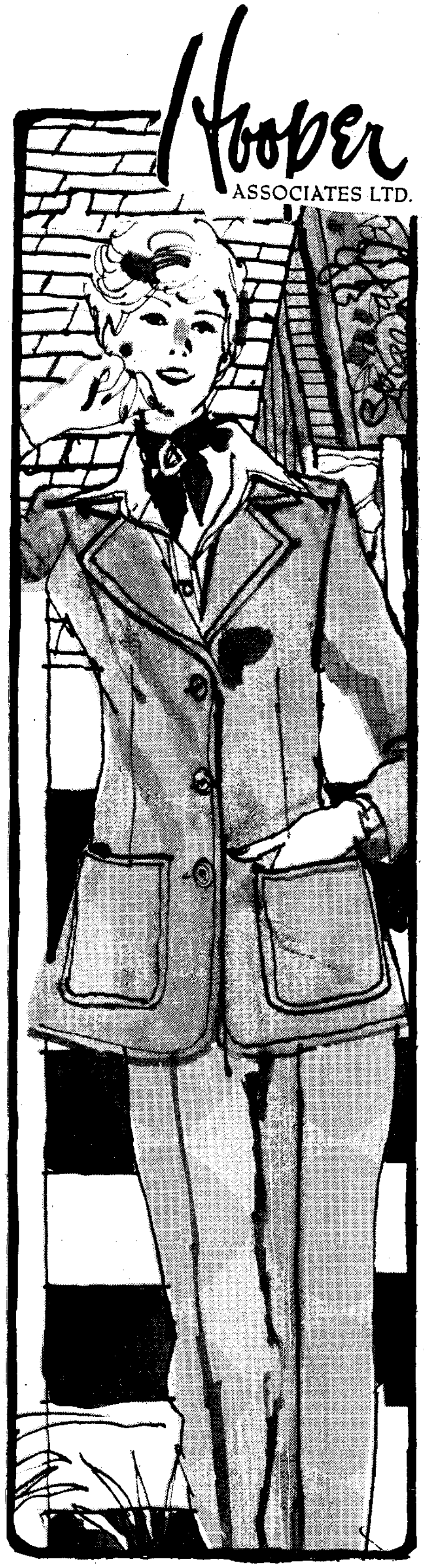

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external electron produces the current that generates, in first approximation, the silver atom's magnetic field.) Like any bar magnet, the one that Stern constructed, and through which he sent his silver atoms, had a north pole and a south pole. The magnet was bent to resemble the letter "C," and he shaped the metal poles so that one was essentially flat while the other was honed to a knife-edge. The gap between the two pole pieces was of the order of a millimetre; the edge of the "knife," along which the silver atoms ran, was a few centimetres. This shaping produced a strong non-uniform magnetic field, which exerted a strong force on the silver atoms—a force of interaction between Stern's magnet and the intrinsic magnet of the silver atoms. The force acted perpendicular to their direction of motion. Hence, the atomic beam would be displaced from its original direction by the magnetic force. The displacement could be measured by first turning off the magnet—an electromagnet that could be switched on and off—and allowing the silver atoms to deposit themselves on a polished surface (glass, in the original experiment), and then photographing the surface.

Stern and Gerlach expected the silver atoms, when they came out of the furnace and formed the atomic beam in the vacuum, to have their own magnetic poles aligned more or less at random. When the atoms came in contact with the electromagnet, Stern reasoned, they would move in various directions. The undeviated beam deposits itself on the glass in roughly a straight line, and they expected the deviated beam to deposit itself as a sort of smear, reflecting different motions. Instead, they found something that appeared to be—and was, from the point of view of classical physics—completely incomprehensible: The beam had split in two. In their original paper is a photograph of the undeviated beam deposited on the glass—a fine line—and, beside it, a photograph of the deviated beam, split in two. (The split is a fraction of a millimetre.) There are no atoms that have passed through the system undeviated. It is as if the electromagnet had forced each silver atom to decide which of two beams it belonged in—as if every atom had to make the choice. This was the phenomenon of "space quantization." But why, and why two beams?

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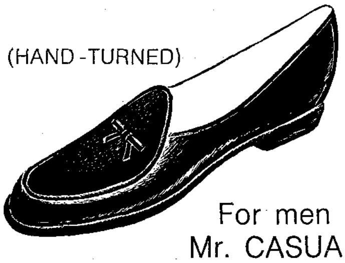

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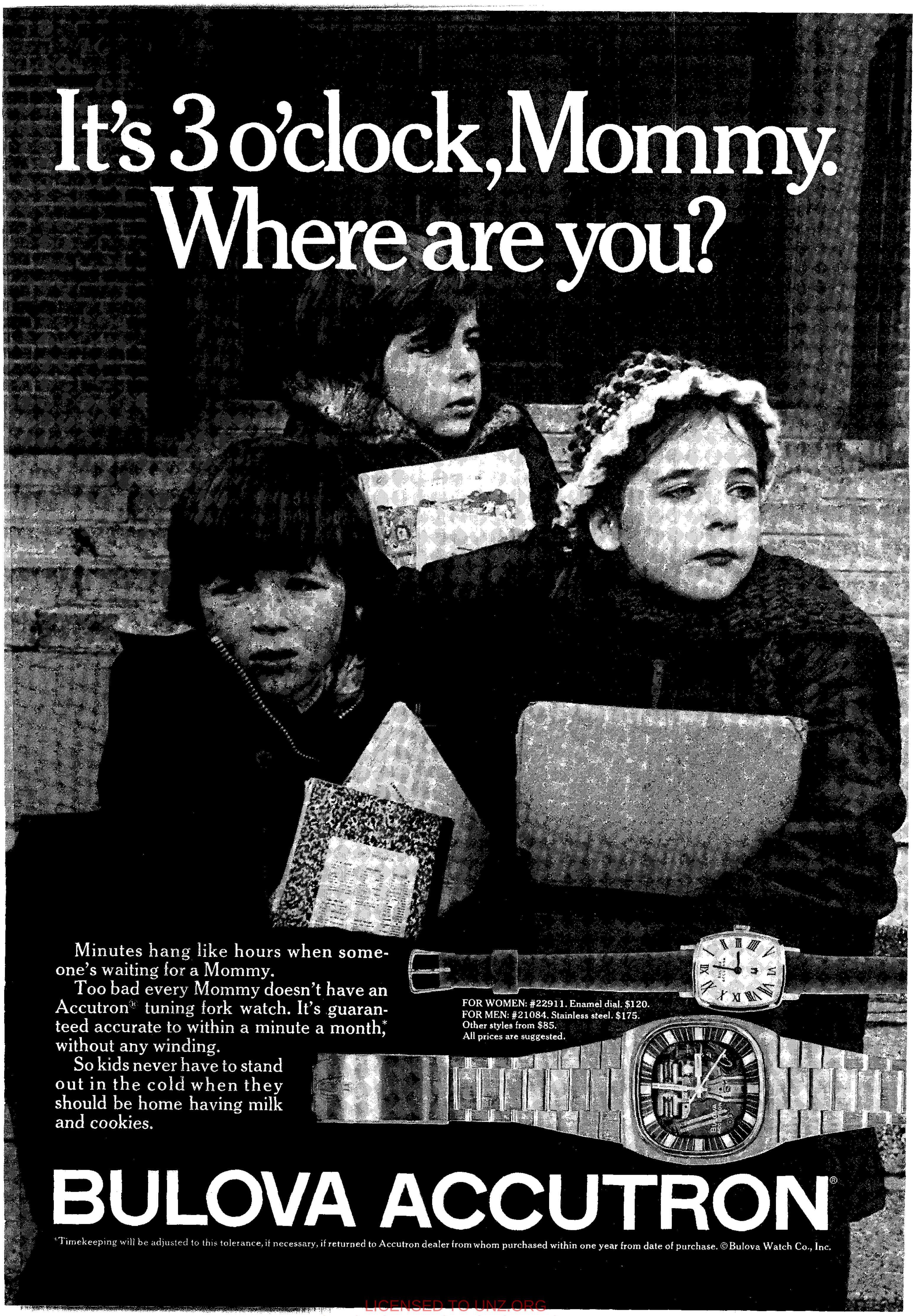

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we know the answer, and the knowledge has led to a profound change in outlook—to the whole new world of quantum physics. The answer is related to the quantization of angular momentum. An electron circling a nucleus has an angular momentum. The angular-momentum vector points in the same direction—in the case of an atom like silver, along the same line—as the north and south poles of the silver magnet. The strength of the atom's magnetic field is measured by what physicists call its magnetic moment (for convenience, these magnetic moments are expressed in units of "the nuclear magneton," even though no nucleus or particle has a magnetic moment of precisely one magneton), and the magnetic-moment vector and the angular-momentum vector are proportional to each other. Classical physics predicts that if such an angular momentum is measured it can point in any direction. But in quantum physics—after the measurement—it can point in only a finite number of directions. In quantum physics, angular momentum can have only the values 0, 1/2, 1, 3/2, 2, 5/2, 3, 7/2, and so on. (The numbers given here are in units of $h/2\pi$ where h is a universal constant—Planck's constant, named after Max Planck, who discovered the quantum at the turn of the century. The experimental value of $h/2\pi$ is $1.0545887 \times 10^{-27}$ erg seconds—an incredibly small unit, which is why quantum effects become crucial only on the atomic scale. Hence the "1" above stands for 1 $h/2\pi$ and so on. One writes the expressions without the explicit appearance of $h/2\pi$ to make the equation look simpler.) The number of directions in which an angular momentum can point after measurement is $2J + 1$, J being the angular momentum in units of $h/2\pi$. This means, to take one example, that if the angular momentum is 1/2 it can point in only two directions—$2 \times 1/2 + 1 = 2$: "up" and "down," say, with respect to some direction of orientation. For a macroscopic system, like a child's top, J is a huge number, which means that, in a practical sense, the number of directions in which the angular momentum can point after measurement is essentially unlimited. When J is a small number, as in an atom, the space quantization of angular momentum is essential and must be properly taken into account to get agreement with experiment. In fact, since the magnetic-moment vectors are proportional to each other, the magnetic moment must also point, after measurement, in the same direction as the angular momentum. Thus, what Stern and Gerlach had discovered was that atomic silver had an angular momentum of 1/2, leading to two allowed directions, since $2 \times 1/2 + 1 = 2$. They did not realize this at the time. It took several years of work—inspired largely by their experiments—before the correct quantum-mechanical interpretation was worked out, and before physicists accepted the idea that a magnet like Stern's acted as a filter to project the possible states of angular momentum. However the angular momenta of the silver atoms were oriented when, in Stern's experiments, they came out of the furnace into the vacuum, their angular momenta when they left the magnet had two, and only two, orientations—as was shown by the two separated lines that Stern and Gerlach observed.

To physicists of this period, the result of the Stern-Gerlach experiments was stunning. Rabi, who had given a colloquium at Columbia on the original experiment while he was still a graduate student, recalls the impact that it had on him. "I found the quantum theory very hard to believe—the old quantum theory—until I heard about the Stern-Gerlach experiment," he told me. "I thought the old quantum theory was stupid. I thought one might be able to invent another model of the atom which had the same properties. But you can't get around the Stern-Gerlach experiment. You are really confronted with something quite new. It goes on in space, and no clever classical mechanism would do—would explain it."

Not long after doing the experiments with the silver atoms in a vacuum, Stern moved to the University of Hamburg as a professor and the director of a new molecular-beam laboratory, which had been created specially for him by the university, and it was then that his path and Rabi's crossed. Rabi was still working with Pauli and doing other theoretical physics, but he soon began to help out with some of the theoretical aspects of the molecular-beam experiments, and it took him only a short time to arrive at an idea of how to improve the Stern-Gerlach setup. Because Stern and Gerlach were producing the spatial inhomogeneity of their magnetic field with a knife-edge magnet, the field was necessarily confined to a tiny volume of space. Moreover, the field was non-uniform, and therefore difficult to map out, and the

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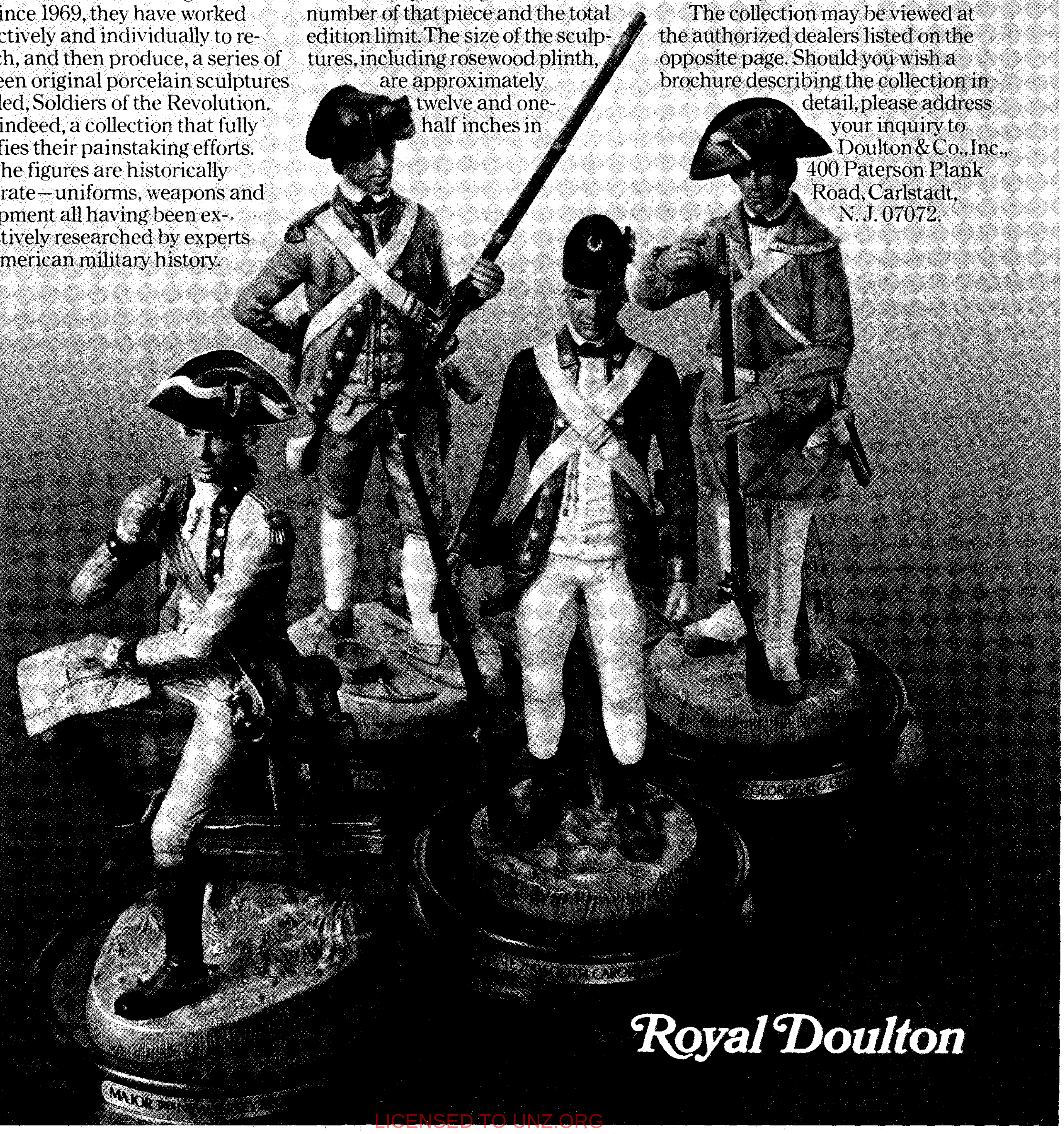

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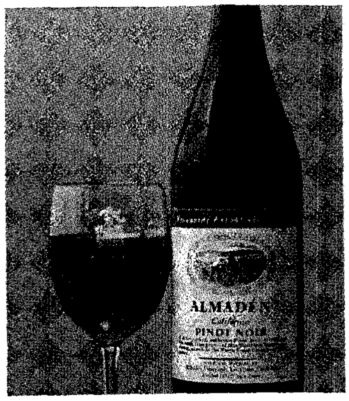

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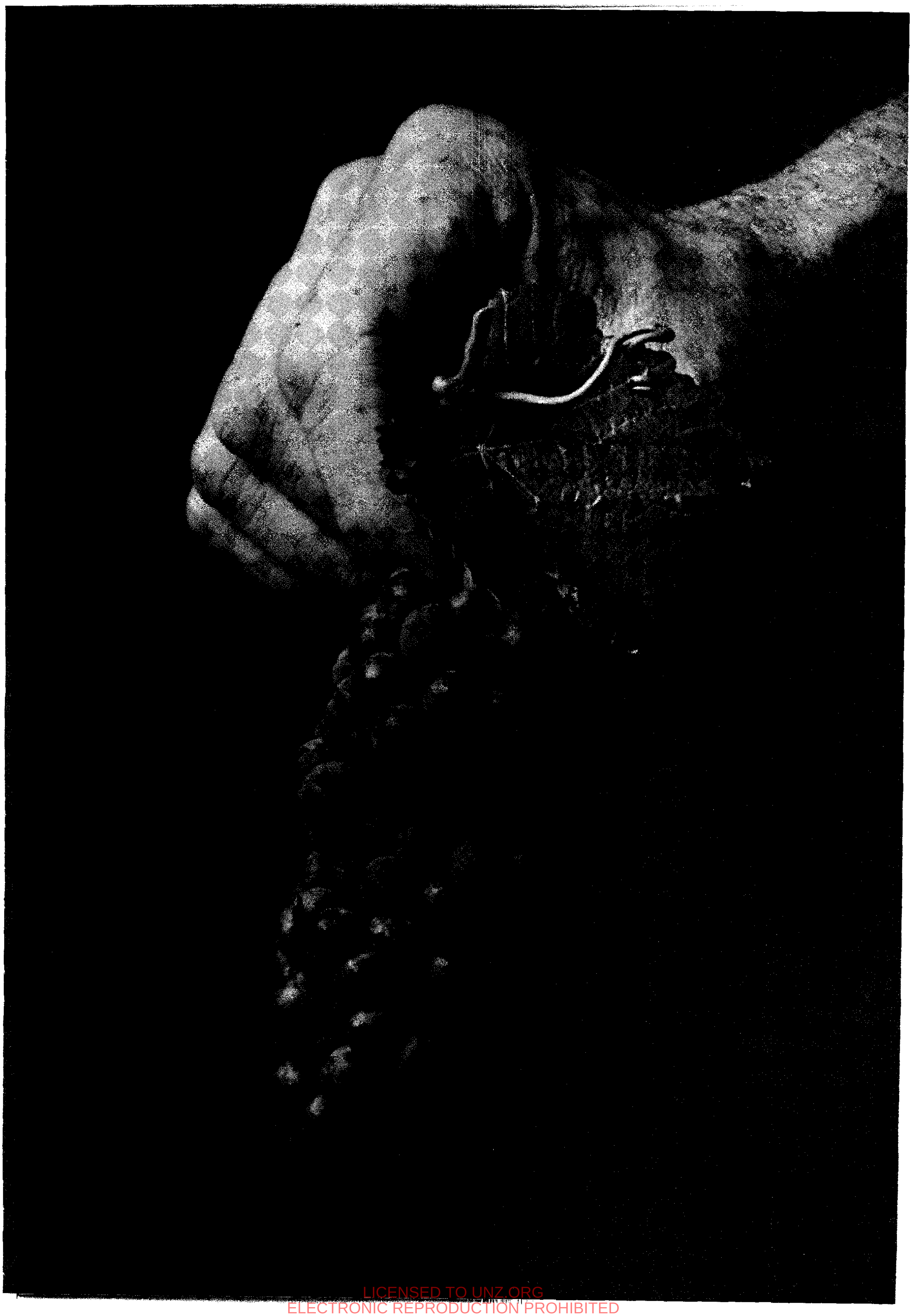

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deflections it produced were exceedingly small. Rabi proposed replacing the knife-edge magnet with a uniform magnetic field confined to a small space, and allowing the silver atoms to impinge on this field from the outside at an angle. That way, the setup would look something like a system in which a beam of light comes in contact with a square of glass, which refracts it—bends the light—at the edge. The atoms would come down the vacuum until they hit the edge of the homogeneous magnetic field. Once inside the field, they would shift in energy, and this energy shift would produce a Stern-Gerlach separation of the beam which would be larger than in the original setup. At least, Rabi thought it would be. He simply proposed the new setup as a casual theoretical suggestion, and then, much to his surprise, was asked to do the experiment. "I was invited to do it," he told me. "I had no job, and I had a wife to support. They told me it was a great honor, and I was in no position to refuse an honor. So I did the experiment—my first with molecular beams." The results were just what he had predicted.

Afterward, the Rabis moved on to Leipzig, where Werner Heisenberg was working, and there Rabi resumed his theoretical studies. It was there that he first met J. Robert Oppenheimer. Oppenheimer was born in New York City in 1904, into a family of considerable wealth. He attended the Ethical Culture School in New York, where, it turned out, he and the future Helen Rabi had been in many of the same classes, and Mrs. Rabi recalls that in the seventh grade he was already universally recognized as an intellectual phenomenon. Rabi once wrote of Oppenheimer, however, "From conversations with him I have the impression that his own regard for the school was not affectionate. Too great a dose of ethical culture can often sour the budding intellectual who would prefer a more profound approach to human relations and man's place in the universe." In any event, after graduating from Ethical Culture, Oppenheimer entered Harvard, in 1922. There he was an even greater phenomenon—graduating summa cum laude in three years with a bachelor's degree in physics. Oppenheimer went to Europe for his graduate work—first to England, where he studied for a time at Cambridge, and then to Germany, where, under the direction of Max Born, in Göttingen, he wrote a significant thesis on the quantum mechanics of molecules. It was after this that Oppen-

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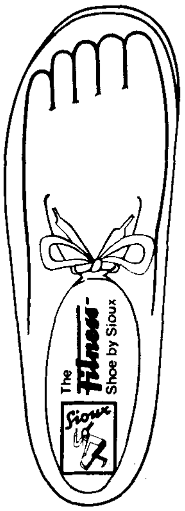
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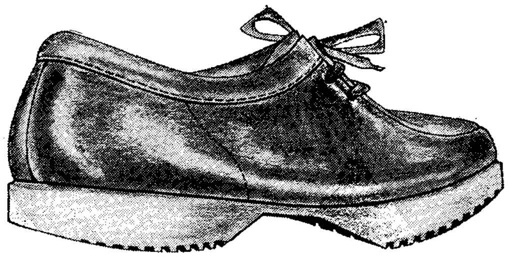

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heimer came to Leipzig to be with Heisenberg.

I got to know Oppenheimer reasonably well between 1957 and 1959, when I was at the Institute for Advanced Study, in Princeton, of which he was then the director. By that time, he was the epitome of Yeats' "smiling public man"—an extraordinary presence, combining a sort of fashionable elegance with a love of the outdoors. He was no longer doing active original research in physics, but he seemed to understand any idea instantly. The Institute's weekly seminars in theoretical physics were by far the most remarkable I have ever attended. There was an air of excitement and tension about them, partly because of the quality of what was being discussed but largely because of Oppenheimer's reaction to it, which could vary from extreme enthusiasm to the most caustic—almost cruel—kind of criticism I have ever heard. Having had this experience, I was, of course, eager to find out from Rabi how the young Oppenheimer appeared to his contemporaries. He was twenty-four when Rabi first met him. Rabi said, "He was very intense. He worked hard, but tried to give the appearance of not working. He was interested in everything. Pauli once said that for Oppenheimer physics was an avocation—that his real interest was psychoanalysis. I think he had been through analysis about that time. He was legendary, really."

I asked Rabi if he had found Oppenheimer easy to get along with, and he answered, "I found him excellent. We got along very well. We were friends until his last day. I enjoyed the things about him that some people disliked. It's true that you carried on a charade with him. He lived a charade, and you went along with it. It was fine—matching wits and so on. Oppenheimer was great fun, and I took him for what he was. I understood his problem."

"What was his problem?" I asked.

"Identity," Rabi answered. "He reminded me very much of a boyhood friend about whom someone said that he couldn't make up his mind whether to be president of the B'nai B'rith or the Knights of Columbus. Perhaps he really wanted to be both, simultaneously. Oppenheimer wanted every experience. In that sense, he never focussed. My own feeling is that if he had studied the Talmud and Hebrew, rather than Sanskrit, he would have been a much greater physicist. I never ran into anyone who was brighter than he

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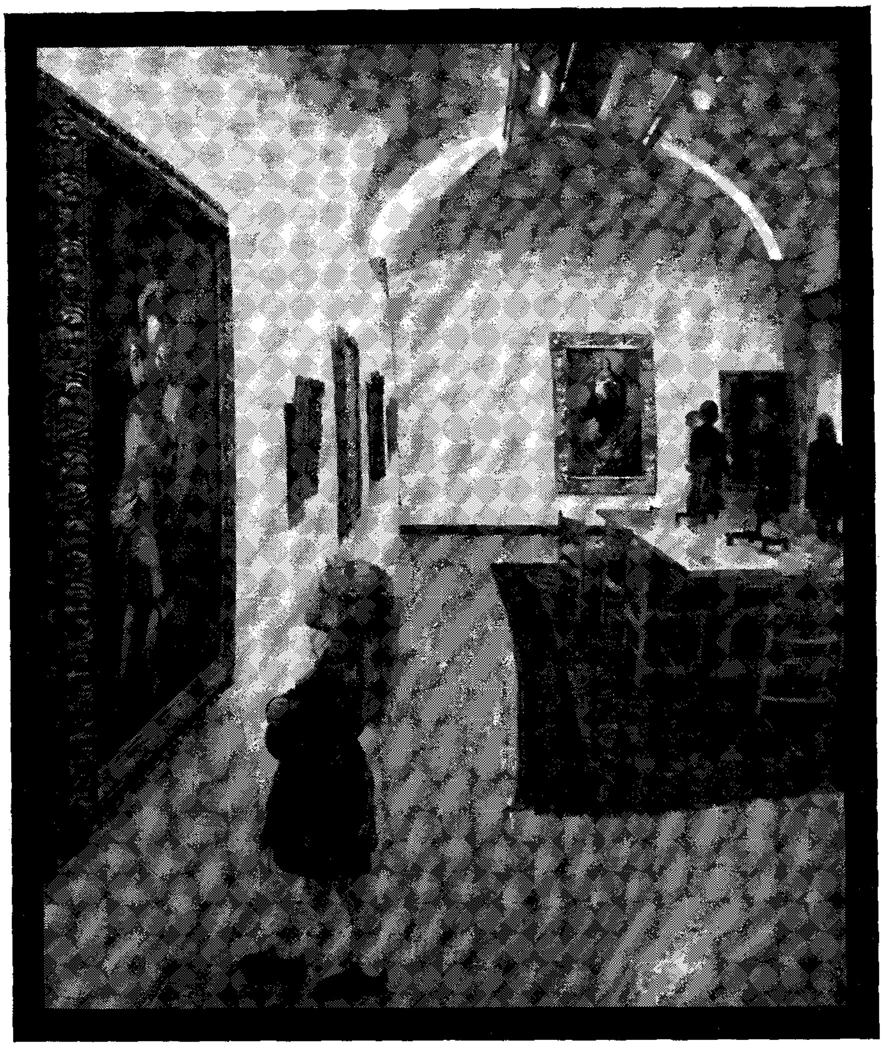

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In 1929, Pauli moved to Zurich, and both Rabi and Oppenheimer went along to work with him. Rabi's fellowship money had just about run out, and it appeared to him that his career in physics had almost come to an end. "I had no hope of getting a job," he told me. "It seemed to me that it would be very difficult to get one. Anti-Semitism was unbelievably rife in the universities and elsewhere. Because I really had no hope of getting a job, I didn't even write anywhere. I thought I would go back to New York and see what would happen and maybe, if worst came to worst, join my father in real estate. I didn't feel terrible about it; I had wanted to know physics, and I had had a tremendous experience. I thought, O.K., if you can do better, fine—if not, not. In the midst of all of this, a cable arrived—a radiogram from Columbia—offering me a job at three thousand dollars a year. This was to me, then, beyond the dreams of avarice." It turned out that Heisenberg, who had gone to America on a lecture tour, had heard that Columbia was looking for a theoretical physicist, and, without telling him, had recommended Rabi for the job. It came just in time. "The Depression began right afterward, and there were no jobs at all—for rich, poor, Jew, or gentile," Rabi said.

THERE is little doubt that the United States is at present the preëminent scientific and technological power in the world. To those of us who have grown up since the Second World War, this situation has a quality of something like inevitability; it seems that things could not and never will be any other way. In reality, this preëminence is a relatively new phenomenon. In the late nineteen-twenties, when Rabi was studying in Europe, American science, and particularly American physics, was generally held in contempt. In 1927, when Rabi arrived in Hamburg, he went to the library to look for *The Physical Review*. To his surprise, he discovered that the journal was held in such low esteem that instead of subscribing to it issue by issue the library—for the sake of completeness and to save postage—would order the entire year's worth of issues at the end of the year, and in due course they would be unpacked and put on a shelf. Having them there on a more current basis was felt to be unimportant in maintaining contact

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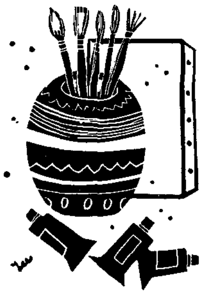
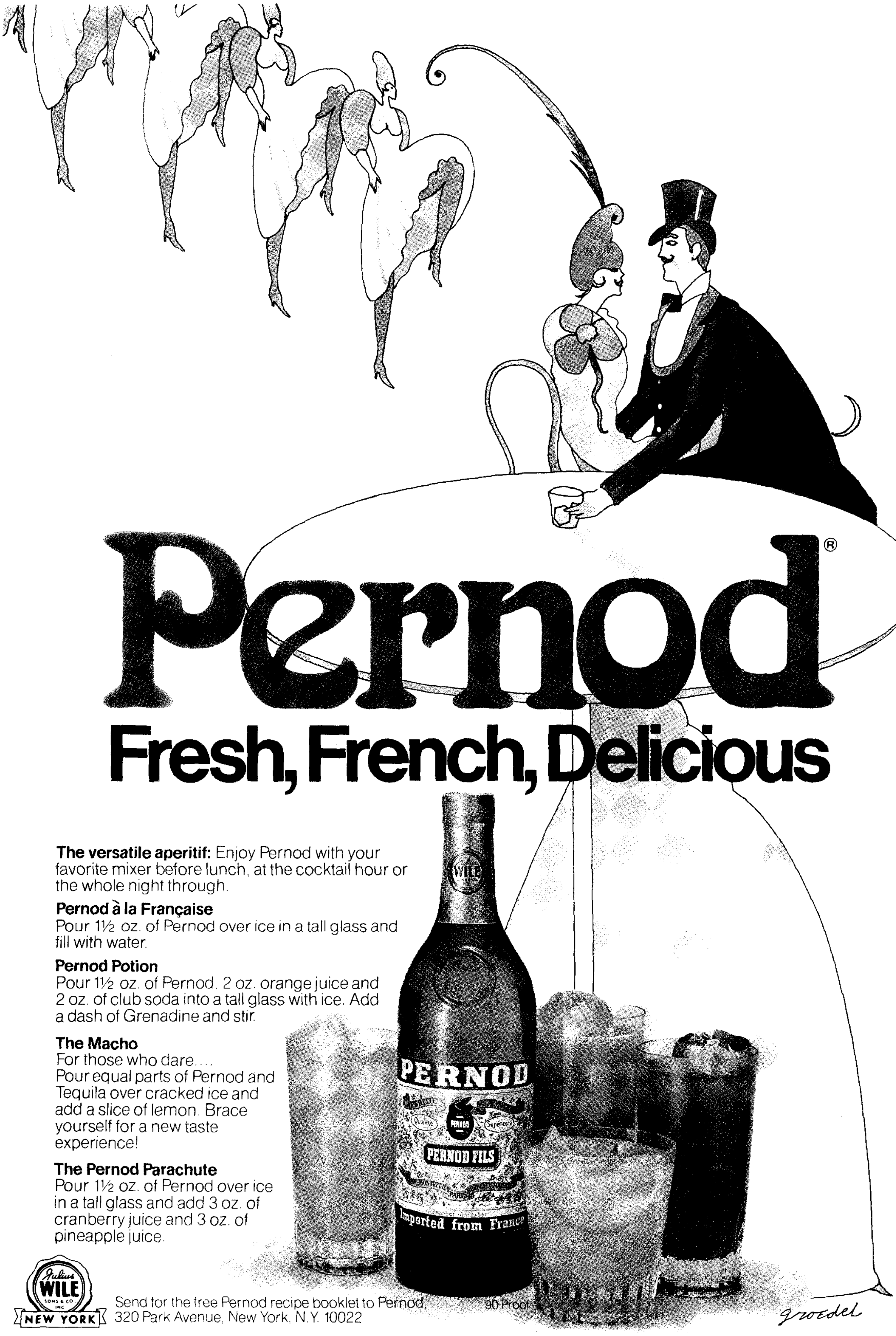
with the latest discoveries in physics, since these were being made largely in Europe and published in journals like *Nature* and the *Proceedings of the Royal Society*, in Britain, and the *Zeitschrift für Physik* and *Annalen der Physik*, in Germany. At that time, in fact, Rabi himself published the results of his work in these journals. Furthermore, little serious industrial research was being done in this country. American corporations—like many foreign corporations now, especially the Japanese—found that it was more economical to buy patents from abroad than to do research. “There were only a few laboratories in industry,” Rabi recalls. “The Bell Laboratories, which were just beginning, and then General Electric were of importance for physics. They were very good. But for a country of this size—hardly anything. From the viewpoint of 1930, it is astonishing that by 1940 we had enough first-rate scientists to man the laboratories for microwave radar, atomic energy, and all the rest.” A common fallacy is that this change was brought about by the arrival in this country of European scientists seeking refuge from the Nazis. In the first place, most of the great refugee scientists, like Enrico Fermi, arrived here late in the decade. (Fermi came to Columbia from Italy in 1939.) They ultimately had an important impact on the development of the atomic bomb, which began in earnest in 1942, but almost none on the development of radar, which, building on the fundamental earlier British work, took place at the Radiation Laboratory in Cambridge, Massachusetts, starting in 1940. This laboratory was staffed at the top mainly by American physicists, like Rabi and his contemporaries, and by their students and the students of their students.



The transformation in American physics did not come about by accident. It came about, in large measure, because a small but influential group of young American scientists—in physics, people like E. U. Condon, Oppenheimer, and Rabi—came back to this country in the late nineteen-twenties determined to make American science respectable. Rabi told me that one effect of his German experience was to “feel the greatness of America,” and he went on, “It's true that America was backward in physics—really underdeveloped—but Condon and I and some others promised ourselves that we would end this. And we did. I told you the story about *The Physical Review* in 1927. Well, ten years later, it was the leading physics journal in the world.”

I asked Rabi what, exactly, had given him this feeling about America when he was in Germany. “In the first place, I realized that my own education had not really been defective,” he replied. “I was better prepared to read the literature and do something with it than most of the Germans at my level. It's true that there were some very great men there—no question about it. But the others? When you looked around for the second tier, you found that it just didn't exist. The general contempt felt for physics in the United States intellectually was a bit hard to take. A quotation from Arnold Sommerfeld at that time was typical. Albrecht Unsöld, the astrophysicist, who was a student of Sommerfeld's, had a fellowship to go to Berkeley. He was worried and fussy. Where would he live? What would he wear? What would he eat? How should he behave? And Sommerfeld said to him, ‘*Nehmen sie das nicht so ernst. Das Leben in Amerika ist gar nicht so schwer. Dort kann jeder junge Mann* assistant professor *werden.*’ [‘Don't take all this so seriously. Life in America is not so difficult. There any young man can become an assistant professor.’] The Germans' misunderstanding of the United States was so great that I was known as a chauvinist because I would argue with them all the time. There were plenty of things in the United States I didn't like—plenty of things. But not what they talked about. They didn't like the things about us that were good. After all, we had an honest-to-goodness democratic system—you could live in it.”

The lack of a second tier, and of a genuine democracy, in German science contributed to the Germans' failure, a decade or so later, to make an atomic bomb and to their delay in developing radar until fairly late in the war. The situation in regard to the atomic bomb seems to be clear-cut. There were, of course, serious industrial difficulties, since so much of the country was under heavy bombardment. But those did not stop the development of the V-2 rocket, which was certainly a monumental technological feat. The main reason for the Germans' failure to produce a bomb was—despite what some German physicists have since said about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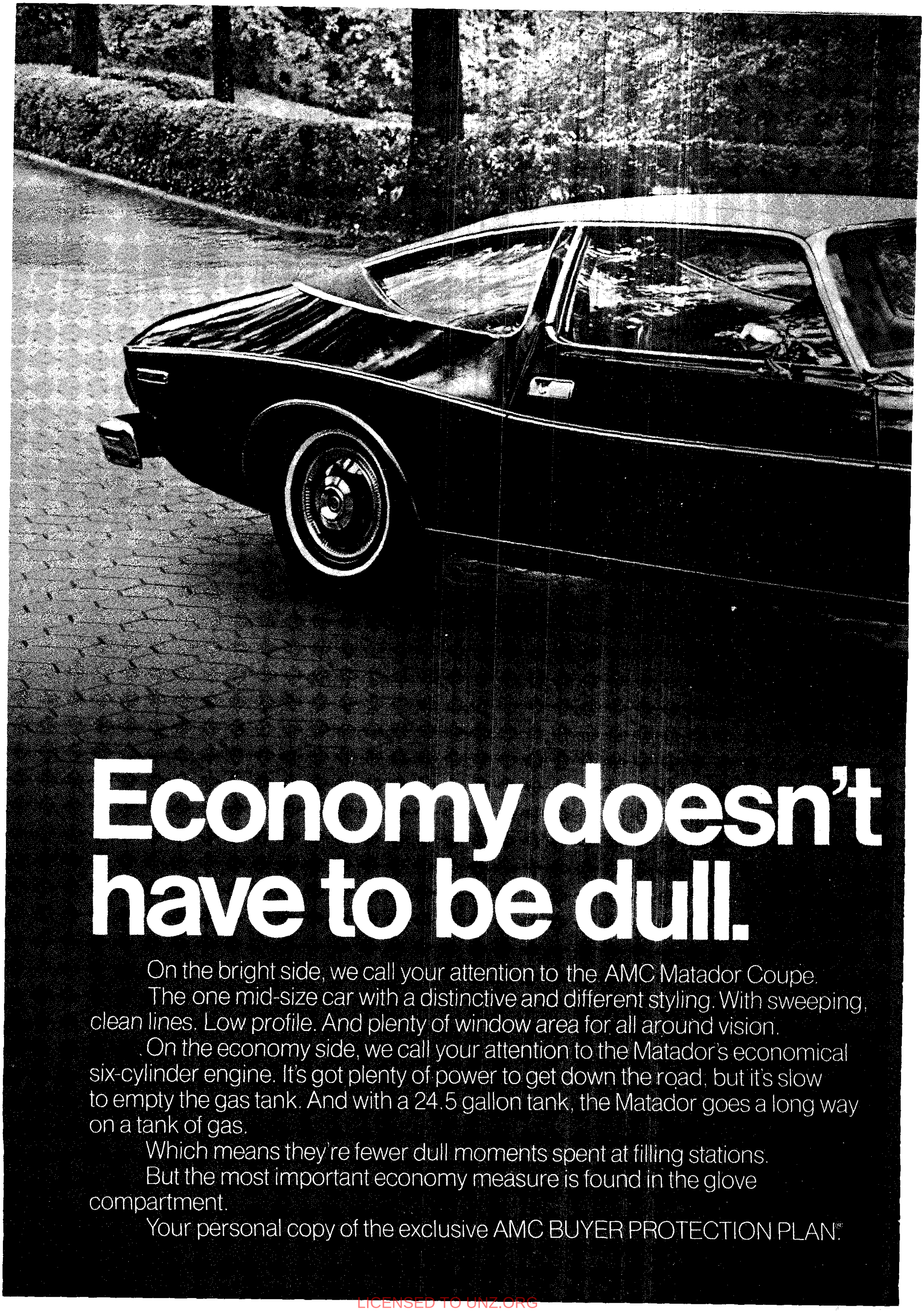

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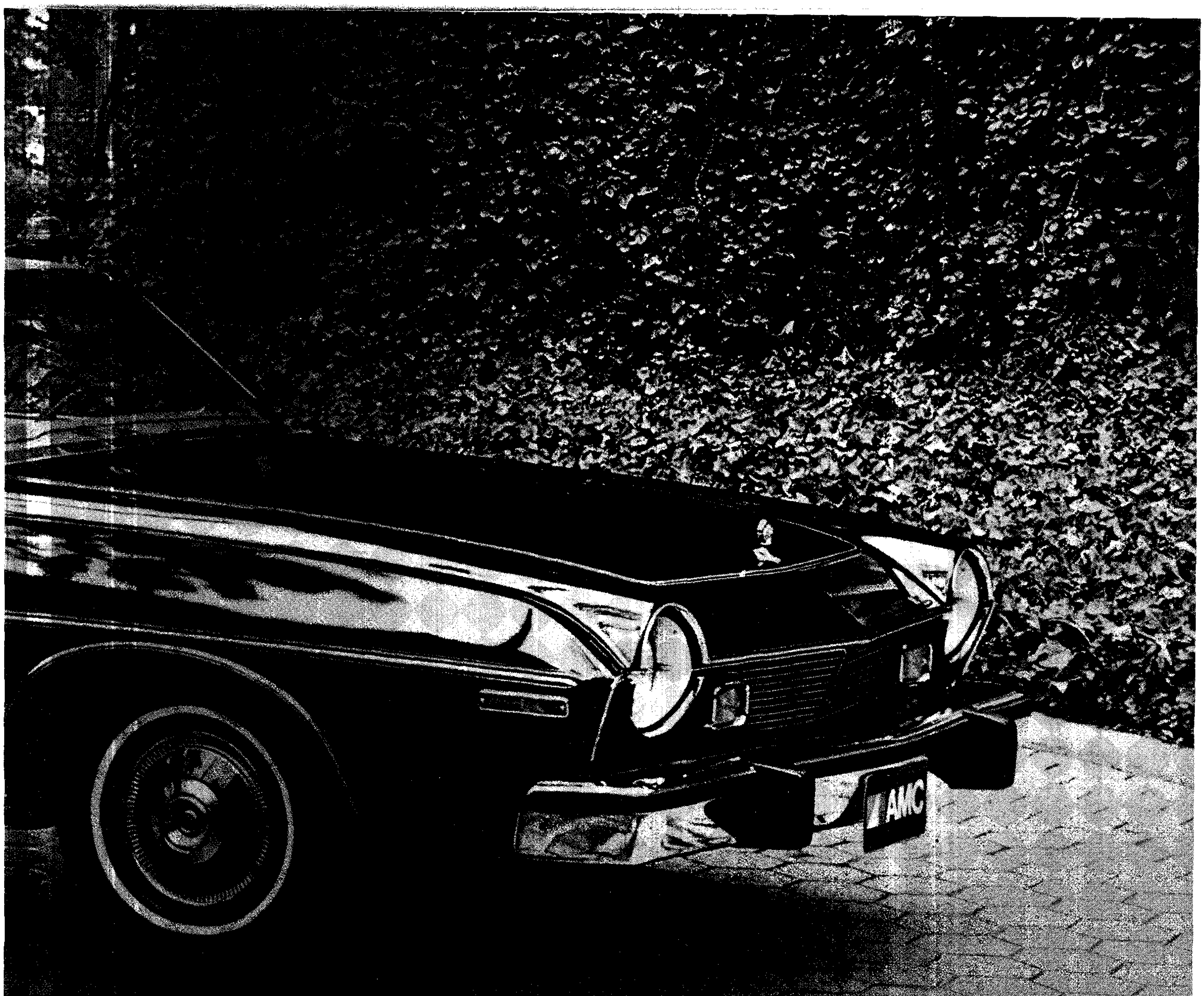

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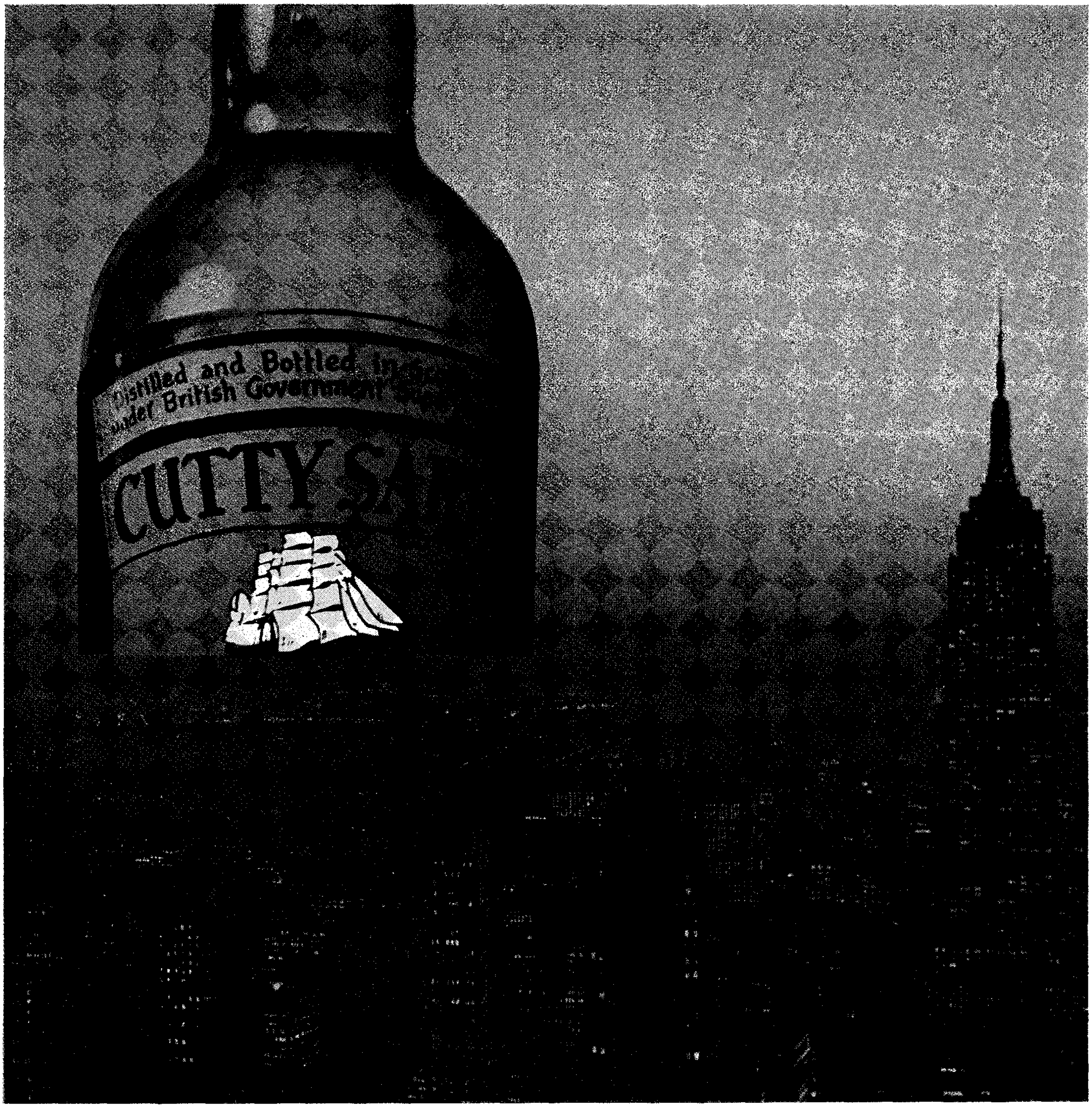
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their "humanitarian" motives—the fact that the great German nuclear physicists, such as Werner Heisenberg and Walter Gerlach, did not understand what an atomic bomb was. They were developing a nuclear reactor that they had some idea of exploding—a chemical explosion of an entire reactor. They never realized how a reactor was best to be used in making an atomic bomb; namely, for producing the element plutonium, which would then be used in its pure form as the nuclear-explosive material, as in the bomb that levelled Nagasaki. At the time the atomic bomb was exploded over Hiroshima, the key German physicists had been rounded up by the Allied forces and shipped out of Germany, and interned in an estate about fifty miles from London. Their entire conversation after they learned of the Hiroshima bomb was monitored, and it was a full day after the news of the explosion before they realized that an "atomic bomb" was not an exploding reactor. (This is documented in the extraordinary book "Alsos," by Samuel Goudsmit, the Dutch-born American physicist, who headed the United States mission to determine the extent of Germany's atomic-bomb development.) Once the initial mistake had been made, no one in the German bomb project, apparently, had the authority to contradict Heisenberg, or even to argue with him. Rabi wrote in his book "Science: The Center of Culture," published in 1970:

> A contributory cause of failure was the arrogance of German scientists. Thus Heisenberg, a scientist who, according to Dr. Goudsmit, ranks with Einstein and Bohr, was the head of a small inner circle, which was not receptive to ideas from lesser lights. Thus, when Fritz Houtermans came close to the idea of plutonium as early as 1941, no one took notice of his report because he was not in the favored circle. The failure to recognize the possibilities of plutonium was one of Heisenberg's—and Germany's—biggest mistakes in the atom bomb race. Professor Goudsmit charges the Germans with indulging in hero worship of Heisenberg and other top scientists to the extent that they refrained from thinking critically about their work. The uranium problem, like many others, he states, is too extensive to be grasped by one individual. A clash of ideas from many minds often is the key to success.

I asked Rabi if he had seen any intimations of the coming of the Nazis in Germany in the late nineteen-twenties. "Just the beginning," he said. "I hadn't heard of them. I first ran into them in Nuremberg. I didn't know what the hell it was about. Then, in Hamburg, you could see them in their *Fackelzüge*—torchlight parades. The

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Communists also had those, but it was clear that the Nazis were better organized. The German professors thought Nazism was just a joke, because the German spoken by the Nazis was so bad. However, Helen attended the Kunstgewerbe Schule, a school of applied art, and among the students there were quite a number of Nazis—very strong. Since she doesn't look particularly Jewish, they talked to her frankly about what they expected to do. They said the schools around there, and a beautiful public swimming pool, had all been built with American money from the Dawes loan." Charles Gates Dawes, an American diplomat, developed the Dawes plan for managing the German reparations payments after the First World War. " 'We are not going to pay that back,' the Nazis told Helen. And they told her how the next war was going to go. They were already training children to live and fight in the desert. There was no question about their fantastic anti-Semitism. At the time, though, I didn't know anything about it. I never had any problem in Germany because of being Jewish."

In fact, Rabi—as far as he knows—was the first Jewish member of the Columbia Physics Department. He started as a lecturer in 1929. In short order, he began to move up the ladder. "After the first year, even though I didn't publish anything, I was given a promotion to assistant professor," he said. "After the second year, I was given a raise. The third year, I still hadn't published much of anything, and they wanted to make me an associate professor." This hardly conformed to the usual image of "publish or perish" in major universities, so I asked Rabi what he thought his superiors had seen in him then. "I was the life of the place," he answered. "Students were flocking around, and I was *in* correspondence with and close to other physicists who were well known, and so on. I was in the mainstream. G. B. Pegram, the Dean of the Columbia School of Mines, Engineering, and Chemistry, had great faith in me. When I joined the Columbia faculty, I taught two hours a week. There were full professors who were teaching fourteen. But Pegram was the boss, and no one dared to protest."

In time, Rabi taught most of the modern theoretical courses. He also ran a weekly theoretical seminar with Gregory Breit, a distinguished physicist who was then at New York University. (He later moved on to Yale, from which he retired a few years ago.) At

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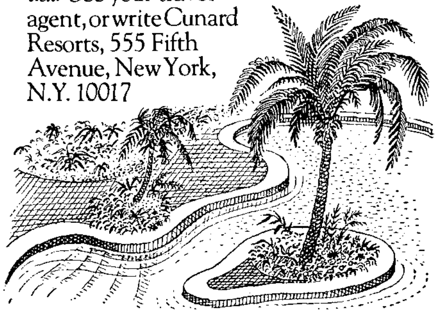

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Birth certificates, marriage licenses, international treaties, even media schedules.

Everything else is written on the wind.

Let's apply that maxim to two big challenges to advertising.

First challenge: Build consumer credibility.

Think about it. For most considered purchases today there has to be a bridge of confidence built.

Catch my attention, move me emotionally, get those juices of desire going. But to sell me, to capture my money, convince me of the quality of your product, the sincerity of your promise to please or serve.

Because I am today's consumer and I am smart and cynical.

I grew up on television. I'm wise to ambivalent statements. I understand how testimonials are arranged. I know your commercials can get me all steamed up. I wonder about your product quality, am curious about your product ingredients, and want to know how they really work on my face, my head or in my stomach.

Experience has taught me about all that glitters.

So give me more facts, let me read and re-read your offer and your guarantee.

Think of print as the clincher, the convincer, the follow-through of your TV promise, the rationalizer, the guarantor, and you may come up with a new way, a more effective way to use print advertising—to fill the credibility gap.

Second challenge: Create perspective.

This challenge is a product of our times and may be one of the toughest and most important advertising has faced.

It is to help the average United States citizen to develop rational perspectives necessary to make balanced judgments on issues—on institutions—on, if you will, the national direction.

At a recent meeting of that new breed of scholar, the futurist, one of the significant conclusions was that the world has entered a "communications era" dominated by television, the computer and other electronic technologies. The sheer weight of high-speed communications during the next two decades can produce the most informed and aware generation in history—or reduce the globe to a second "tower of Babel," collecting and transmitting much information but offering little comprehension of what it all means.

Print can develop comprehension and perspective.

The results of the ability of electronic media to create issues emotionally and rapidly without the time for perspective can be very, very frightening.

Consider that network news figures have repeatedly pointed out that their time restrictions make it very difficult to treat serious issues in enough detail. They very fairly and correctly have appreciated the need to read for in-depth understanding of issues.

In other words, it may be essential that the print media and print advertising supply calmness, the deliberation, the facts, and the perspective necessary for deliberate, sane decision making on the part of every citizen.

Windows are being opened on rooms of uninspected aspects of practically every institution and industry in the country.

More and more business leaders and industries are finding the need to communicate with the general public for the first time, not concerning their product, but the very manner in which their industry operates.

A public aroused by environmental, consumerist and political concerns is demanding a virtual report of stewardship.

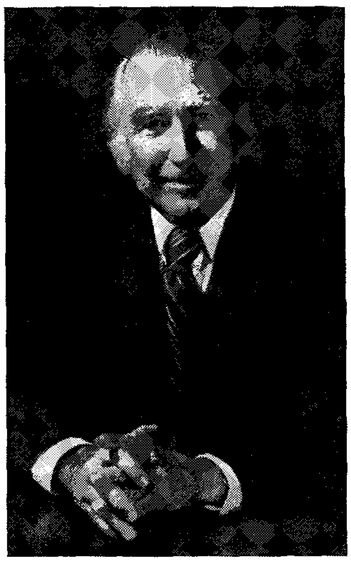
On most issues affecting business, the Fairness Doctrine has already cut off the use of the broadcast media to a large degree.

This will require new thinking about the power of print advertising, new challenges to writers, new courage in those with copy approval authority.

This is a major creative challenge to style, format, believability and documentation.

It is highly possible that paid advertising in the print media with its ability to communicate in depth and with sufficient frequency will be the only way that our embattled institutions can establish perspective.

Print media advertising may well be a major forum through which the American citizen can develop a perspective upon which his historic good sense will act with full knowledge of the outcome of his decisions.



By Dan Loden, Executive Vice President, Vansant Dugdale Advertising, Baltimore, Philadelphia and Washington, D.C.

Another voice. Another time. A sobering thought for today's management. Over 30 years ago Bruce Barton wrote:

"Gentlemen, you can cancel your national advertising; that is, if you mean canceling the limited fraction of your advertising you originate and place...

"The part you do not and cannot control will roll on in ever-increasing volume. It is the advertising given you by politicians with axes to grind... by demagogs who may point you out as typical of all that is bad in big business... by all other operators in the field of public opinion, some unfriendly and many merely misinformed...

"The only question you have to decide is whether... in the present state of world politics, where the electorate is the court of final appeal in all business decisions, you can afford to take the risk of having all your advertising emanate from sources beyond your control."

Magazine Publishers Association, Inc., Magazine Center, 575 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10022

that time, this was the only theoretical-physics seminar in New York. There are now about a dozen, in various physics departments in the city. In the beginning, Rabi had decided to return to pure theory. "I had some ideas—good ideas, actually—about solid-state properties, but they bored the hell out of me," he told me. "So I said, 'I'll use what I learned, and do some molecular-beam experiments.'" This was at the beginning of the Depression, and there was considerable doubt whether the universities were going to be able to continue to pay faculty salaries, let alone support research. "I remember going to the dean of the Graduate School in 1932 or 1933 and telling him that I would rather have my salary cut than take a cut in my research appropriation," Rabi said. At about that time, however, he had a fantastic piece of good fortune. Harold Urey, who was a professor at Columbia, and who won the Nobel Prize for chemistry in 1934 for his discovery of the deuterium isotope of hydrogen, received an offer of support for his research from the Carnegie Institution, in Washington. The Institution was willing to give Urey seventy-six hundred dollars—a fortune at that time. "Well, Urey did one of the most extraordinary things imaginable," Rabi told me. "He gave me half of it. I had had nothing to do with his discovery. What a greatness in Harold Urey—what a tremendous magnanimity to do something like that! He had a deep faith in me. When he came back from receiving his Nobel Prize, he told somebody, referring to me, 'That man is going to win the Nobel Prize.' I don't know what he saw in me. I didn't think so—I didn't agree at all. But what a tremendous magnanimity! This money set me free. It made me independent of the Physics Department. Before that, I had to get permission to get started. I had to explain my research ideas to Dean Pegram. He was a wonderful man—brilliant. But after I would explain my ideas, he also had ideas, and it became a joint thing. I wasn't interested in that. I wanted to do my own thing. Once I had this money, this nest egg, I could start, and then if I needed money it was to fund an ongoing project. It was the greatest thing that could have happened to me. And what a greatness in Harold Urey!"

Having his nest egg, Rabi was not going to squander it. "I spent very little at a time, because, going around New York, you could buy 'junk' at a good price. When we needed a high-current generator, we bought it second-

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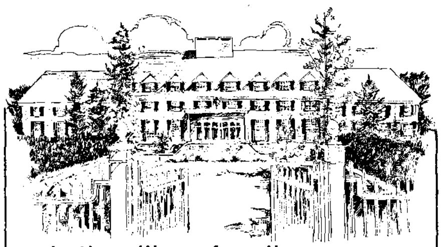

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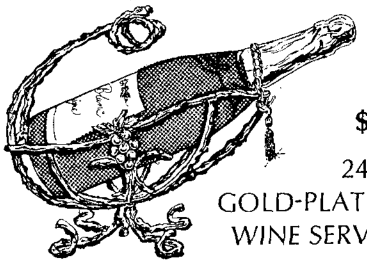

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hand. We got vacuum pumps for eight dollars—not as good as the modern pumps, but good enough for our purposes. We salvaged a bunch of junk from a dismantled Poulsen-arc station in the Pacific. It was a copper mine for us. We did have a machine shop in pretty good condition. But we made the money last. The Carnegie people kept writing me letters saying, 'You're not spending money. It's bollixing up our books.' And I said, 'We're trying to be careful with it.' I was not about to give away my independence." So began the series of experiments that led, ten years later, to Rabi's Nobel Prize.

Rabi told me that of all the great physicists he met in Europe in the late nineteen-twenties, Niels Bohr was by far the most impressive. He also told me that one reason he had been pleased at being "thrown out" of Bohr's Institute in Copenhagen was that that way he had been able to escape the so-called *Kopenhagener Geist der Quantentheorie*. The *Kopenhagener Geist* is the now widely accepted interpretation of the limitations of measurement in the quantum theory. It was formulated by Bohr and nurtured over the years by him, and it is summarized in the Heisenberg uncertainty relations, which were inspired by Bohr's analysis. These relations emerge automatically in the Heisenberg-Schrödinger quantum-mechanical formulations. The key element of the *Geist* is the necessity to renounce asking certain kinds of questions about physical events—above all, on the atomic scale—since, while these questions may seem plausible, it turns out that when they are analyzed they involve measurement procedures impossible in principle to carry out. For example, if one has a collection of radioactive nuclei, one might like to ask when a given nucleus—say, the one in the corner of the box—will decay. To this question, the theory has no answer; in fact, the theory denies that it is a properly formulated question. The theory tells you only the probable length of time—the "lifetime"—that the particle will "live": the length of life of an *average* particle. According to the theory, there is some small probability that any given particle in the sample will live a much longer—or much shorter—time than the average. The theory deals in likelihoods and probabilities. One cannot predict when the given nucleus will decay, for to do that one would have to "open up" the nucleus to look inside, and such a measurement would require enough energy to break up and destroy the nu-

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cleus. This sort of argument is typical of the *Kopenhagener Geist* arguments.

When Rabi told me he didn't believe in the *Kopenhagener Geist*, I was somewhat surprised, since I had always thought that, having been around at its creation, so to speak, he must have been indoctrinated in it. "I am very skeptical of it, because I have not found that point of view to be useful except as an easy way to talk to non-physicists," Rabi said. "But Bohr was such a forceful and charming person that you couldn't help being overwhelmed by his point of view, whether you agreed with it or not. Ultimately, you had to succumb. He had enormous strength and personality. But, basically, I was not completely persuaded, and I am not to this day completely persuaded that this interpretation is what will remain. As time goes by, its power becomes greater and greater, and it has not been in any way demonstrated to be wrong. Still, I don't think it's right enough to suit me aesthetically. I don't know how to ask a question and have quantum mechanics tell me how to set up a piece of apparatus that corresponds to the asking of that particular question. If you try to do the simplest thing using quantum mechanics—using the idea of a particle, say—it becomes vastly complicated. It relates observations, but it doesn't tell you how to make an observation. In this sense, for me it lacks immediacy. But the power of the quantum theory within its limitations is simply unbelievable. It was certainly unbelievable to me at the beginning. For years and years, I presented it with situations to see where it would fail. I thought, It's got to break somewhere. But it didn't."

Rabi went on, "But the questions you can ask are limited. Things I can do with ease, classically, like angular momentum, I can hardly do at all quantum-mechanically. On the other hand, there's the miracle of doing something like making an electron-positron pair! One actually creates a remarkable thing like an electron. It's a marvellous thing. I don't see how it's made. It just appears. It's a kind of materialization—the ghost shows up in reality. There it is. You can calculate how many electrons will be produced, and with what probability. But how was it born? What was it made of? It's this kind of question that, as an experimenter, I would like to see answered. The theory doesn't answer the sort of question that led me into physics in the first place. I wanted to know what the thing really was. The theory

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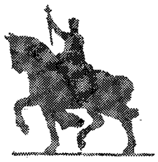

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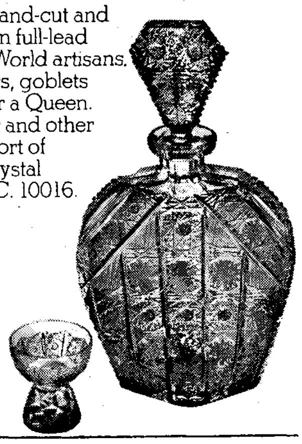

leaves you still baffled if you have been raised in classical mechanics. I wasn't raised very much in classical mechanics, so I'm not insisting on classical mechanics. As an experimenter, I'm just not satisfied with trying to find out what is going on and having only this very mathematical or verbal kind of answer. You know that, according to quantum theory, if two particles collide with enough energy you can, in principle, with an infinitesimal probability, produce two grand pianos. How would they have been made?"

I asked Rabi if he had ever discussed any of this with Bohr. "I couldn't," Rabi said. "This work was his life. There was no point in trying to tell him that I thought it was irrelevant to the sort of things that an experimenter actually does in the laboratory. I felt that in this he was very profound about things that don't really matter. But one was not going to tell him that."

From the early nineteen-thirties on, the theme of Rabi's experiments was, as he put it, "to play the changes" on the original Stern-Gerlach setup. On the one hand, he was trying repeatedly to push the quantum theory into a corner, and, on the other hand, he was trying to make high-precision experiments dealing with magnetic moments and what are known as nuclear spins.

The concept of spin came into physics in 1925, when two then extremely young Dutch graduate students—Samuel Goudsmit, the author of "Alsos," and George Uhlenbeck, who is now a professor emeritus of The Rockefeller University—suggested it as an additional source of magnetic energy, in order to patch up certain discrepancies that had arisen in atomic physics. (It had been independently invented about the same time by Rabi's former fellow-student Ralph Kronig. He was talked out of publishing it by, among others, Pauli. Hence he never got full credit for this work. This story is often cited by physicists as an example that it is sometimes best not to take the advice of senior people about publishing an idea that may seem a little crazy if the idea accounts for a number of experimental facts.) A revolving electron acts like a current in a wire in that it produces an associated magnetic field. Now, it turns out that the atom has an extra source of magnetism, which is present even if the electron is not revolving. This "intrinsic" source of magnetism is related to the so-called spin, which is actually a misnomer, for although in the simpleminded picture of spin the electron is supposed to be spinning on its own axis, like the earth, a

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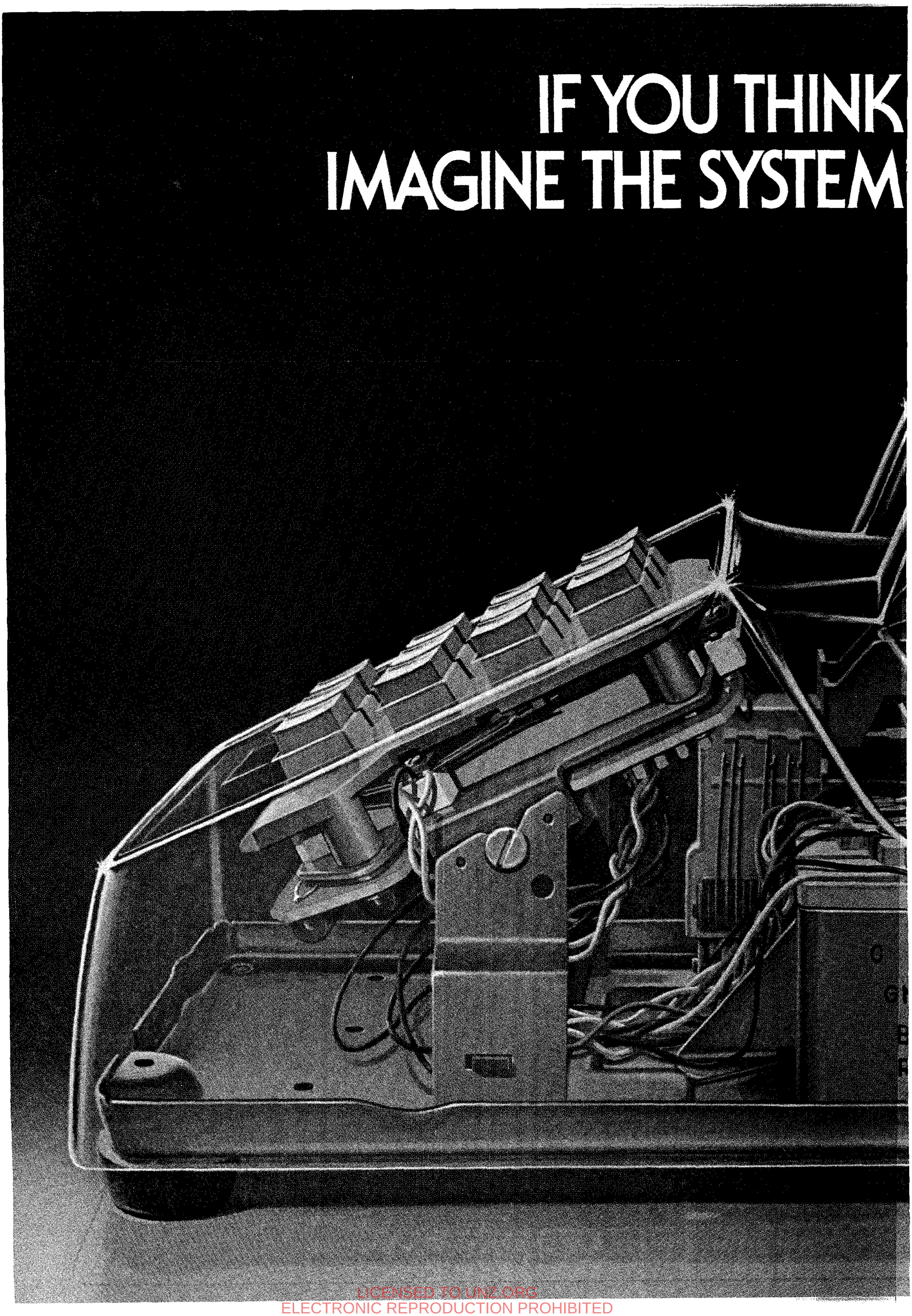
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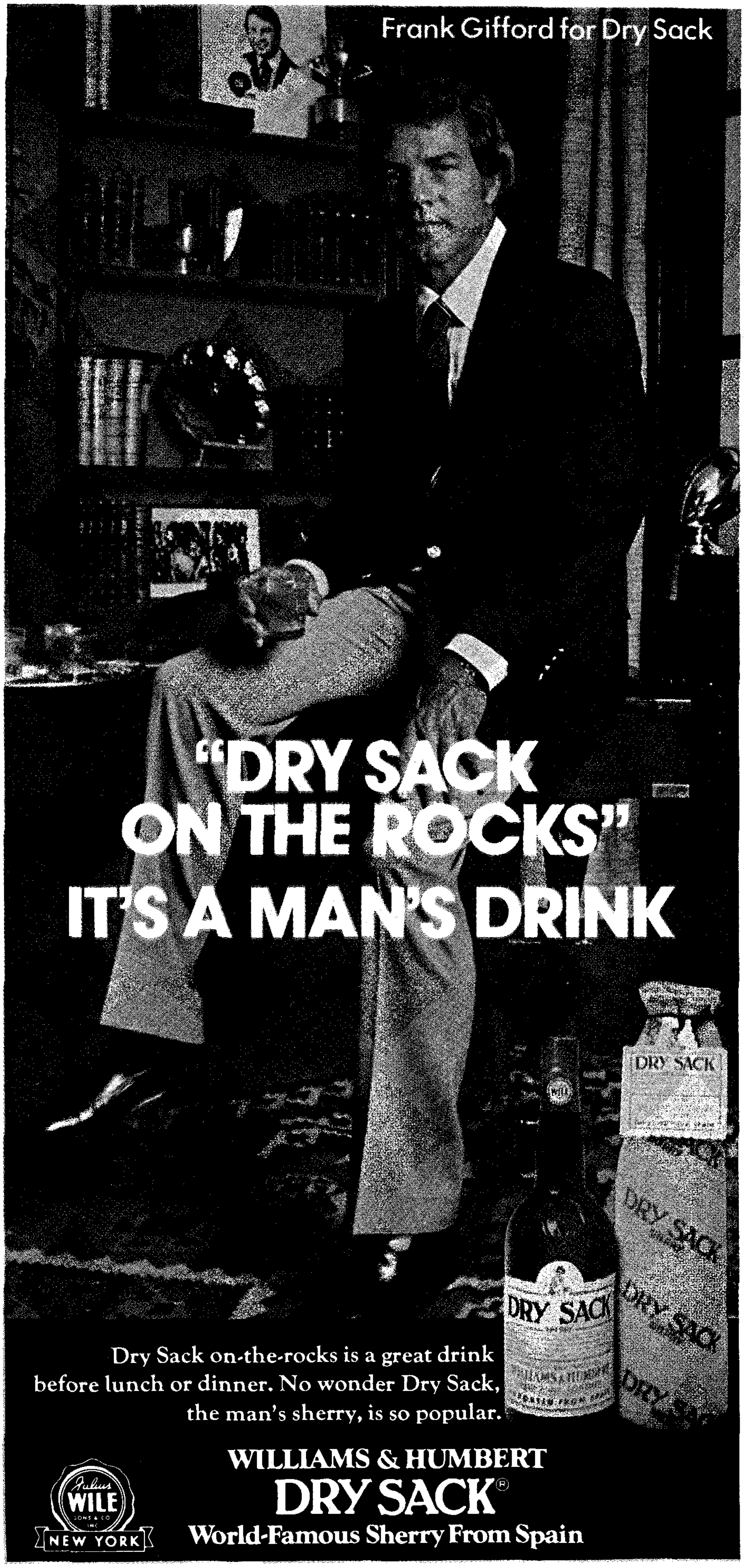
straightforward calculation shows that the surface of such an electron would be moving faster than the velocity of light—something that according to the theory of relativity is impossible. Spin is one of those numerous instances described by Rabi in which the quantum theory defies intuitive visualization. There are rules that tell how to work with spin, and, as far as the theory is concerned, the concept and the rules are the same. The rules for the spin are that it acts physically and mathematically like a quantum-mechanical angular momentum. But this angular momentum is present even when the electron is at rest. Hence, in general, there are two sources for the angular momentum of an electron—one is its orbital motion and the other is its spin. But when Goudsmit and Uhlenbeck invented the spin, there was considerable resistance to the idea, since at that time people were not accustomed to forgoing intuitive visualization. Bohr accepted the notion of spin almost at once, but Pauli did not, and on one celebrated occasion, when Bohr was travelling from Copenhagen to Leiden, Pauli went to the Hamburg railroad station, where Bohr's train had a brief stopover, to try to warn him against the spin. A little later, Pauli changed his mind, and he invented the basic mathematical apparatus by which spin is now described in the quantum theory. A "spin magnetic moment" of an electron, say—despite its romantic sound—is a measure of the strength of the electron's magnetic field, and is of the same nature as, for example, the magnetic moment of the magnetic field in a compass, but vastly smaller.

Not long after Goudsmit and Uhlenbeck made their hypothesis for the electron, it was suggested, in order to explain some results in atomic spectra, that atomic nuclei must also have spins and magnetic moments—something that could be attributed largely to the spins of neutrons and protons, of which the nuclei are composed. In 1933, Stern succeeded in making a quantitative measurement of the magnetic moment of the proton, which turned out to be about three times as large as he had expected. He had expected one nuclear magneton but his experiment found 2.8. His result not only demonstrated the existence of a nuclear magnetic moment but also showed that the magnetic character of the proton was much more complicated than could be accounted for by the standard theory of the electron. This "extra" magnetic moment is now known to result from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the nuclear forces that bind the neutrons and protons together. The forces come from the exchange of charged mesons—particles with masses heavier than those of the electrons but lighter than those of the protons and neutrons. But although theorists feel certain that the mesons exchanged between neutrons and protons are responsible for the extra magnetic moment, it has turned out to be exceedingly difficult to produce a theory that gives the precise magnitudes.

In 1931, Breit and Rabi produced a now classic theoretical formula that gives the response of a nucleus with arbitrary spin surrounded by a cloud of electrons with their spins—making up a neutral atom—to a non-uniform magnetic field. If, for example, the total spin of these electrons is, in units of $h/2\pi$, simply 1/2, then a beam of such atoms placed in a strong non-uniform magnetic field will be split in two, as in the original Stern-Gerlach experiment. However, as the field is made weaker, the electron spins and the nuclear spin act jointly—are coupled—and the number of beams into which the original beam splits becomes much larger. To take a specific example, the sodium nucleus has a spin of 3/2, the sodium electrons a spin of 1/2. According to quantum theory, a spin of 1/2 and 3/2 can combine to give only two possible total spins: $2=3/2+1/2$, or $1=3/2-1/2$. If one studies the Breit-Rabi formula, one finds that in a weaker field this means that the original sodium beam will be split into eight sub-beams, corresponding to the various possible configurations of the two spins. (There are five for the spin two configuration and three for the spin one.) To test this, and to measure the nuclear spin of sodium, Rabi devised an experiment, which he carried out in 1933 with the late Victor W. Cohen—the son of Morris Cohen, the philosopher at City College—who worked at Brookhaven National Laboratory in recent years. They separated a beam of sodium atoms in a strong magnetic field and, using a system of slits, selected a part of the beam whose atoms had uniform velocities. They ran this part into a weaker, non-uniform magnetic field, which split the beam in four. In their original selection, they had chosen half of the possible magnetic states, so they produced only four of the eight possible beams. These four beams were next refocussed with a third non-uniform magnetic field—a strong one—and were then detected by letting them impinge on a movable tungsten wire. Not only

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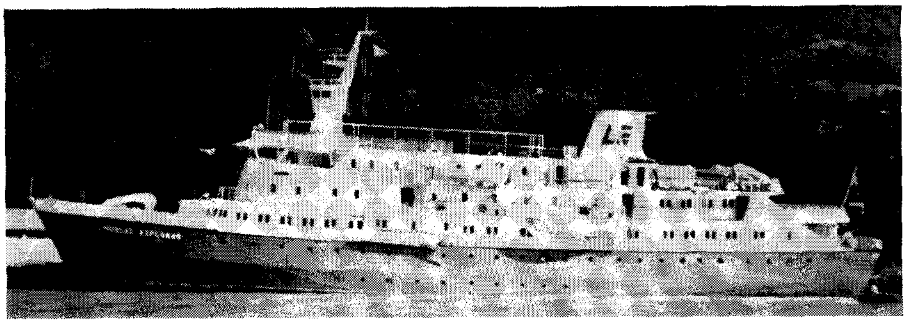

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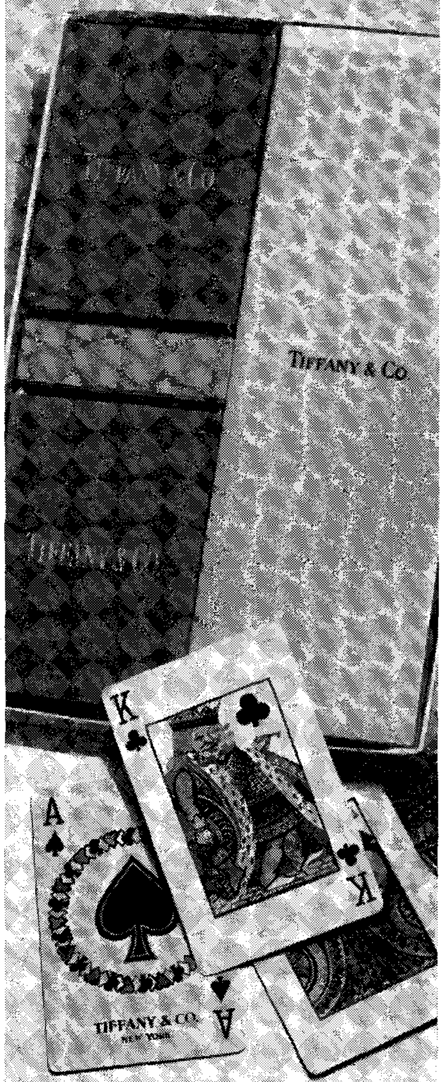

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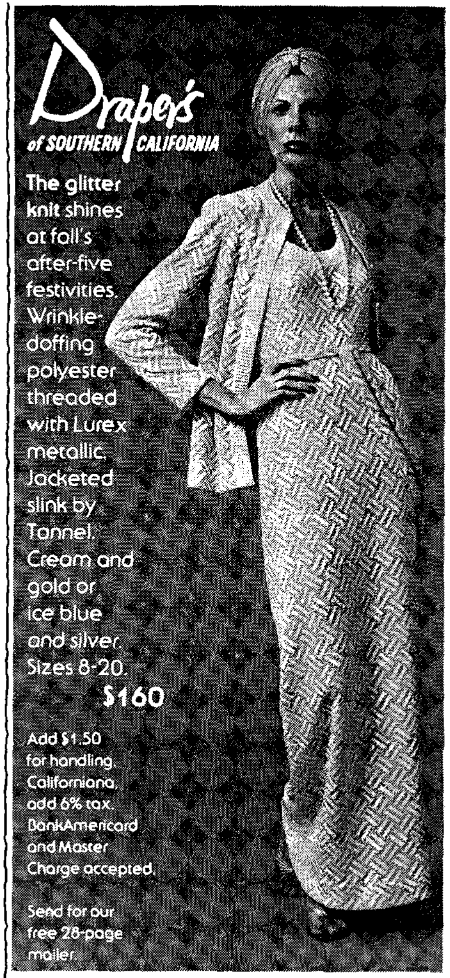
did the result—the demonstration that there *were* four beams—verify the Breit-Rabi formula but it also provided an extremely powerful new way of measuring the spins of nuclei. One could simply count the number of beams. Recently, Rabi recalled, "You could read the maxima where the four beams arrived. You could play with them. They were just great—a tremendous thrill. The experiments were very elegant and very definite. They displayed the principles of quantum mechanics, which, after all, at that time were not so ancient as they are now. I got a great deal of satisfaction out of realizing that I wasn't just horsing around with nothing. My ideal was at the end of the day to have an answer—a measurement of a nuclear spin."

In 1934, with two other young collaborators—Jerrold Zacharias, who is now professor emeritus at M.I.T., and J. M. B. Kellogg, who is now retired from Los Alamos—the growing molecular-beam group measured the magnetic moments of the proton and of the nucleus (the deuteron) of the heavy isotope of hydrogen, which had just been discovered by Urey. The proton moment was in agreement with Stern's earlier result. The molecular-beam group—which also included, among others, Sidney Millman, who just retired from the Bell Telephone Laboratories; Polykarp Kusch, now at the University of Texas at Dallas; and Norman Ramsey, now a professor at Harvard—was not a factory of physics papers; it published only three or four a year, but each one was a jewel.

In 1937, Rabi devised a method for magnetic-moment measurements that became the central technique in all modern molecular- and atomic-beam experiments, and has transformed the subject into a veritable industry of experimental physics. As before, there are strong non-uniform entry and exit magnets to refocus the beam on a detector. However, in the weak uniform magnetic field between those two magnets Rabi put an oscillator, which produced an additional weak magnetic field that oscillated periodically—like the sending station of a radio transmitter. Rabi arranged things so that he could control the frequency of this oscillation with extreme accuracy. The arrangement was almost like a tuning fork with a variable pitch. When, say, a sodium atom entered the weak-field region, it was in one of the eight possible states of angular momentum. Now, by tuning his oscillator, Rabi could cause the atom to make a quan-



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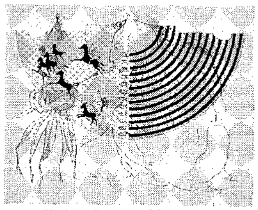

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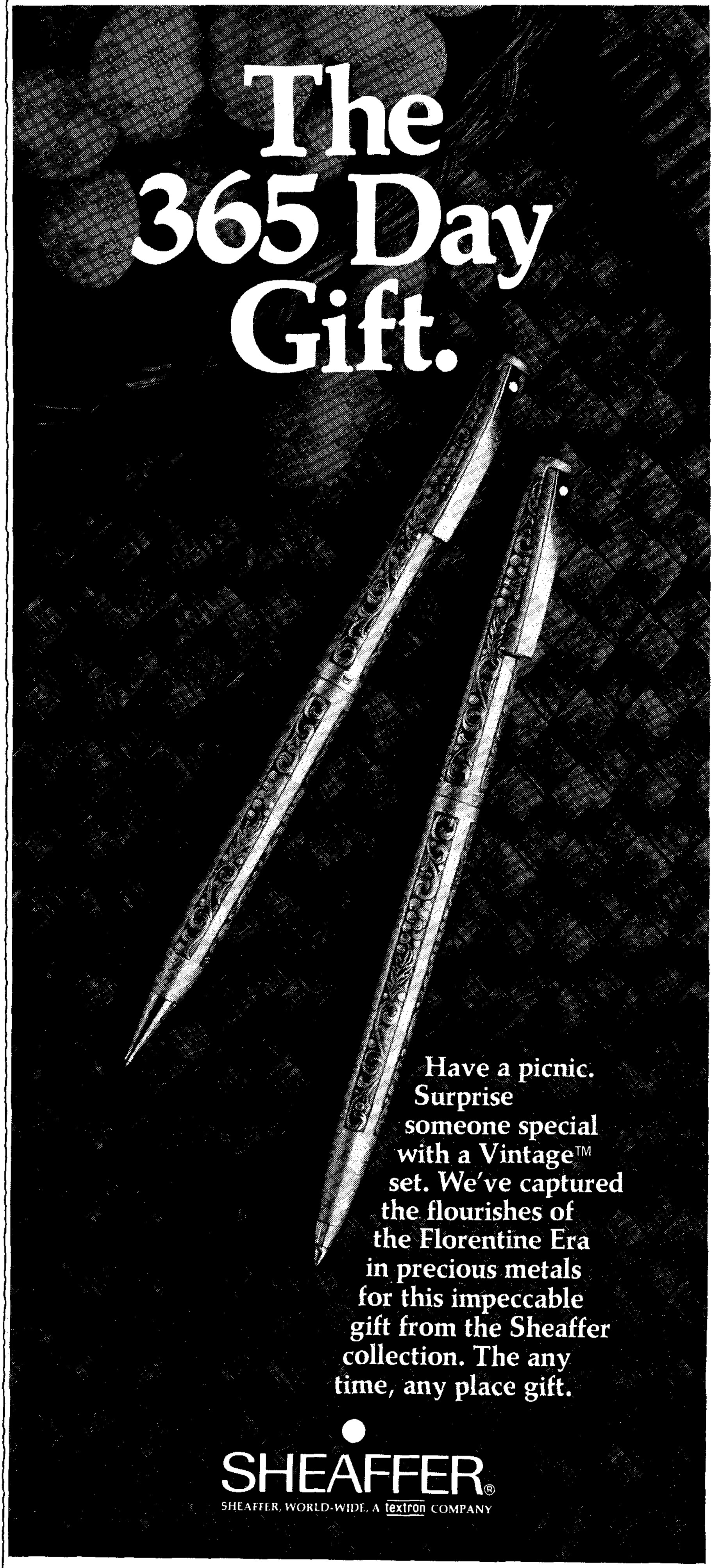
tum jump from one such state to another. At a certain frequency, he was feeding in just the right amount of energy to cause the jump. Whenever this happened, the atom was thrown out of alignment, and that beam stopped focussing on the detector. Thus, by determining the frequency at which the beam stopped focussing, Rabi was making a direct measurement of the energy required to cause the spin to jump, and this energy, it turned out, was proportional to the magnetic moment. Hence he had a technique for measuring magnetic moments, and this technique, with variants, has turned out to be incredibly accurate. To get some idea of how accurate these methods are, one may note that the pre-oscillatory-field techniques produced results valid to two significant figures. The first Rabi experiments produced results to three significant figures, and, just after the Second World War, Polykarp Kusch measured by resonance methods (the usual term for oscillatory-field techniques, because one is allowing the frequency of the field to "resonate" with the energy needed to make the quantum jump) the magnetic moment of the electron to six significant figures. (He shared the 1955 Nobel Prize in physics for this work.) It is now known to nine significant figures, or three parts in a billion.

The students and young faculty members who worked with Rabi at this time were not only from Columbia but from elsewhere in New York City. This was during the Depression, when the smaller institutions simply could not afford to operate their own physics laboratories, so many young physicists had to come to Columbia to do their research. Zacharias, for example, was an assistant professor at Hunter College, teaching sixteen hours a week. In addition, he worked about fifty hours a week in Rabi's laboratory. "It was the happiest period of our lives," Rabi told me. "We liked to work together, and we worked every day of the week. During the year, we would take something like three or four days off. The phenomena were so beautiful—really so beautiful—that people worked terribly hard and very joyfully." At the height of the activity, Rabi had about fifteen people working in his laboratory—a large number for that era in physics—as well as half the department's students and half its money for research, which meant that his lab got eighty-five hundred dollars a year.

Besides Kusch, two of Rabi's other young associates of that period went on



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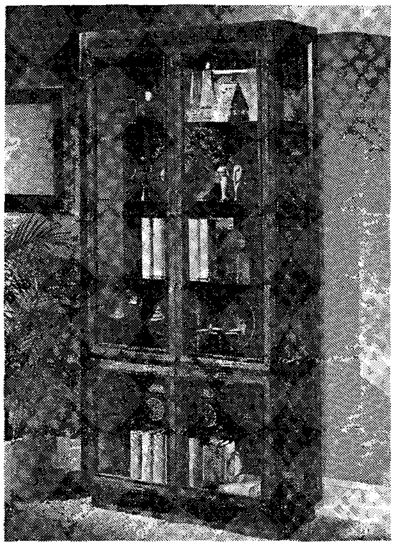
to win the Nobel Prize. Willis E. Lamb, who joined Rabi's group as an instructor in 1938, shared the prize with Kusch in 1955; Lamb's experiment had involved the measurement—again, a variant of the molecular-beam resonance technique—of the so-called Lamb shift in the energy levels of hydrogen, the shift being a tiny displacement of the energies of the electron circling the hydrogen nucleus that arises as a subtle effect in the quantum theory of radiation. Kusch's and Lamb's discoveries were the inspiration for an entirely new development in the quantum theory of radiation, and one of the prime movers in this work was Julian Schwinger, a Rabi student who shared the Nobel Prize with Richard Feynman and Shinichiro Tomonaga in 1965 for this theoretical development. Rabi's discovery of Schwinger, who was one of the most influential teachers of my own generation of physicists (I took many courses from him when I was at Harvard in the nineteen-fifties), was remarkable. "It was sort of romantic, in a way," Rabi recalls. "You can fix it to a year—1935. Einstein, Boris Podolsky, and Nathan Rosen had just published their famous paper"—on an apparent paradox in the quantum theory of measurement. "I was reading the paper, and my way of reading a paper was to bring in a student and explain it to him. In this case, the student was Lloyd Motz, who's now a professor of astronomy at Columbia. We were arguing about something, and after a while Motz said there was someone waiting outside the office, and asked if he could bring him in. He brought in this kid." Schwinger was then sixteen. "So I told him to sit down someplace, and he sat down. Motz and I were arguing, and this kid pipes up and settles the argument by the use of the completeness theorem"—an important mathematical theorem used frequently in the quantum theory. "And I said, 'Who the hell is this?' Well, it turned out that he was a sophomore at City College, and he was doing very badly—flunking his courses, not in physics, but doing very badly. I talked to him for a while and was deeply impressed. He had already written a paper on quantum electrodynamics. So I asked him if he wanted to transfer, and he said yes. He gave me a transcript, and I looked at it. He was failing—English, and just about everything else. He spoke well. I said, 'What's the matter with you? You're flunking English. You speak well, and you sound like an educated person.' He said, 'I have no time to do the themes.' I tried to get him admitted to Colum-

time will tell



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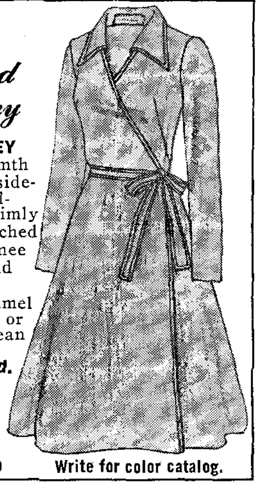

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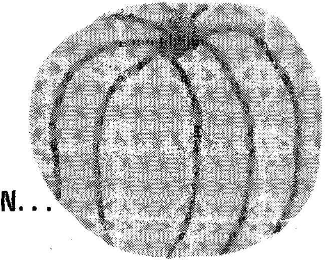

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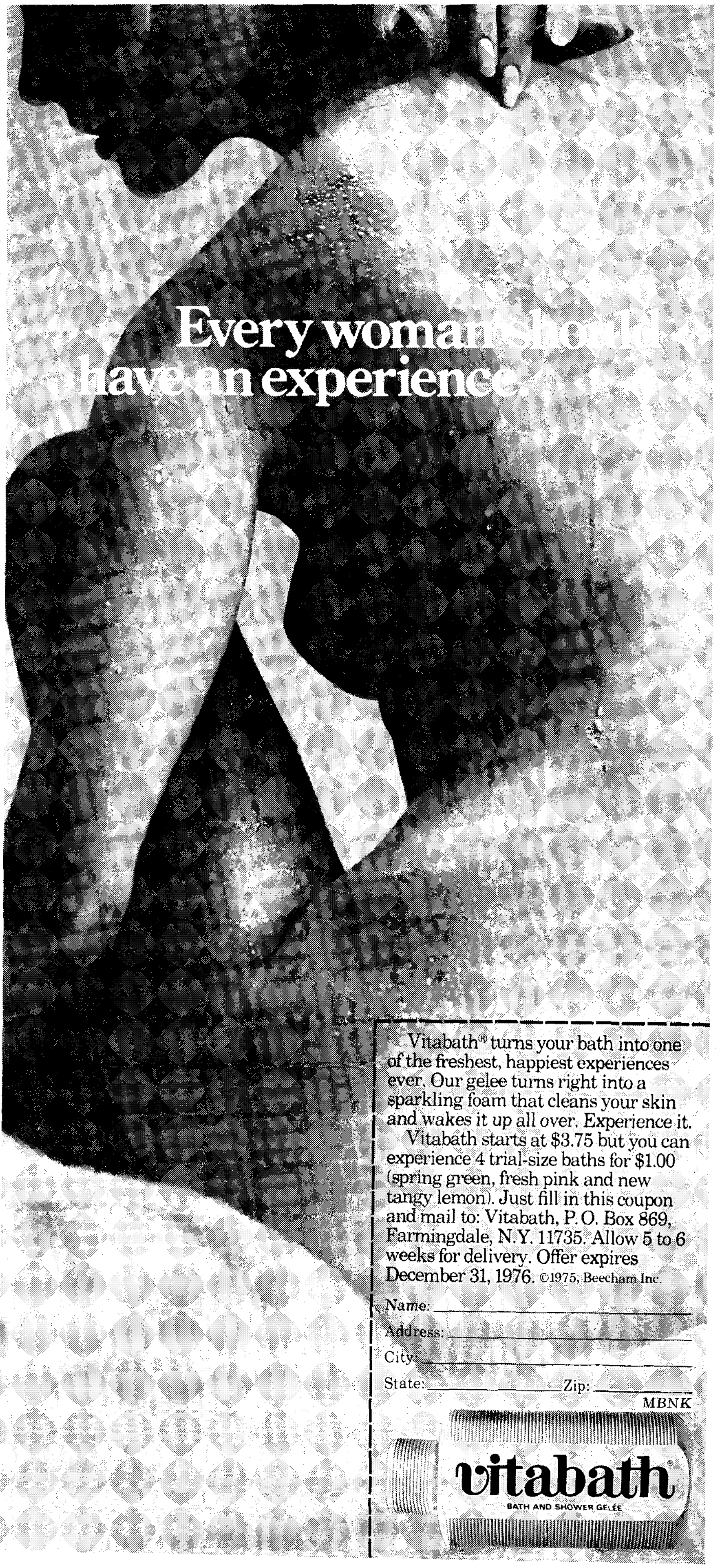
bia on a scholarship. I saw the director of admissions. He looked at the transcript and said, 'A scholarship?' He wouldn't even admit him. Well, Hans Bethe was passing through, and I asked him if he would read Schwinger's paper. He read it and thought well of it. So I asked Bethe to write me a letter. He did. And, armed with this letter, I got Schwinger admitted. He entered Columbia as a junior and actually made Phi Beta Kappa. He turned over a new leaf." (George Uhlenbeck also remembers being asked by Rabi to plead Schwinger's case.)

Rabi went on to tell me about Schwinger's graduation. "One Sunday morning, the dean calls me up and says, 'Schwinger has all his course requirements to graduate, but he doesn't have enough maturity credits.'" At that time, Columbia gave grades for performance in the course work and also something called a maturity credit, which was a measure of the degree of difficulty of the course. It was an attempt to stop students who had taken nothing but snap courses from getting a degree. "I was sore that the dean had called me on this thing. So I said, 'I suppose if Schwinger doesn't have enough maturity credits, he can't graduate.' Silence. Then the dean said, 'I'll be damned if I am going to stop Schwinger from graduating just because he doesn't have enough maturity credits.' That's what I wanted to hear. I didn't want to beg the dean to graduate Schwinger, but if he hadn't he would have been a damn fool." At the time of his graduation, Schwinger had just finished completing the material for his Ph.D. thesis, and he remained at Columbia two years longer, to complete his doctoral residence requirement. He then went on to work with Oppenheimer in California, and has been one of the foremost American theoretical physicists ever since.

PHYSICS has now become an extraordinarily complex professional discipline, broken up into dozens of specialties and subspecialties, some involving experiment and some involving theory. No one today can possibly have a complete grasp of every one of them. Above all, there is a primary differentiation between experimental and theoretical physicists. In most universities, the two groups receive rather different educations after the introductory courses. This arrangement runs the risk of producing what Rabi once referred to as "people who call themselves theorists who can't tie their shoes and people who call themselves experi-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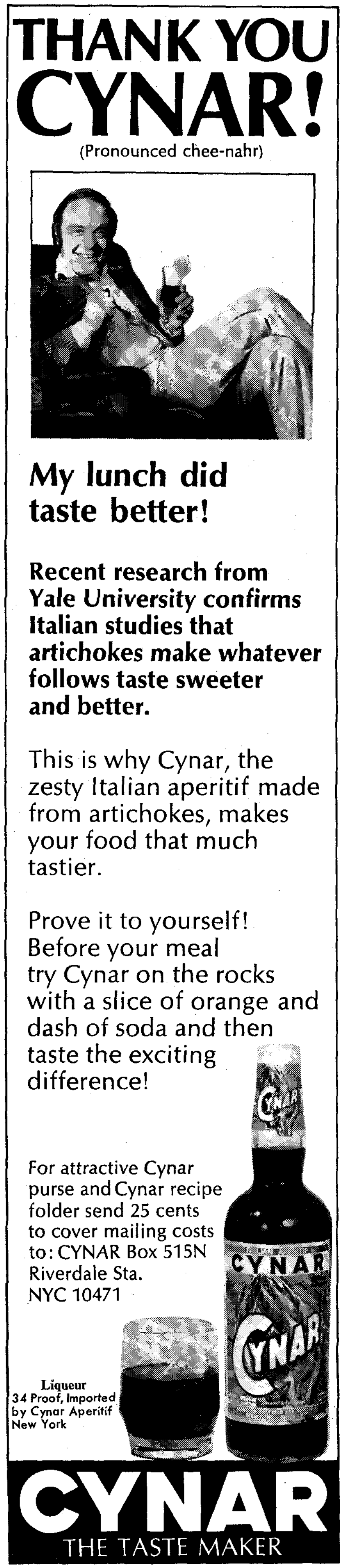

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menters who can hardly add." When Rabi took his degree, such a situation really did not exist—at least, at Columbia—in large part because there was very little instruction there, at that time, in modern theoretical physics. The sharp division, according to Rabi, developed in Germany at the beginning of the century. He told me that if he had been a German and Stern had asked him to do an experiment, he probably would not have done it, since he was otherwise doing theoretical physics. Rabi believes in giving all physics students the same kind of education, "by never telling the student which he is." He explains, "You give the student the fundamentals, and then he comes around to look for someone to work with on a dissertation. He decides with whom he would like to work. If he wants to work with Mr. X, and Mr. X is a theorist and takes him on, then theoretical physics is what he will do." In consequence of this educational philosophy, the Columbia theoretical physicists have always been very closely associated with experimental developments, and the experimenters have had a thorough grasp of theory. Rabi believes that experimenters should generate their own experimental ideas, and not depend on theoretical physicists to tell them what to do. "The last person a young experimenter should ask, in my belief, about an experimental program is a theoretical physicist," he declared. "Not that theoretical physicists are stupid, but they have their ideas, and they want to know the answer to their own problems in their terms. We would not have advanced very far in basic discoveries with a concentration on theory alone. We don't teach our students enough of the intellectual content of experiments—their novelty and their capacity for opening new fields. If you follow a theorist, you come in and say, 'Now what shall I do?' And then you do it, and come back and say, 'What have I done?' I don't know why people work that way. My own view is that you take these things personally. You do an experiment because your own philosophy makes you want to know the result. It's too hard, and life is too short, to spend your time doing something because someone else has said it's important. You must feel the thing yourself—feel that it will change your outlook and your way of life. You must bring it back to the human condition, the human expression—much closer to what the artist is supposed to feel."

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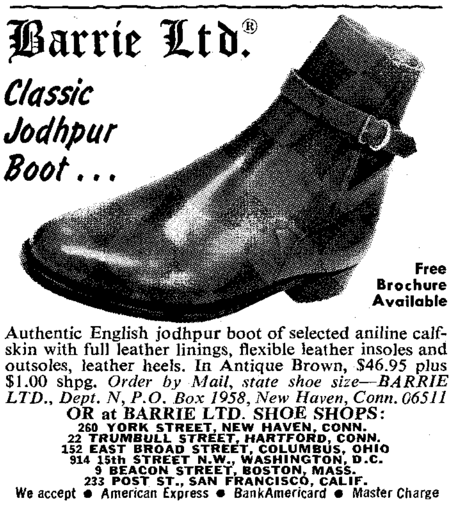

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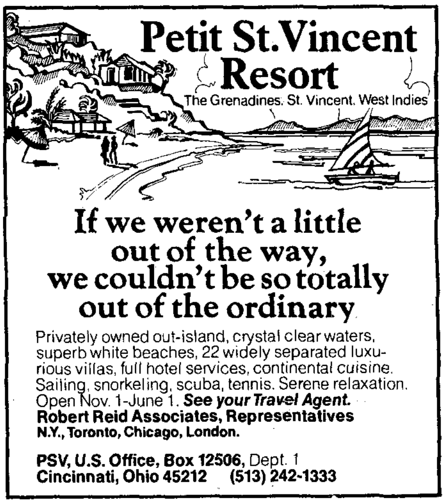

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[illegible] Copenhagen, Denmark — SWANK, INC., Sole Distributor of the cost of doing experiments, not only in physics but in all branches of modern science. This idea didn't get very far with Rabi. "I don't know why people are so impressed by money," he said. "I don't know why. I think that the first experiment that is done pays for the machine. After that, it's gravy. But if you sell your soul to a machine it's terrible. I used to feel that way about my apparatus. There it was. It had to be cleaned. It had to be kept leakproof, and so on. And then I would say, 'Now, who's master here—this machine or me?' I don't think we should worry so much about money. Just because a machine costs a lot of money doesn't mean you have to use it for a lot of dumb experiments."

In 1938, by which time, as Rabi put it, "the molecular beams were going like a house afire," he took a sabbatical leave, during which he did research and consulted with colleagues both at the Institute for Advanced Study and at Columbia. "It was the wrong time for a sabbatical," Rabi told me. "The stuff was going great here, and I had to commute to New York almost every day." Einstein was at Princeton by then, and Rabi had a chance to spend some time with him. "There was one evening after a concert when we all went back to his house," he told me. "Einstein brought out a bottle of lovely cognac. He didn't drink. His secretary didn't drink. Nobody drank except me. So I drank the cognac, and the more I drank, the mellower I got. But then everybody else did, too. It was very interesting. At one point, Helen Dukas, Einstein's secretary, brought out Einstein's report cards. It turned out that he had been a pretty good student." Einstein, like most of the refugee scientists, had become more and more alarmed by the rise of Hitler, and feared that the United States would stand by and allow Hitler to take over Europe. By this time, Rabi was thinking about what he could do, as a physicist, to help in what he was sure would be a war in which America would become involved. "I really felt I ought to do something," he said. "And later, with the fall of France, I became desperate to get into the war."

—Jeremy Bernstein

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

•

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18): Seek acceptance of life as it is and yourself as you are. Peace and lunch are then within your view and all goes well.—*Albuquerque Journal.*

Unless the lamb is stringy.

Look at it this way:
At your wife's last dinner party
the French bread
came from France, of course.
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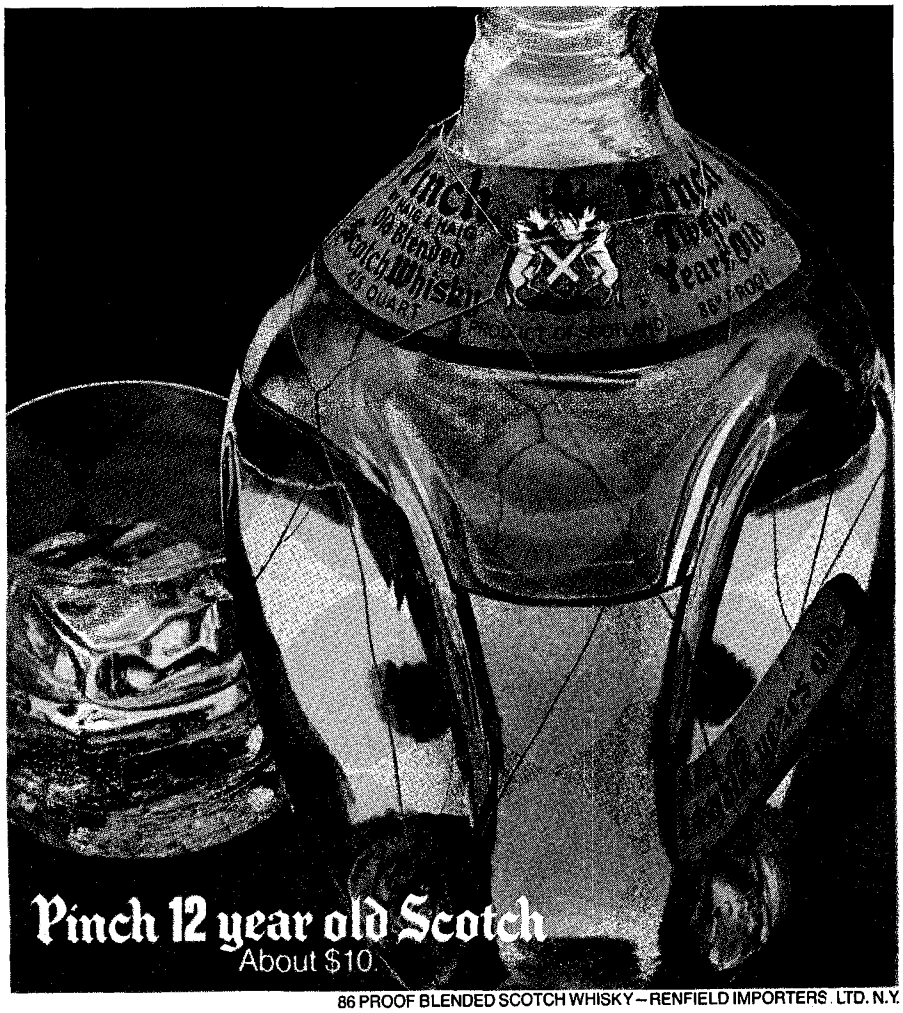

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Living Inside a Movie

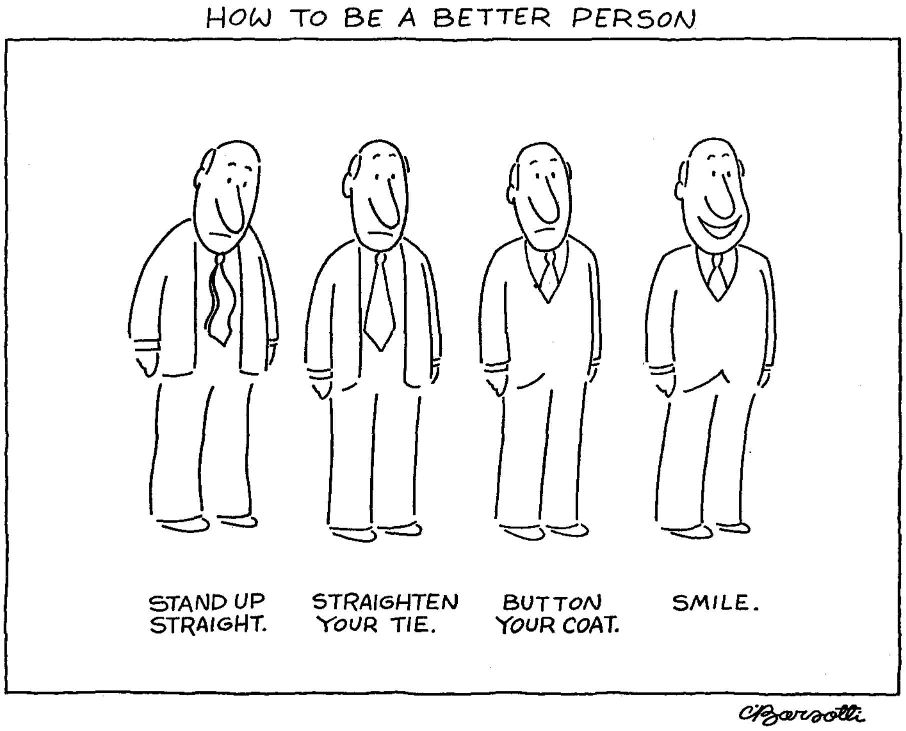
Gene Hackman doesn't have the sexiness of a movie star; he's more like a character actor. He looks so dull and ordinary that it's almost hard to believe that he *is* a star, yet, unlike others who play mediocre men, Gene Hackman is such a consummate actor that he illuminates mediocrity. That's probably what makes him a star. Jeff Bridges shares this ability to transform the commonplace. He appears to be an average, good-looking, burly, blond American boy, yet he sensitizes us to the boy's feelings to such a degree that this average kid seems like the most wonderful kid we've ever seen. His face is masculine and open—like the classic American outdoor boy's—yet totally expressive. Jeff Bridges doesn't seem to keep anything closed off. He makes us care so deeply for the commonplace mugs he plays that, of course, they stop being commonplace and we really love them. (What did Lloyd Bridges feed his sons? The only other young screen actor who gives off this intense, expressive warmth is Jeff's older brother Beau. Both of them have beatific smiles.)

Jeff Bridges is just the right actor for the role of Lewis Tater in Howard Zieff's new comedy, "Hearts of the West" (which is in the New York Film Festival and is to open in a theatre a few days after). Lewis is an upright Iowa farm boy who writes Western stories and aspires to be like his idol, Zane Grey; he leaves home, heads toward the land of his purple-prose dreams, and stumbles into a job as a bit player in Western pictures directed by Kessler (Alan Arkin). The setting is mostly Hollywood in 1930, but it's a special part of Hollywood—the Gower Street area, where Jewish peddlers with heavy Eastern European accents produce quickie Westerns on pathetic budgets. The Rob Thompson script (his first) is about the humor of bottom-level picture-making, and Zieff (this is his first feature since his début film, "Slither") doesn't lob the jokes across. He idolizes comic characters for their own sweet sake, and he wants us to share his pleasure in the penny-pinching hysteric Kessler, yelling in Yiddish, and the troupe of cowboy extras and stunt men, led by Howard Pike (Andy Griffith), who bargain over the price for each fall off a horse. At night, on location in the desert, they let out mock cowboy yells in order to satisfy Kessler's fantasies about what happy fellows they are, but they ration their hi-yippies so as not to spoil him.

As long as the film stays with this happy, snaggletoothed mix of cultures, it has an eccentric enchantment to it. Lewis's friendliness takes you back to the period when Americans who were good were sincere and idealistic; he embodies how we feel now about that period. A lot of what we feel about it comes from the movies. We feel that people weren't so hip in those days—that they were more gullible about simple things, that they had dumb, mail-order dreams, and the confident strength to make some of them come true. "Hearts" is a nostalgia comedy; Lewis is a mock hero who is a true hero. He has that noble-American look of early cowboy stars like George O'Brien. He's Candide in Hollywood, but a conquering Candide, and the contrasts between his high-principled spunk and the other extras' grizzled, good-natured cynicism are nicely underplayed. It's delayed-reaction slapstick, with a distinctive evocative tone; Zieff turns movie conventions around the way Buster Keaton used to. You're watching a scene and then the capper comes: a car rolling back downhill, a dummy that's alive, Howard Pike disappearing into a rattan chair, Lewis jumping onto a horse—his eyes crossing with pain as he lands. And you realize that the scene is a stylized movie gag, and that this is how movies have led us to imagine the past.

There's no condescension or caricature in Zieff's eye for faces. The Gower Gulch cowboys are true screen originals; Zieff brings back comic character actors in a new way, getting their qualities across in a few glimpses (as in a TV commercial). He knows where your eyes will go in a shot, and he knows (from directing commercials) how to get everything in. A director from the theatre might have more going on underneath a scene; Zieff doesn't have layers of texture—it's all where you can see it, and even some of the best moments are overdetailed. But his feeling for the material transforms the television techniques. He grew up in Los Angeles; he knows this gypsy atmosphere, and he doesn't want to paint it in primary colors. He's trusting, like Lewis: he wants to believe that people will respond to a comedy that doesn't punch them on the head. That's what gives "Hearts" its tone. The trouble is, we like the people and the atmosphere so much we want more of them than we get.

We certainly want more of the heroine, Trout, played by Blythe Danner. A couple of years ago, Blythe Danner starred as an independent earth-mother woman who lived with two men most of her life, in the suicidally titled "Lovin' Molly," from Larry McMurtry's "Leaving Cheyenne." It was crudely made, but there were suggestive spaces in it—you couldn't tie it all up. Danner's full-blown, straightforward Molly, who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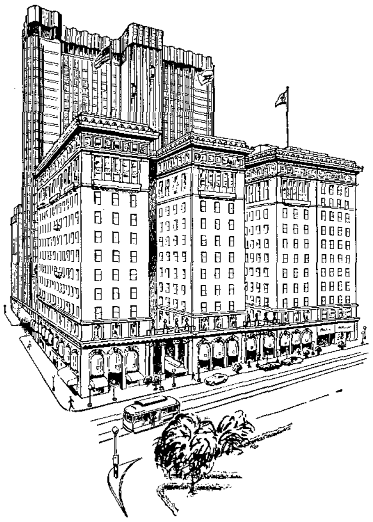

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didn't worry about being conventional, because conventions meant nothing to her, was like a Hardy heroine—Eustacia Vye, or Tess—growing up in Texas. I thought Blythe Danner was going to become a great movie star, but "Lovin' Molly" got measly distribution and vanished, and stars aren't made by flop movies. She has appeared on television (most conspicuously as Amanda in the "Adam's Rib" series), but Trout, in "Hearts of the West," marks her return to the screen, and this time as a skinny comedienne. She looks startlingly different: her radiant, strong face has narrowed down, and, with less to her physically, one is far more aware of her husky, changeable voice. That voice has levels in it; it's a French 75—you get the champagne through the chipped ice and cognac. Trout, Kessler's script girl, is the kind of girl you imagine you'd find in Hollywood, though you're not sure why she's there. She's accepted in the men's world of the movie company, but she's not really part of the easy camaraderie; she's accepted as an outsider who knows enough not to butt in. The men are an ensemble, and they spoof seriousness even when they're serious, the way people who work together and drink together often do. But Trout is more tense—she's special. She tries to wise up the inexperienced hero—like Jean Arthur in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" or "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington." Trout, however, is more matter-of-fact and grownup than the Jean Arthur heroines. There's less girlish coquetry in her manner. Wide-eyed in the sense of looking at things unblinkingly, Blythe Danner suggests a harsher-voiced, less fragile Margaret Sullavan as well as Jean Arthur; she has style.

The defects of "Hearts" are mostly a tribute to its charm. We don't need or want the rinky-dink chase plot, involving two crooks pursuing Lewis for a money box he got hold of by accident. And this plot limits the film's time span to a few days, when Lewis's story needs a longer period—time for him to adapt to places like his rooming house, with the sign outside: "STERN'S HACIENDA LA CIENEGA ROOMS TO LET." We want to see what happens to Lewis Tater; he's the real plot. Chances are that no studio would have financed "Hearts" without the standard farce-chase garbage, but it limits the film's scope. It makes the picture cute in places, and it forces an artificial tempo, so that Lewis's travels in Hollywood are too hurried and the scenes don't get a chance to play out.

The viewer expects Lewis to become a cowboy star, and it's a letdown for the audience when, upon being promoted to leading man, he ill-advisedly asks Kessler for a hundred and fifty dollars a week and gets fired. That's when the picture loses its subject and is caught in plot complications involving Herbert Edelman, as a producer, and Donald Pleasence, as his brother-in-law, a Western-pulp publisher. (The moviemakers, who give Pleasence the palatial Harold Lloyd estate for his home, seem to have an inflated idea of pulp-mill profits.) We waste time at a lavish brunch at Pleasence's place, and one of the richest elements in the movie—Lewis's finding his Zane Grey father figure in Howard Pike—is slighted. The camera feasts on Andy Griffith's lined, rugged beauty, but we don't get enough insight into Pike's betrayal of the hero-worshipping kid. These story threads aren't quite long enough to connect. There are smaller flaws. Zieff tries to make the picture effective by throwing in bits that are often nifties (like Lewis's screen test, which starts before the titles) but don't quite fit. And sometimes he gives a scene the wrong emphasis (at Lewis's home in Iowa, his family laughs at the wording of a letter he gets from a correspondence school, when it is his aspirations that would be the target). There are slips, too: Kessler gives a smoker for "Sid," and the Gower Gulchers all attend, but we don't know who Sid is, or what the smoker sequence is doing in this movie. What I'm asking for is smooth perfection—for "Hearts" to be as wonderful as its best parts. But what's there plays on in the mind—maybe because we never get our fill of the characters. Kessler alone is more of a character than one meets in most movies. He's so intense he's funny; this is a specialty of Alan Arkin's, and he does vocal tricks and gestures that nobody's ever quite thought of before. When Kessler tries to be suavely relaxed, his tongue gets coated with honey, and nobody trusts him. So he's coaxing the stunt men one moment and flaring up like a madman the next. In his own way, he's as ingenuous as Lewis, and he, too, knows what he wants. The high-strung son of a bitch might even have talent. "Hearts of the West" doesn't sell anybody short.

"ROYAL FLASH" was adapted by George MacDonald Fraser from one of his novels celebrating the inglorious career of Captain Harry Flashman, of the 11th Hussars (Malcolm McDowell), a rotten, snivelling Victorian coward. The Richard Lester film might be a holiday, rumpus-room epic if we had any reason to feel affection for Flashman—if he were blithe or sunny, or if we could feel a driblet of complicity with him. But the characters don't care about each other, and we don't care about any of them. Lester is on his own antic wavelength, and he doesn't try to tune us in. On the dedication page of "Royal Flash," Fraser acknowledges "Ronald Colman, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Errol Flynn, Basil Rathbone, Louis Hayward, Tyrone Power, and all the rest of them." The conception is a parody of movie heroics. Since most of the swashbuckler entertainments these stars appeared in were harmless half-parodies anyway, one can hardly raise this idea to the level of irreverence—impudence is surely the highest one can aspire to. "Royal Flash" is no more than a takeoff on "The Prisoner of Zenda," plus "The Man in the Iron Mask," "The Mark of Zorro," and others of the genre. Why, then, the scathing tone? Lester keeps showing us bawdiness, blood sport, lechery—revelling in trouncing it all. No one else has ever had such a brittle hauteur toward roustabout prankishness. Are the romantics who allow themselves dreams of courage and chivalry really such a serious enemy? Richard Lester's vision of the past is surely no more accurate.

If ever there was a movie director who needed to rediscover simplicity, it's Richard Lester—even more than Ken Russell. These directors overvalue their own fertility; they don't bother timing their gags, or building up to them—they just throw everything together. You can still feel the frenzied joy of sacrilege in Russell's bombast—Russell has kept his relish for little-boy naughty jokes. Lester has no relish left—"Royal Flash" is little-boy humor gone dry. The decorative clutter of his "Musketeer" films was the best thing about them; Lester appeared to be integrating Buster Keaton's visual precision with his own love of scurrilous excess. Here the clutter seems to be merely slovenly filmmaking. The color and the imagery form an irritating pale blur in one's head. The Wagnerian passages on the track sometimes come on with an amusing whoosh of emotion, but Fraser's dialogue—undistinguished at best—is carelessly synched.

Lester uses extravagant Bavarian locations—castles out of fables—and doesn't tip us to where we're supposed to be. He can't hold an idea for more than a few frames; he's too restless

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to carry anything through. Watching "Royal Flash" is like flipping the TV dial and seeing brawling and bashing and sword-sticking on every channel. Lester is inventive, all right, but a director with a quarter of his inventiveness and a little warmth would be more entertaining. Probably "Juggernaut" worked better than his other recent films because he could vent his scorn on the numbskull Grand Hotel ship-in-danger plot. He burned the story to a crisp, yet that story gave him the dramatic underpinnings he needed. He doesn't have any here, and he goes through his bag of tricks like a magician with dishpan hands.

There's an element of cruelty in the duelling horseplay. When Oliver Reed, as the Prussian statesman Bismarck, pencils in scars on McDowell's face, there's something nasty in the wait for the slashes we know are coming. And when Florinda Bolkan, as Lola Montez, fights a duel with a fat prima donna and cuts an "L" on the woman's cushy breast, the movie-joke reference to "Zorro" might be funny if we didn't see the blood dripping. Lester seems determined to take the innocence out of his games.

And they are always *his* games. He uses celebrated stars as if they were barely competent bit players, to be got offscreen as quickly as possible. Alastair Sim, the great dissembler himself, turns up (as a lawyer), is given nothing to do, and is gone; as an assassin with an iron arm, Lionel Jeffries manages a shivering, demented stare now and then, but he is barely given an identity, and by the time you spot Tom Bell or Joss Ackland or Michael Hordern they've been disposed of. (I never even noticed Roy Kinnear, though he's listed in the credits.) Richard Lester's style turns actors into objects; he uses them for their surface appearances. It isn't possible for an actor to develop a layered character in the brief gag scenes; the actors perform actions, and that is all. The figures they play may calculate or conspire or leer, but no depth or intelligence is permitted them. Lester's is the mind at work. His attitude toward the actors here seems both mocking and fond—but perhaps fond only because he has got them scaled down to subnormal size. He's carved his "L" on them.

Alan Bates is just a mustachioed villain, and as Flashman's bride, the Duchess Irma, ruler of the mythical Strackenz, Britt Ekland has only one funny bit—she becomes clenched with fright on her wedding night. The Duchess's character is supposed to undergo a transformation from zombie-like pre-marital iciness to post-marital insatiability—not such a very original comic idea, and even danker in the execution. (Madeleine Carroll was funnier in this role in "The Prisoner of Zenda," without even intending to be.) The only actor Lester appears to respect is Oliver Reed, and maybe that's because Reed is a prize object. What a face he's got for horror films: swinish, contaminated, clammy. Moss grows on that brackish face. And that dirty smirk—he always looks as if someone off camera had just accepted one of his obscene offers and he's already wondering if he can improve on it. Oliver Reed can be lewdly funny, like nobody else, but he isn't here, though since Bismarck is the chief villain, his mean presence dominates the movie. Lester takes comedians and doesn't allow them time to be funny, and he tries to turn Malcolm McDowell and Florinda Bolkan into low comics. McDowell doesn't have the trained agility for physical comedy; his Flashman is just a squirming silly. As for Florinda Bolkan, she's stalwart, like a female Randolph Scott, and when she's trying to be bewitching, each repositioning of the muscles of her face seems to require the services of a derrick. When Bolkan dances, Lola Montez may be the most maligned artist in history; it was bad enough when Martine Carol danced in the sad, botched Max Ophuls film, but Bolkan—this is an oak tree prancing.

If anti-heroes have become a far less appealing cliché than heroes ever were, Richard Lester is one of those responsible. "Royal Flash" is so alienating because Lester has done all this carousing and pratfalling before. His inventiveness is beginning to seem desperate, compulsive—as if he kept piling on the jokes because he was bored. There are times when one would swear that he wanted the slapstick unfunny.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

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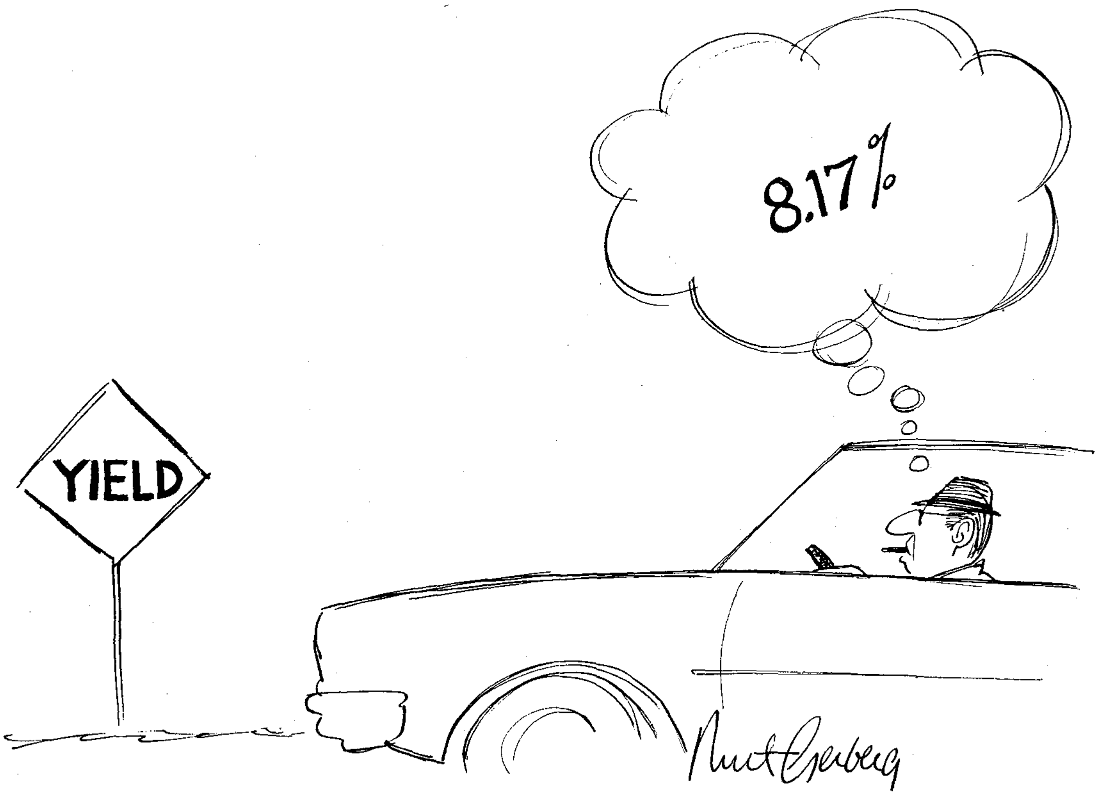
THE SPORTING SCENE

FROM WIMBLEDON TO FOREST HILLS—A SUMMER TO REMEMBER

Hazel Hotchkiss Wightman, the donor of the Wightman Cup (which women's tennis teams from Great Britain and the United States play for annually) and the winner of forty-four national tennis titles (including the United States Women's Singles Championship in 1909, 1910, 1911, and 1919), died in early December last year, two weeks before her eighty-eighth birthday. It was typical of her that she remained physically active in tennis through the last summer of her life despite an ailing left leg that forced her to use a cane. I was hardly surprised when I learned from a friend that Mrs. Wightman, who loved to teach young players, appeared one day at a small tennis camp twenty miles south of Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts, where she had her home, and coached a cross-section of the campers, standing on the baseline and rallying with them, her cane in her left hand and her racquet in her right as she sent back a succession of forehand shots. During one exchange, a ball was hit to her left side. Instead of letting it go, she lifted up her cane, so that she could move quickly into position, and after chopping a crisp backhand over the net exclaimed, "Oh, I'm not supposed to do that!" This picture—a most appropriate one of this exceptional woman—remains implanted in my mind.

In the last few years, however, I have found myself thinking frequently of Mrs. Wightman for reasons quite apart from her hardiness and longevity. As much as any tennis player I know of, she epitomized the ethic that an athlete can be fiercely competitive and at the same time, through instinct and character, perform with authentic sportsmanship. In marked contrast, during the past several seasons certain men in the top stratum of the game have made followers of tennis only too well aware of how hollow the whole concept of sports becomes when players, especially of championship class, are guilty of bad and sometimes outlandish manners. The two chief offenders—this is not exactly in the nature of a scoop—have been Ilie Nastase, of Rumania, and Jimmy Connors, the twenty-three-year-old whiz kid from Belleville, Illinois. Nastase makes it a practice to argue with the umpire, to fuss about and take inordinate time getting into position to receive service, to provoke small tempests that allow him to stall, and so on—anything to throw his opponent off stride and break his concentration. Connors is an even more regrettable case, since the young American, a left-hander with a two-handed backhand, has demonstrated over the last two years that he is very likely not only the best player in the world today but perhaps the finest tennis talent that has emerged in this country since Pancho Gonzales, a quarter of a century ago. He is amazingly quick in getting to the ball, and he whacks his shots, both his ground strokes and his volleys, harder than anyone else in recent history—even harder than Lew Hoad, the Australian strong boy, did in the mid-nineteen-fifties. One has to go all the way back to Ellsworth Vines, in the early nineteen-thirties, to find Connors' equal in sheer ferocity of hitting. Unfortunately, Connors has marred his achievements by his behavior on the court. He is addicted to ploys of arrant gamesmanship, such as blowing on his racquet hand for long, annoying seconds when he is getting ready to serve and, also, bouncing the ball a distracting number of times just before starting his service motion. Often after he has made a brilliant shot, he turns his back on his opponent with a calculated flourish to rub it in. He has on many occasions topped off his general rudeness by using foul language that can be heard in the stands and by indulging in vulgar gestures, sometimes in response to taunts from spectators but at other times without any apparent provocation. Until late this summer, when he settled down a little, Connors did not seem to be unduly bothered by the knowledge that his court manners offended nearly all sports fans, and in particular the very people who best appreciated his uncommon skills. He is already looking beyond the game—studying singing with Paul Anka and preparing himself for a career as an entertainer.



The vagaries of Connors and Nastase and a few of their colleagues are, as I mentioned earlier, what made me think of Mrs. Wightman and her devotion to the code of sportsmanship which prescribes that one must respect the game itself and the rights of one's opponents no matter how trying the circumstances. As a young girl entering her late teens in California, her home state, at the start of the century and attempting to find her way in tennis, Mrs. Wightman—then Hazel Hotchkiss—did not have an easy time of it. She came from Berkeley, in the central part of the state, and as her

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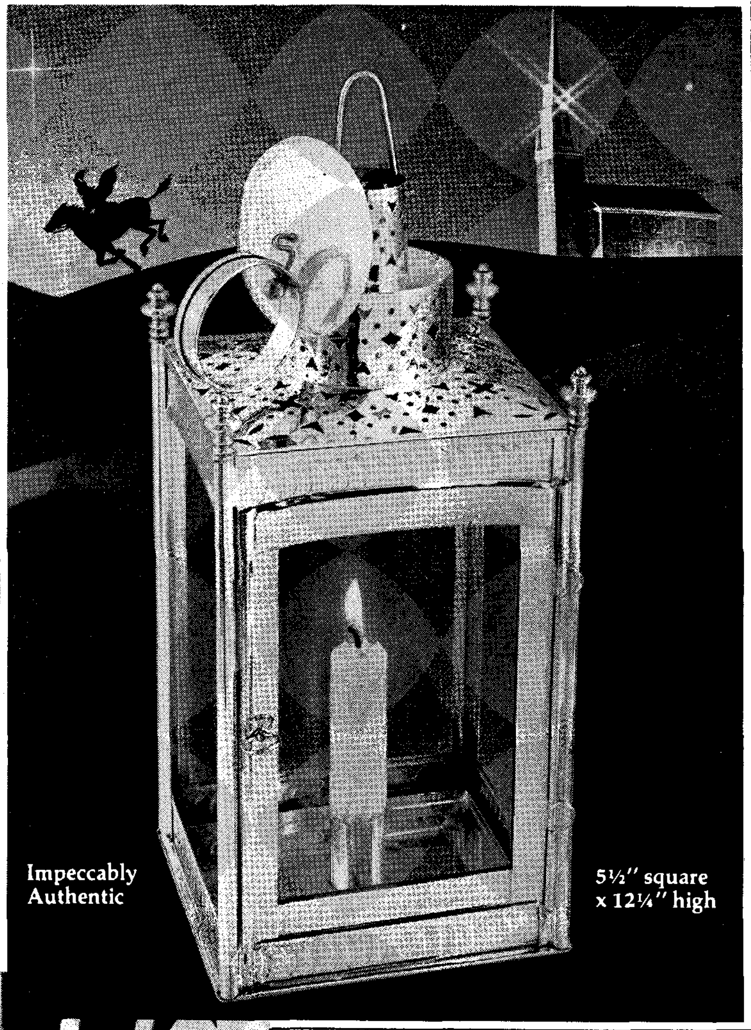

If there was one moment at which the **American Revolution** may properly be said to have begun, it was on April 18, 1775, when Robert Newman, sexton of Boston's Old North Church, lighted two lanterns to send a warning from the church steeple that the British were coming.

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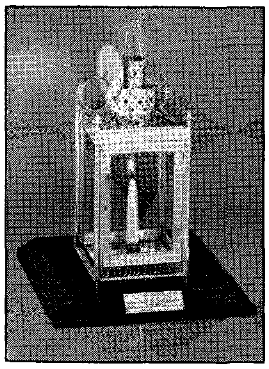

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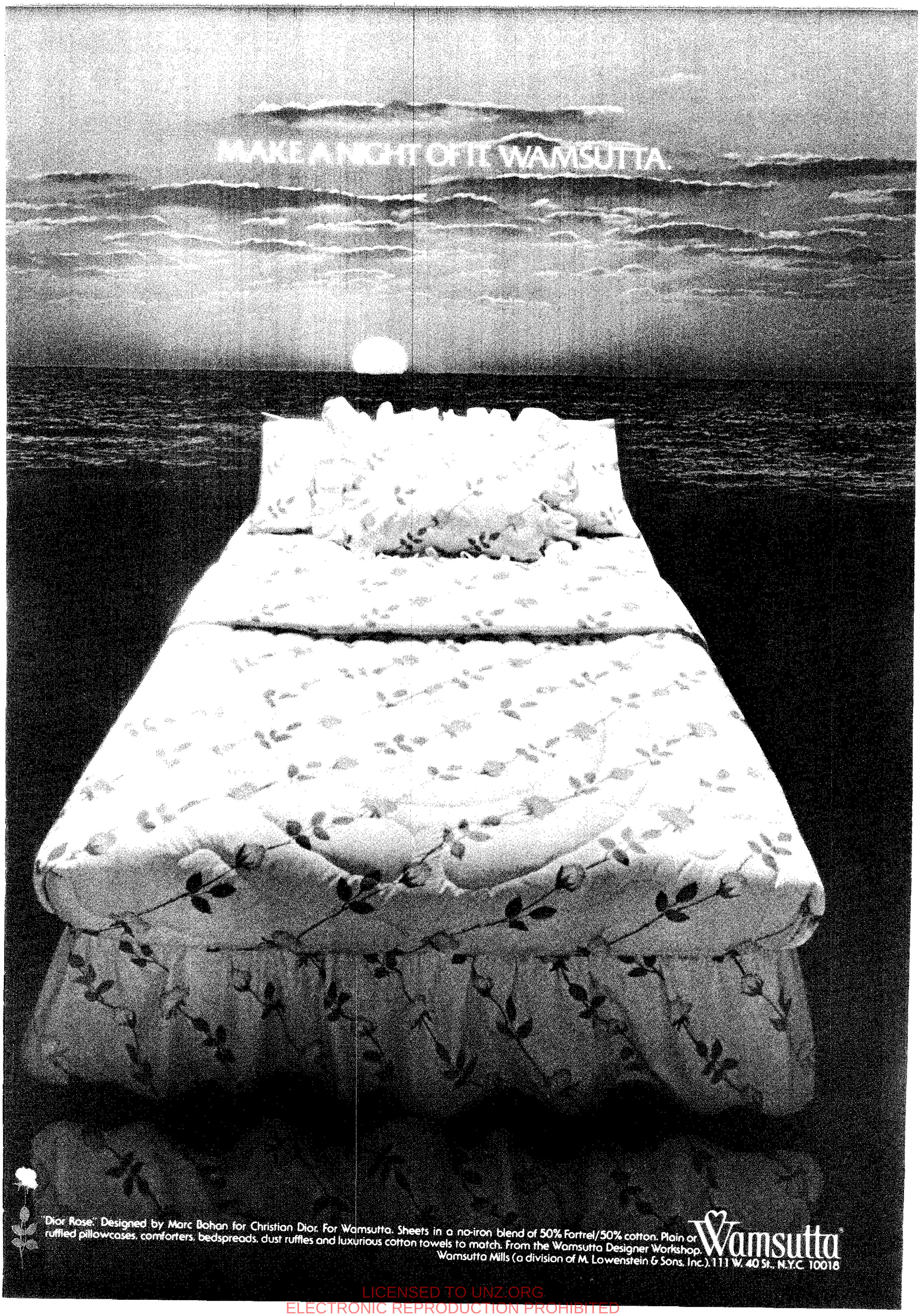
game improved and the orbit of her tournament play widened she ran smack into the prides of southern California—the famous Sutton sisters, from Pasadena. There were five Suttons in all. May, the youngest, was far and away the best. A sturdily built girl with a crushing forehand drive, limitless stamina, and the pugnacity of a bulldog, she abhorred the thought of losing and was not above consciously putting her opponents off if she felt that it would make victory surer. Having cleaned up all competition on the West Coast, in 1904, at the age of seventeen, she went East to the Philadelphia Cricket Club for the United States Championships and carried off the women's singles title with the loss of only three games in two sets. She didn't enter the Nationals again during her peak years, but in 1905 she undertook the long trip to England and became the first American, man or woman, to capture a Wimbledon championship. When she returned there the next year to defend her title, she was defeated in the challenge round by Dorothea Douglass, but the following year she turned the tables on Miss Douglass (who had become Mrs. Lambert-Chambers). After that, Miss Sutton never went back to Wimbledon. In her first meeting with Hazel Hotchkiss, in California, she overpowered her. Miss Hotchkiss, who was a year older than May, was a compact young woman barely five feet tall. She had good control of her ground strokes, but the best of them couldn't begin to compare with May's awesome forehand. The only departments of Hazel's game that were superior to May's were her volley and her overhead, but getting to net against May was a very difficult thing. Early in 1910, the year after Hazel won *her* first United States Women's Singles Championship—thanks in good measure to May's absence—she at length succeeded in taking a set from May, which was something that no American woman except the other Suttons had ever done. Later that year, in the Ojai Valley tournament, she actually defeated her. The score was 2–6, 6–4, 6–0, and May did not like it at all. She marched off the court without congratulating the winner, and Hazel had to run around the net and intercept her, so that there could at least be a token handshake. By this time, Hazel had discovered that she could get to the net against May if she did it in two moves. First, after hitting a deep forehand or backhand, she moved from the baseline to the service line. This is a position where few players can live, but Hazel, a virtuoso at volleying, could handle May's returns at midcourt with a volley or half volley, after which she moved the rest of the way to net and put the ball away with an angled smash or volley.

Later that year, the two young Californians had a tremendous battle in the Pacific Coast Championship at Del Monte—"the Newport of the West." May won the first set, 7–5, but Hazel fought back and took the second, 6–4. Then May did a startling thing. Instead of returning to the court after the brief rest period for the deciding set, she told the umpire that she would like a cup of tea. During the twenty minutes it took for the tea to arrive and May to drink it, she stretched out in a wicker chair and regally took her ease. This outrageous stalling—it should never have been permitted—worked: she won the third set, 6–4. Following this extraordinary incident, the Hazel-May confrontations took on, for their supporters, the cold, strained grimness of an open feud, each side trying to outneedle and outshout the other. May was the winner in most of these matches, but one she didn't win was her first meeting with Hazel on grass, in 1911 at Niagara-on-the-Lake, in Ontario. May had whipped through the first set without dropping a game and was leading 5–1 in the second when Hazel began to hit the ball harder and better. As her play improved, May's fell off a little, and Hazel won six straight games to rescue the set, 7–5. She kept going, and ran off six more games in a row for the third set and the match. The point that should be brought out is that during this extended rivalry Hazel Hotchkiss, though disturbed by May Sutton's chronic bellicosity and appalled by the rowdy partisanship of the galleries, kept control of herself and played up to her ability. The understanding she gained of how to compete under intense pressure helped to make her a most effective teacher of young players with tournament ambitions, but what made her such an invaluable influence on them was her conviction—undoubtedly heightened by its absence in May's makeup—that good sportsmanship is crucial to the true enjoyment of tennis and other games.

TO return to Connors, it was as much his controversial personality as his dynamic tennis during the preceding twelve months that made the 1975 Wimbledon final, in which he



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was unexpectedly defeated by Arthur Ashe, one of the most fascinating and dramatic matches in tennis history. Before examining it in some detail, I feel a few general observations might well be made. Weeks after Wimbledon, tennis buffs were still talking about the match, and it is hard to remember another in the last decade that has been analyzed so carefully or discussed so frequently over so long a period. Certainly one reason the Wimbledon final aroused such attention is that, as the tennis world has long been aware, there is no love lost between Connors and Ashe. Last year, Connors filed an anti-trust suit, asking thirty-one million dollars in damages, against the officers of the Association of Tennis Professionals, the players' trade union, which Ashe was instrumental in forming, and which he currently serves as president. Then, in answer to a three-million-dollar libel suit filed against Connors and his flamboyant manager, Bill Riordan, by Jack Kramer, the executive director of the A.T.P., Connors and Riordan filed a counter-claim for ten million dollars against the A.T.P. officers. One of the bases of this complaint was a letter that Ashe had written to some members of the A.T.P. in which he called Connors "seemingly unpatriotic" for repeatedly turning down invitations to play on the United States Davis Cup team. Whereas Connors is as contentious as May Sutton was, and lets it all hang out, Ashe, like Mrs. Wightman, adheres to the principles of sportsmanship, regardless of the circumstances. "I'd be embarrassed if I had the temperament of Ilie Nastase," Ashe said this spring when he was interviewed by Edwin Newman on the television program "Speaking Freely." "I don't think Nastase could play tennis if he had my emotional makeup," he added. "Unless Nastase can emote, he can't play."

Ashe began to learn to control his feelings when he was very young. Born in Richmond, Virginia, in 1943, the son of a remarkable man who started out as a chauffeur, became a special police officer for the city's Department of Parks and Recreation, and later, while continuing to hold that job, organized his own custodial and landscaping businesses, Arthur played his first tennis at seven, on the courts at the Brook Field playground. This was one of the playgrounds his father supervised, and the family's house was situated on the property, close by the pool and the courts. By the age of ten, Arthur was the most promising of the young black players in the Richmond area. This earned him a number of summertime stays in Lynchburg with Dr. Robert W. Johnson, a black general practitioner and tennis enthusiast, who had set out to help the best prospects he could discover, with the aim of developing players able to hold their own against all comers in the tournaments put on by the United States Lawn Tennis Association. (This year, by the way, the U.S.L.T.A. became the U.S.T.A.—the United States Tennis Association.) Dr. Johnson taught his protégés not only advanced tennis but good manners. "He figured that in the segregated South at the time—early fifties—if any of the tournament directors could figure out any excuse for kicking us black kids out, they would do it," Ashe explained when he appeared with Newman. "So Dr. Johnson had to selectively go through the screening process and pick only the kids who could take the mental pressure of not exploding on the court, as well as measuring up to the winning and losing. So we were taught, for instance, first of all, when you walk onto the court you have to be impeccable in your appearance. Your shorts and your shoes . . . When we got on the court during the junior days, we didn't have linesmen. You had an umpire, and that's all. You called your own lines and he helped. Every close call would go to your opponent, so that they could never say you cheated. When you changed sides, to change ends of the court, if your opponent happened to be serving next, you were to pick up every ball—the balls on your side—and hand them to your opponent. In fact, you were to be the most courteous guy—you know, faultless person—one could find. And this went on for eight or ten years."

While he was under the aegis of Dr. Johnson, Ashe won the United States Indoor Junior Championship in 1960 and 1961 as well as the United States Interscholastic Championship in 1961—the first black male to capture a national tennis title. (Althea Gibson had won the United States Women's Championship in 1957 and 1958, and also the women's championship at Wimbledon those two years.) When Ashe was old enough to go out on his own, he could conceivably have rebelled against this intensive drilling in deportment, but he had done his own thinking on the subject and reached the conclusion that the traditionalists were right—how you played the game *was* more important than whether you won or lost. As a result, because of the big

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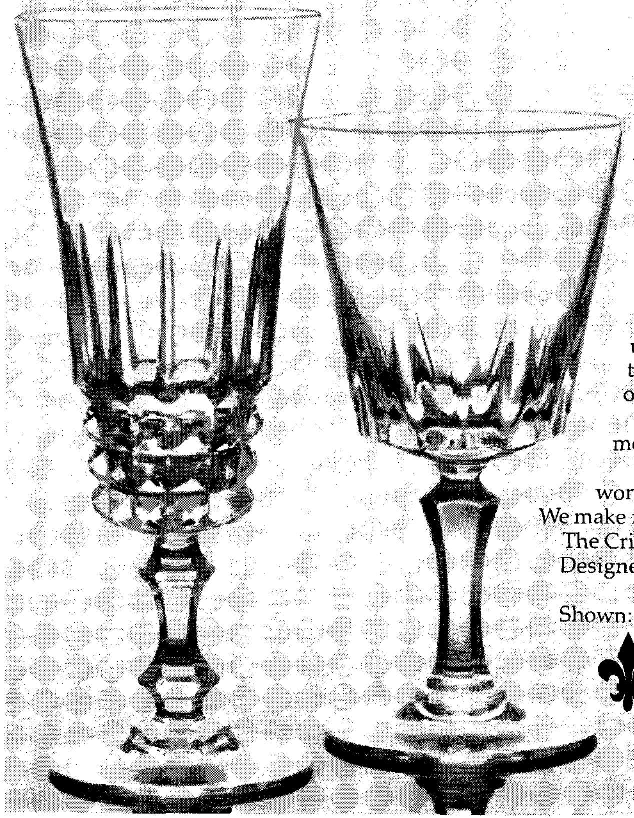

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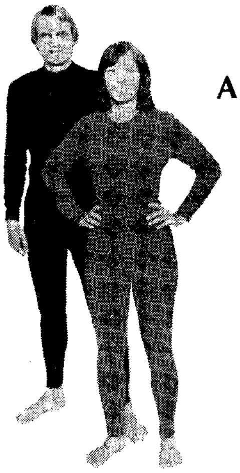
difference in the two men's approaches, the Ashe-Connors final had not only the gravity of a grudge match but more than a touch of the hyped-up atmosphere of a jousting duel in a Walter Scott novel, with one of the combatants portrayed as the last word in chivalry and the other as villainy incarnate.

Connors was the odds-on favorite, offered at 3–20 in William Hill's bookmaking tent on the Wimbledon grounds. It was understandable. In 1974, he had established himself as the No. 1 player in the world by winning Wimbledon, the United States Open at Forest Hills, the Australian Open, the South African Open, and just about everything else he entered. On New Year's Day, 1975, his parade was halted when he lost to John Newcombe after a prodigious battle in the final of the Australian Open. Then Connors, a medium-sized athlete (five-ten, one-fifty) who is all whipcord, began marching again. In two challenge matches at Las Vegas, produced for national television, he defeated Rod Laver in February and Newcombe in April in very convincing fashion—he never looked like losing. During the cold-weather season, appearing for the most part on the rather weak Independent Players Association indoor circuit, which Riordan directs, he swept through one event after another, and, in fact, went unbeaten until he flew to Europe to play in some grass-court tournaments in preparation for Wimbledon, which starts the last week in June. At Chichester, he lost in the semi-finals to a comparative unknown, Bernie Mitton, of South Africa, and at Nottingham he lost in the quarter-finals to Roscoe Tanner, a rising young player from Tennessee. On both these occasions, though, Connors was concerned primarily with getting his game tuned up for Wimbledon and not with winning these relatively unimportant tournaments. He had apparently paced himself perfectly. At Wimbledon, he did not drop a set in defeating John Lloyd, Vijay Amritraj, Mark Cox, Phil Dent, Raul Ramirez, and Tanner en route to the final. He was especially impressive against Tanner, who made the mistake of trying to outpower him. Connors, who probably has the best return of service in the game, simply waded into Tanner's cannonballs and blasted them back even faster than they had come over the net. Many old tennis hands say that they have never seen anyone else hit a tennis ball as hard as Connors did that day.

Ashe, in getting himself ready for



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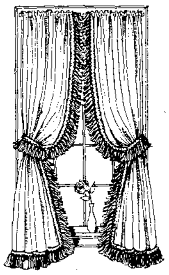

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the final, studied the films of Connors' matches against Ramirez and Tanner. "The Tanner match showed me how not to play Connors, and the Ramirez match showed me how to play him," Ashe said when I talked with him eighteen days after the Wimbledon final, at the annual Washington *Star* tournament. We were sitting in a trailer near the courts, where some of the players rested and relaxed between matches. "Ramirez has wonderful mobility and lots of shots, but he needed more firepower when he was in charge of the rallies. What he lacks is the ability to shift into high gear and blaze down the highway." Ashe's strategy called for him to cut loose when the situation warranted with his blistering ground strokes (his backhand is one of the fastest, and finest, in the world) and to make appropriate use of his wicked service (particularly a wide-swinging serve to Connors' two-handed backhand in the deuce court), but the root of his strategy was to give Connors as little pace as possible. He meant to feed him a steady diet of chips and dinks, keeping his shots low, changing their speed, and playing many of them down the middle to deny Connors the maximum crosscourt angles. He also meant to lob him a good deal. In defeating Bjorn Borg, the gifted nineteen-year-old Swedish player, in the World Championship of Tennis final at Dallas in mid-May and again at Wimbledon, Ashe had mixed in a much higher percentage of soft, short, angled strokes than he usually does, and it had worked out well. He had never employed these tactics against Connors, however, having concentrated mainly on playing him down the middle and attacking his second serve. They had met three times before, and Connors had won all three matches: 6–3, 4–6, 6–4, 3–6, 6–2 in the final of the 1973 United States Professional Championship; 6–4, 7–6, 6–3 in the final of the 1973 South African Open; and 7–6, 6–1, 6–3 in the final of the 1974 South African Open. Despite the fact that Connors was such a heavy favorite, Ashe went into the Wimbledon final in an exceedingly confident mood. He had played good and steady tennis during the first six months of the year, winning four W.C.T. tour tournaments—in Barcelona, Rotterdam, Munich, and Stockholm—in addition to the grass-court tournament at Beckenham, outside London, and he had also carried off a big event, the World Championship of Tennis. This helped immensely, as did the soundness of his tennis at

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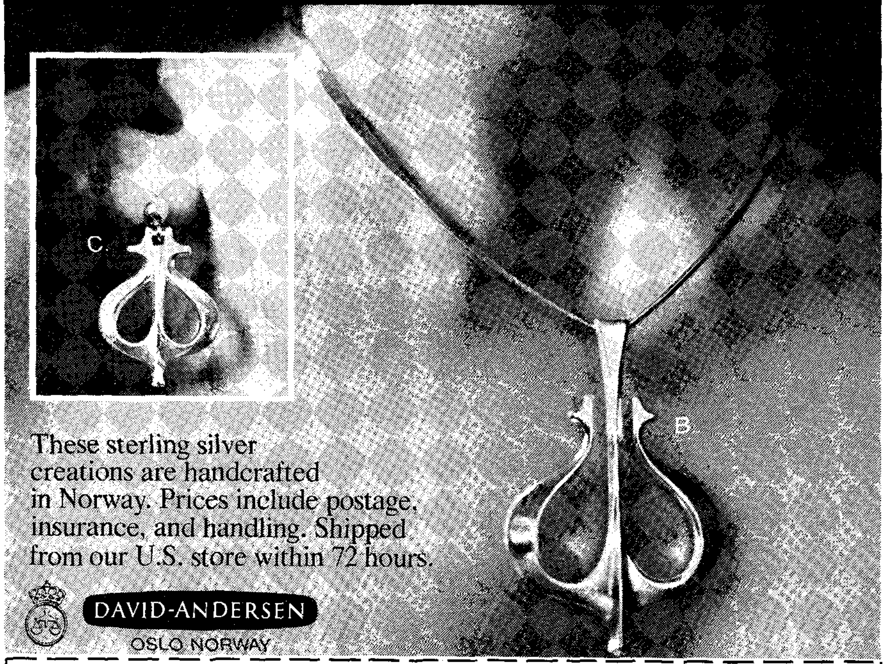

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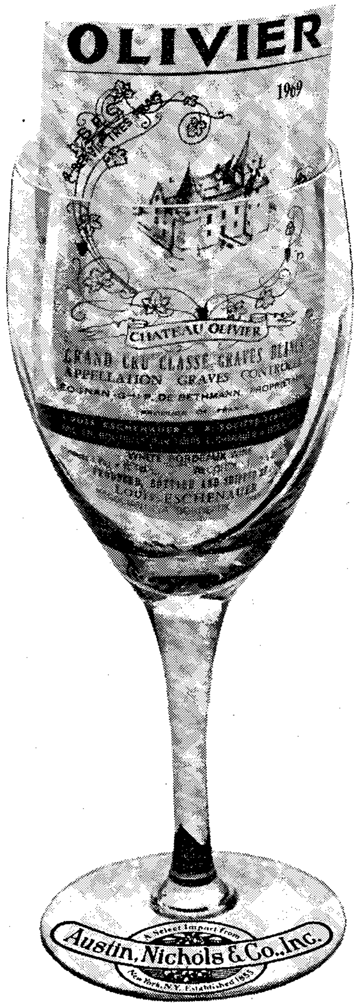
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Wimbledon, where he defeated Borg in four sets in the quarters and the renascent Tony Roche in five sets in the semis. What helped most of all was his conviction that the revised game plan he had formulated for Connors would be effective.

It was. Ashe beat Connors 6–1, 6–1, 5–7, 6–4. The score accurately reflected Ashe's superiority. It is probably safe to say that even the most devoted of Ashe's admirers had not dreamed he could ever dominate Connors that thoroughly. In the first set, Ashe broke Connors' service three times, handcuffing him with an adroit assortment of slow stuff. The second set came as easily. Sticking closely to his game plan, Ashe made few errors—in his mind, this was the first priority—and Connors, flustered by his inability to do what he wanted to do, continued to play far below his standard. For example, he hit a great many shots low into the net. Ashe was doing everything superbly. He was getting his first serve in consistently, and there was tremendous action on his key serve, the one he was hitting wide—and short—to Connors' backhand. He had almost infallible touch on his lobs. His volleying, usually the least dependable part of his game, was solid all the way. As tall and slender as a stalk of corn—he is six-one and weighs a hundred and fifty pounds—Ashe often fails to get down to the ball on his volleys, but on this day he was seeing the ball early and had plenty of time to move into position. The situation changed in the third set, however. Down a service break, Connors broke Ashe's serve in the sixth and twelfth games to take the set, 7–5. He had finally untracked himself and was now whipping the clean placements that one expected from him across the court and down the line. In the face of this surge, Ashe's play lost some of its authority. In the fourth set, Connors continued to come on. He won the first three games, breaking Ashe's serve in the second. Command of the match definitely seemed to have swung. Ashe nevertheless maintained the astonishing poise that had distinguished his play from the outset, and, staying patiently with his game plan, he regained the upper hand. In the fifth game, he won Connors' serve, setting up his points with care and imagination. In the ninth game, he won Connors' serve still another time, losing only one point. Now, at 5–4, he was serving for set, match, and championship. Often when players reach this stage in a match, their very nearness to their goal undoes them and they find a way to lose. Ashe, interestingly, had taken the precaution before going on the court to plan how he would serve the last game if he was out in front, feeling that it might help to allay anxiety if he had already made this decision. In this pivotal game, he really blazed down the highway, starting and finishing with two sharply hooking serves that Connors was barely able to get his racquet on. Ashe was the Wimbledon champion, and, for all his practiced cool, he could not prevent himself from punching the air with his fist to underline his joy.

There is no question that Ashe's conquest of Connors constituted the top performance of his career. The most fascinating aspect of it, of course, was that it was wrought by a type of tennis utterly uncharacteristic of Ashe. The younger Ashe whom we had watched mature—upsetting Roy Emerson at Forest Hills in 1965, at the age of twenty-two; reaching the final against Emerson in the Australian Championship in 1966, the year he graduated from the University of California at Los Angeles; reaching the semifinals at Wimbledon in 1968 and, later that year, the first year of open tennis, defeating Tom Okker, of the Netherlands, in the final at Forest Hills—had regularly hit the ball with such velocity that the gallery had difficulty following it. This made him an exciting player to watch, but his penchant for belting *every* shot made his matches oddly dull at the same time: most of the points were over before they had really got started—if Ashe didn't put the ball away with an immediate placement, he slashed it into the net or out of court. His failure to develop a fully orchestrated game, with subtlety and finesse supplementing his power, made him a great disappointment to many veteran observers who had judged him to have the talent to become perhaps as complete a player as earlier champions like Bill Tilden, Don Budge, and Pancho Gonzales. As the nineteen-seventies began, the general feeling in tennis circles was that Ashe would probably not fulfill his dazzling potential. For one thing, his match-playing ability was not at all on a par with his shotmaking ability. At times, he looked unbeatable, but all too often he lost matches he should have won, the most notable example being the Forest Hills final in 1972. Up against Nastase, he was ahead two sets to one and leading 4–3 in the fourth with his serve coming up. All he needed to do in order to win was to hold his serve twice. But he suddenly lost his concentration, and with it the fourth set, 4–6, and then the fifth, 3–6. He came to be regarded as a player who let his opportunities slip away. During the first seven months of 1973, for example, he reached the final of eight tournaments but won only one. By mid-1973, when the tennis boom had really exploded internationally, Ashe was thirty and was whirling around the world, involved with the W.C.T. circuit the first five months of the year and pursuing his own exotic schedule the rest of the time. When one watched him in action in person or caught him on television, it was evident that he was working diligently to introduce greater flexibility and sophistication into his tennis, and was making encouraging progress: his play had become more disciplined, and he was now much better at maneuvering his opponents. For all this, it came as a mild surprise when Ashe won those six tournaments in the first six months this year to move into a position just below Connors on the professional ladder, and it came as a stupendous surprise when he beat the unbeatable Connors at Wimbledon by throwing off his timing with that potpourri of chips, dinks, chops, underspin lobs, changeups, and spins.

Before the match, I doubt whether many people would have thought that this was the correct strategy to use against Connors or that, if it was, Ashe possessed the skill to execute it. Ashe understands this skepticism very well. "I think a good analogy would be the Muhammad Ali-George Foreman fight," he said when we talked. "Against a knockout puncher like Foreman, who would have expected Ali to adopt a strategy that called for him to lean back against the ropes and let Foreman keep coming at him until he punched himself out? Until the fight was over, you couldn't be sure the strategy *would* work. You know, right up to the last round, Foreman might have caught Ali with a big punch and knocked him out, and then everyone would have said that Ali's strategy had been dead wrong." Ashe paused for a moment. "I know that after I won the first two sets I wasn't gloating to myself, 'Gee, I'm playing well!' Rather, I was saying, 'My, Connors is playing badly!' I was wondering why he hadn't changed his game when he saw how I was playing him, and I was thinking that he'd probably start clicking at any moment—which

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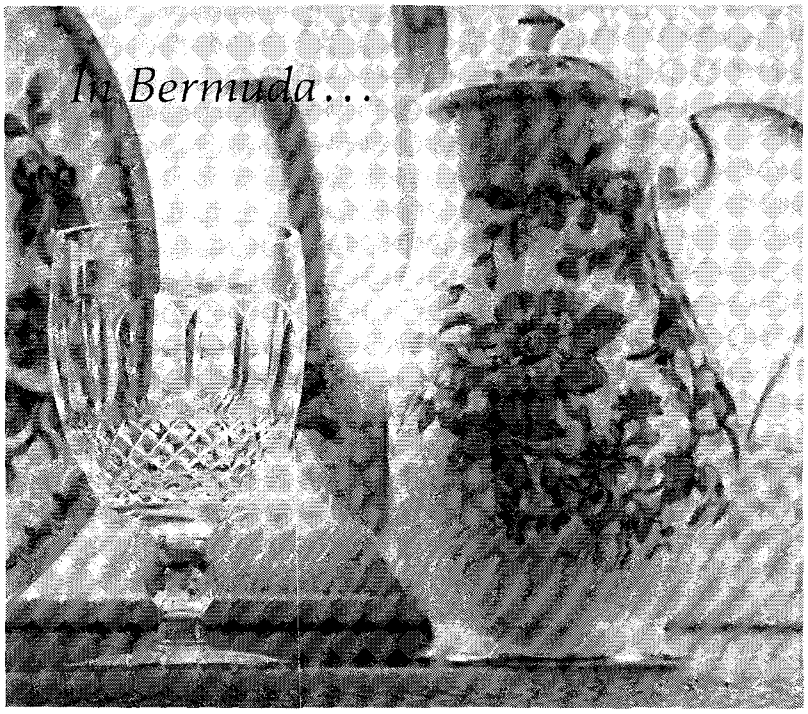

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he did in the third set. After I lost that set, I asked myself, 'Do I change my tactics now?' I decided not to. The basis for this was that I felt I could have won the third set. From then on, I worked mainly on avoiding errors and getting my first serve in, and I won the important games because Connors started making mistakes again. I suppose that is what surprised me most—the number of errors Connors made."

As has been appreciated for quite some time, Ashe is not only a marvellous tennis player but a man of unusual intelligence, articulateness, and width of vista. He knows his own mind clearly, and it is his credo that he has the right to lead his own life and establish his own priorities. This hasn't been easy, for no other athlete today has as much pressure put on him as Ashe does to appear at numberless functions and involve himself in all kinds of programs and causes. Aside from Muhammad Ali, he is undoubtedly the outstanding black athlete participating in an individual sport, and since people relate much more naturally to him than to Ali, what he does and says has enormous influence. His recent book, "Arthur Ashe: Portrait in Motion," which he wrote in collaboration with Frank Deford, offers a splendid picture of this singular young man and the complex world he lives in. It is made up of entries in a journal he kept for a year, from the weeks preceding Wimbledon in 1973 through Wimbledon in 1974. Over that period, he travelled a hundred and sixty-five thousand miles on the hundred and twenty-nine airplane trips he made to five continents to play tennis. Besides covering the events in his professional and personal life during that year, the entries present an amalgam of his thoughts on many subjects: the game of tennis, his colleagues as players and as individuals, his father, his boyhood, the best hotels and restaurants he has hit on his travels, his experiences as the first black male to play in the South African Open and his profound observations about that country, his friends, old Davis Cup traumas (e.g., Ecuador 3, United States 2), his long-range ambitions, what it is to be black, and why Connors is so good. There is an awful lot to be learned from this book.

From the opening pages, one is conscious that "Arthur Ashe: Portrait in Motion" is an altogether different kind of undertaking from the dozens of vapid, superficial books about star ath-

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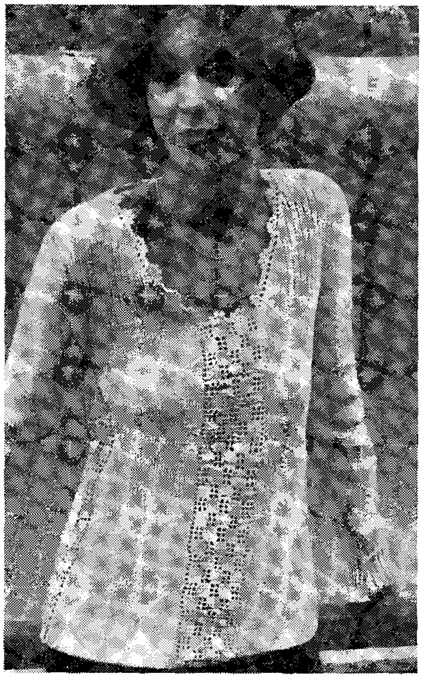

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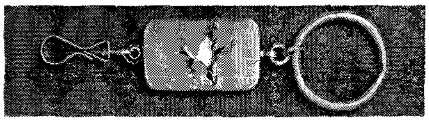

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letes that are churned out every year. Here, for example, is a short excerpt from the first entry, written in London on June 11, 1973:

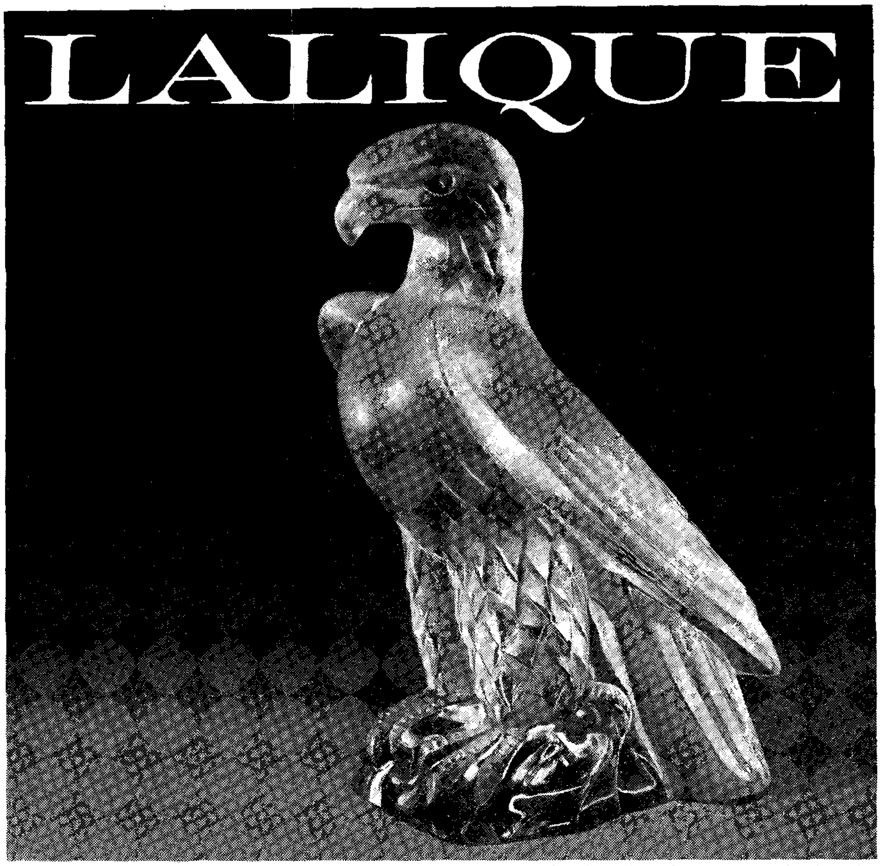
> And then, at last, today was also the day that my Grandmother Cunningham died....
>
> I had a moment's hesitation about whether I should spend the money just to fly over and right back for the funeral, but there was really no decision to make. Big Mama was one of my heroines. I must go.
>
> She was my mother's mother, and she raised ten children, almost single-handedly. The oldest of them was only seventeen when my grandfather died. You hear so much about matriarchal black families—well, Big Mama was a black matriarch but only because she had to be and because she was good at it. She kept the family together, all the while working full-time in the kitchen at a white public school. She was a strong, dear, fine woman. I'll go home.

And here is the brief second entry, written the following day:

> I ran this morning in Hyde Park; I've run in some of the great parks of the world. I was up by the Inn on the Park, where Howard Hughes lives on the top floor. They say. Then this afternoon, Kathy and I visited a few museums. We started at the Lefevre Gallery, which was showing a collection by Edward Burns. Then we went on to the Tate Gallery and finally to Harrods, where I got carried away and bought a Rembrandt etching. It's entitled *The White Negress*, and it set me back some money. But I'm damned excited. There are only eight of this particular etching in the whole world; after they were run off, they destroyed the plate. So, I own an original Rembrandt, and I'll probably do a lot of bragging.

The book keeps building all the way. There are countless other passages in it that I would like to quote, but I will limit myself to two. The first is an analysis of Connors' game after their first meeting, in Boston in July of 1973:

> I didn't underestimate Connors going into this, but I came out with an even greater respect for his ability. You seldom encounter anyone who can hit ground strokes as deep as he did as consistently as he did. He was pressing me all the time, and for someone who is as immature as Connors is, he is surprisingly court-smart. I think a lot of that comes from Pancho Segura, who has helped coach Jimmy for several years....
>
> While he has no intellectual pretensions whatsoever, he does have a sharp court mind, a sort of spatial sixth sense that some guys have that tells you: if I hit such-and-such a shot from this spot in such-and-such a way, the odds are *x* that the ball will be returned to such-and-such. Segura probably heightened that awareness, but it is not the sort of thinking that can be drummed into someone; Connors must possess the instinct. As a consequence, and since he



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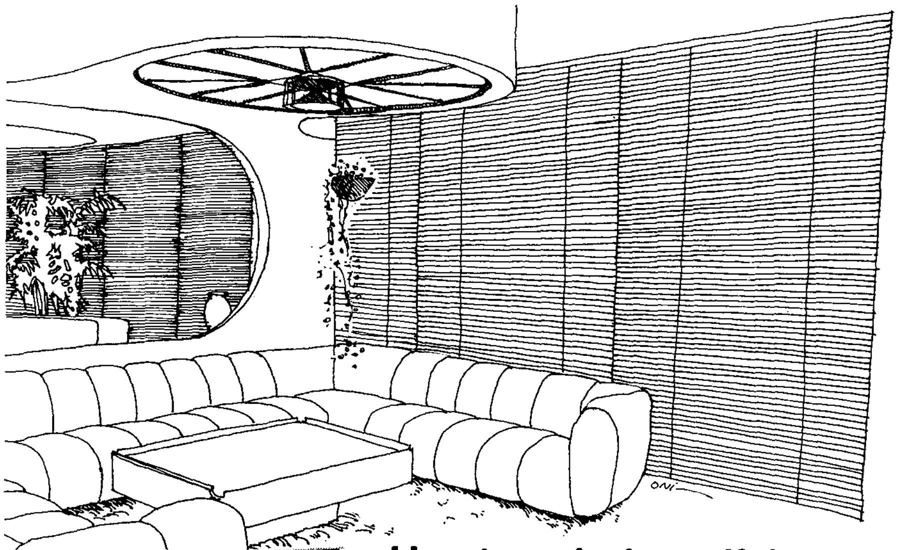

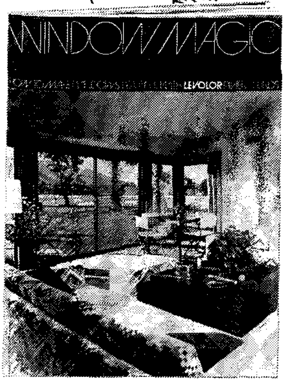

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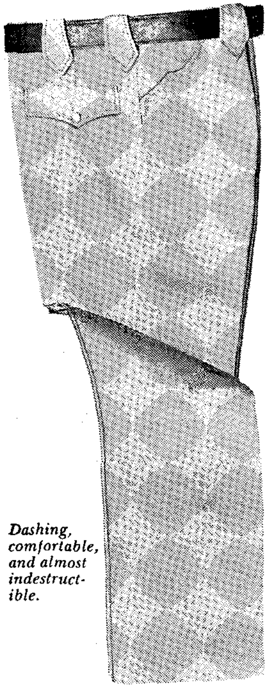
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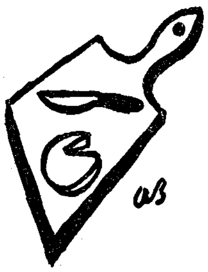
moves well, Connors always seemed perfectly placed and in just the right form to hit back any shot of mine.

And, finally, here is a portion of Ashe's entry for November 29th, written on the plane taking him from Johannesburg to New York:

> We learned today that nonwhites will be permitted to compete on the Sugar Circuit. The situation isn't perfect. The players must be affiliated with SALTA, the approved white tennis organization, to have their entry considered, and also, the Sugar Circuit is a relatively high class of play. If the South African Open is pro ball, then the Sugar Circuit is the equivalent of major college, and you can't succeed in bigtime college athletics any more than you can in the pros unless you can compete freely at all lower levels of play. But there may be some advantages to starting out at the top. You get more publicity. And maybe you learn faster out of embarrassment. When Dr. Johnson finally got his black players admitted to the interscholastics, it took three years before one of his boys so much as won a game. But they got the chance—and hardly a decade later I won the title.
>
> I've decided to set up a foundation for the nonwhite South African players. Those who show promise will get money for equipment and coaching. Also, all the used rackets and clothes and any other tennis paraphernalia that I have left over will go to black South African players. I've already been criticized by a black American newspaperwoman for making this decision and for not providing for the tennis players of Harlem first. Funny how people like to make up your mind for you.



Over the last few months, what with everyone from the President on down clamoring to meet him, and with the phone forever ringing in his hotel room, Ashe has understandably been short and impatient at moments, but over-all he has managed to keep things under control and in perspective. His sense of humor has remained intact. I am thinking particularly of an exchange that took place this summer at a press luncheon where it fell to him as president of the A.T.P. to describe a new international team competition scheduled for Kingston, Jamaica. During the question-and-answer period, a reporter inquired if there were any plans to set up a similar tournament for the women tennis players. "That's an odd thing," Ashe replied. "Billie Jean King asked me that same question the other night as she was leading me across the dance floor." When Ashe is in this country, he generally spends some time at an apartment he has in New York and at one he has at the Doral Country Club, in Miami, but he is obviously happiest when he is on the professional tennis tour, wherever it happens to be pitching its tent that week, and is surrounded by his friends and rivals. The tour is currently the nearest thing he has to a home—"not so much a physical place as an environment," in his view. On his travels, he takes along as many as sixty-five tapes of music he likes and a large supply of books. His mother taught him to read when he was four, and he has been close to books ever since. He has read all of Hermann Hesse's novels and reread most of them. "Hesse's philosophy really fits tennis players," he says. "I think that's because it's so individual, so first-personal and introspective. It has a sense of aloneness about it." He has read and reread Robert Ardrey's three major books, and he is an admirer of the work of William Styron, John Updike, and James Michener. He also likes to chase down facts in the World Book Encyclopedia: "When you look something up, most of the time it leads you to several related subjects that are loaded with interest." His taste in music ranges from Brahms' Violin Concerto to George Harrison and Stevie Wonder and tapes he makes himself of the soul music played on WBLS, a black FM station in New York. "The stuff from WBLS sounds terrific when I'm in Europe—the incongruity of it all makes you feel so comfortable," he told me. "Another thing. I love Beethoven's Ninth. It's rather corny to say that, because nearly everyone loves it. Anyhow, there's nothing I enjoy more than to get up on a Sunday morning in some hotel—say, the Westbury in London, or the Hong Kong Hilton, or the Négresco in Nice—order breakfast from room service, and then put on the Ninth Symphony and let it fill the room." On such a Sunday morning, Ashe is likely to be wearing a T-shirt with "World Citizen" across the front—an item he sent for after he saw it advertised in the *Saturday Review*. He does think in global terms. I remember well how during our talk in the players' trailer at the Washington *Star* tournament he paused at one moment and surveyed the long, narrow room. "Let me see how many different countries the fellows sitting around here come from," he said. "I make it seven. This is just a small sampling of all the touring players, of course. The point is we all get along pretty darn well. It would

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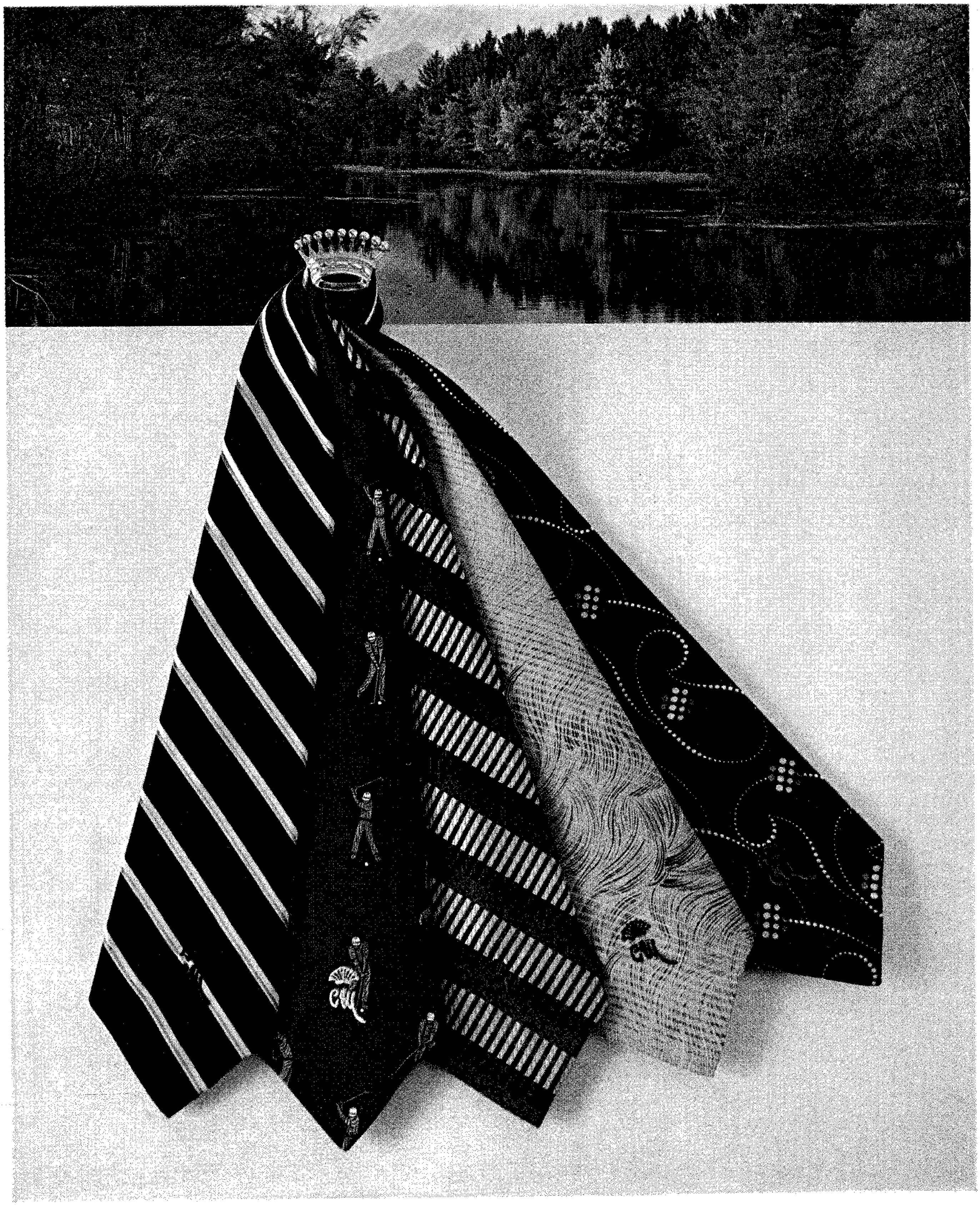

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AT Forest Hills, the distinction of playing the opening match customarily goes to the defending champion. (It has long been common usage to refer to our championships as taking place at Forest Hills, but, to be more specific, they are held at the West Side Tennis Club, which is situated in Forest Hills, about eight miles east of Manhattan. Similarly, the Wimbledon championships are held at the All England Tennis Club, in Wimbledon, eight miles southwest of Charing Cross.) Originally, in accordance with this custom, Connors was scheduled to get things under way on the first day of the championships—Wednesday, August 27th—against Geoff Masters, of Australia. However, there were complications. Owing to postponements caused by rain, the tournament at the Orange Lawn Tennis Club, in New Jersey, the previous week had not been completed on Sunday, as planned, and it was not until the next Tuesday that Connors and his *fidus Achates*, Nastase, were able to wrap up the final of the doubles at Orange. Since it is standard procedure to grant players a day of rest between tournaments, Connors' first-round match at Forest Hills was shifted to Thursday, and Ashe was awarded the honor of playing the opening match in the stadium court—the brand-new stadium court, one should add, for this year, in a revolutionary move, the grass courts on which the championships have traditionally been held at Forest Hills were ripped up and replaced by courts made of Har-Tru, a slow, claylike material. In any event, Ashe met Victor Amaya, a former University of Michigan player, in the opening match and defeated him, 6–3, 7–6, after being extended a bit more than had been anticipated. After Wimbledon, Ashe, who, like most hard hitters, is at his best on grass and other fast surfaces and can be spotty on clay, had enjoyed a fairly successful but not outstanding summer on our clay-court tournament circuit. In Washington, he lost in the quarter-finals to Harold Solomon, a pertinacious retriever. In Louisville, Nastase, who is very much at home on clay, as most Europeans are, beat him in the semifinals, and in Indianapolis, Manuel Orantes, of Spain, one of the most accomplished clay-court players in the world, beat him decisively in the final, 6–2, 6–2. In the United States Professional Championship, in Boston, which was played on Har-Tru, Ashe reached the

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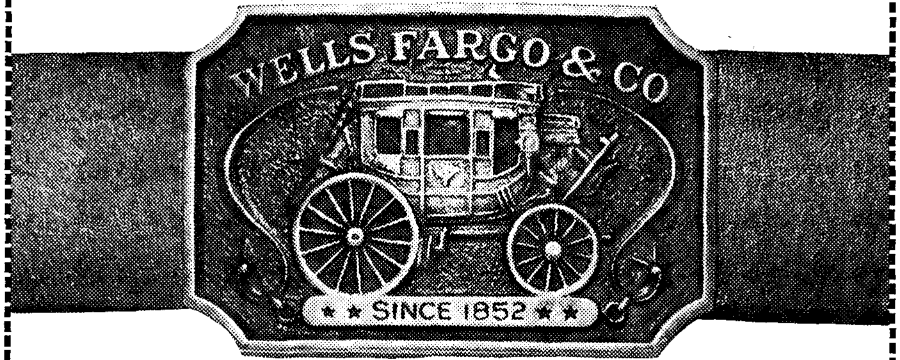

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semis but was stopped there in four sets by Guillermo Vilas, of Argentina. Because of the new surface being used at Forest Hills, Ashe was seeded fourth in the championship, behind Orantes (seeded third), Vilas (seeded second), and Connors. Connors had spent a leisurely summer. In the four weeks following Wimbledon, he played no tournaments, choosing to rest his right knee, which, according to a statement issued by his manager, he had injured at Wimbledon. On returning to action, he won the Volvo International, in New Hampshire, but then, to everybody's great surprise, he was eliminated in the quarter-finals at Orange by Vijay Amritraj, the promising young Indian player. Connors, like Ashe, is most effective on fast surfaces, but over the past two years he has made himself into an extremely proficient player on clay. He looked fairly sharp in winning his first match at Forest Hills, from Masters, 6–3, 6–3.

Before proceeding any further, it would be profitable, I think, to describe in a bit more detail the new Har-Tru courts, which were expected to change the nature of the championships and certainly did. While good grass may be the best of all surfaces for tennis, bad grass is without a doubt the worst. Owing to damage from air pollution over the past score of years, the grass at Forest Hills had gradually lost its fibre and firmness, and as the number of soft spots on the courts multiplied, so did the number of bad bounces the players received. Pressure from the A.T.P. was a chief reason behind the decision, made jointly by the West Side Tennis Club and the U.S.T.A., to get rid of the grass in favor of a more dependable and more easily maintained surface. Har-Tru was selected—eleven new courts were put in—because the club already had a good many courts of this type, which could be used for practice and also requisitioned during the early days of the championships, when dozens of matches had to be played. Har-Tru, which is manufactured in Hagerstown, Maryland, derives its name from the initials of the man who invented it, in 1931—H. A. Robinson. Made of crushed greenstone (catoctin metabasalt), it is a dingy, solemn gray-green. Whereas on grass a ball shoots forward with a quick, low bounce, on Har-Tru the bounce is considerably higher and slower, so it is a lot more difficult for the hard hitters to put the ball away for outright winners. Knowing that the rallies on the new courts would last much longer than on grass, the men

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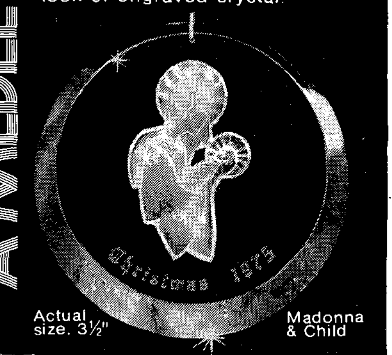

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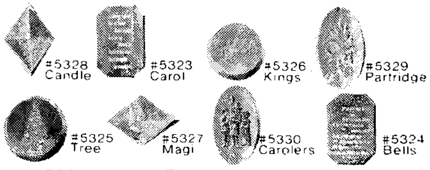

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running the championships decided, in the interest of keeping the twelve-day tournament on schedule, that the men's singles matches during the first three rounds would be not the usual best of five sets but the best of three. In another modification in the format of the matches—one that had nothing to do with the new courts but reflected the preference of the members of the A.T.P.—the nine-point "sudden death" tie-breaker, which the U.S. Open had been using, was replaced by the twelve-point tie-breaker, in which, if the players are tied at six points, it is necessary to win two successive points in order to win the tie-breaker and the set. There was one other change: four tall light towers were erected, so that matches could be played at night on the stadium court. The illumination was excellent, but the evening crowds were not, averaging about six thousand people—considerably less than half of the stadium's capacity.

By Labor Day, when the field in the men's singles had been reduced to the last sixteen, there was no doubt that this was indeed a new and different U.S. Open. Every now and then, a cannonball artist would fire one of his best into a corner of a service box for a clean ace, and every now and then he would follow into net behind his serve and smash the feeble return away for an easy point, but by and large the big serve and volley, the tactical combination that has dominated the grass-court championships over the past thirty years, had vanished almost as completely as the great auk. The players who were now commanding the matches were the skillful baseliners who could get the ball back over the net time after time with their reliable top-spin forehand and sliced or top-spin backhand. For the most part, they were content to wait for an error by their opponent, but every so often they would take advantage of a short return and move into the forecourt behind a forcing shot. Foreign players with solid clay-court credentials but with only the skimpiest of reputations in this country suddenly popped into the spotlight. In the second round, for example, Balazs Taroczy, a slim Hungarian, ousted Tom Okker, of Holland, the sixth seed, in straight sets. In that same round, Hans Kary, of Austria, whom, to be frank, I had never heard of before, gave Jan Kodes, the Czechoslovakian star, a terrific battle and held one match point before he went down, 5–7, in the third set, a victim of Kodes's courage in the clutch and his own wavering belief in his ability to win—the old story. As I sat

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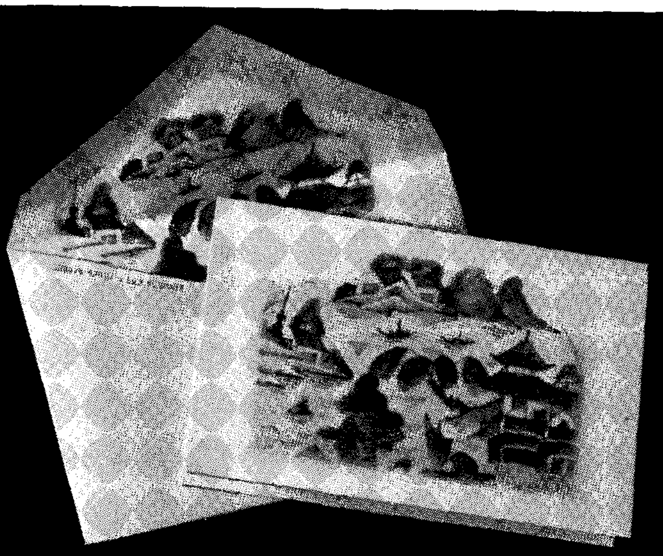

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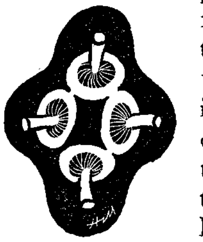
watching this struggle in which all the shades of torment and hopefulness passed across the faces of the two antagonists, whenever I studied the spectators tensely packed in the field-court stand I got the fanciful notion that all of them came from somewhere close to the route of the Danube and had been well acquainted from childhood with that special Mittel European experience—the clay-court match fought with all the bitter zeal of a boundary dispute. Clay-court tennis is, of course, not only a European game but a world game, and perhaps the most effective way to bring out the incredibly international character of this year's championships is simply to list, more or less in the order in which they appeared on the draw sheet, the players who reached the round of sixteen, along with the thirteen countries they represented: Connors, Ashe, Solomon, and Eddie Dibbs (the United States); Bob Hewitt (South Africa); Andrew Pattison (Rhodesia); Borg (Sweden); Laver (Australia); Ramirez (Mexico); Nastase (Rumania); François Jauffret (France); Orantes (Spain); Karl Meiler (West Germany); Jaime Fillol (Chile); Kodes (Czechoslovakia); and Vilas (Argentina). Granted that clay or claylike courts are more likely to produce this wide diversity of challengers than the other surfaces, the fundamental fact is that, following the advent of open competition and the big money seven years ago, tournament tennis has become the most global of all sports, not excluding soccer, and because of this there are at the present time many more performers of the top class, or close to it, than there have ever been before during the century that the game has been played.



In the round of sixteen, Ashe met Dibbs, and Connors met Solomon. Dibbs, who is twenty-four years old and a stocky five feet seven, and Solomon, who is twenty-three years old and a stocky five feet six, are very much alike in appearance, manner, and style of play. Each has a roundish face, deep-set eyes, and a swirl of wavy dark hair, and, as befits clay-court specialists, a two-fisted top-spin backhand along with the ability to run all day and get just about everything back. They are both pleasant young men with an implicit modesty. Since they are so easy to mistake for one another, some classicists refer to them as the Dromios, but the inside-tennis set prefers to call them the Bagel Twins, a name coined not by Solomon, who is Jewish, but by Dibbs, who is Lebanese. Dibbs has a little more firepower than Solomon—a stronger serve and forehand—and he was expected to test Ashe severely on Har-Tru. He started off shakily, but after trailing 15–40 on his own service in the opening game he pulled it out. This proved to be an augury of things to come. In the first set, he played the big points with more assurance than Ashe and won it, 6–4. Ashe looked strangely stiff—as if he were on stilts. He was not bending his knees and getting down to the ball on his shots. For another thing, he wasn't hitting the ball in the center of the racquet; he hadn't, for that matter, when he warmed up for the match with Ion Tiriac, the veteran Rumanian internationalist. In the second set, since Dibbs had been very successful in passing him when he came to net, Ashe altered his tactics, staying at the baseline most of the time and trying to extract errors from Dibbs by mixing up his standard ground strokes with chips, dinks, and even a few "moon balls"—soft stuff floated in high parabolas. Nothing doing. Dibbs broke Ashe on three unforced errors for a 4–2 lead and ran out the set, 6–2. Ashe was now deep in trouble. In the third set, he again changed his tactics, coming in to net more often, in the hope that the law of averages would catch up with Dibbs and he would begin hurrying his passing shots. This didn't work, either, mainly because there was no sting or depth to Ashe's approach shots. His last gasp actually came early in the set: in the third game, he had three break points on Dibbs' service and foozled them all. Dibbs, continuing to play placidly and well, took Ashe's serve at love in the eighth game, then closed out the set, 6–3, and with it the match. In a word, Ashe's tennis against Dibbs was as loose and tentative as it had been confidently elegant in the Wimbledon final. There are days like that. In the throes of defeat and disappointment, Ashe was composed, and even managed to retain his sense of humor. In the press interview, after Dibbs had replied "I'm Lebanese" when asked his religion, Ashe turned toward him and said quizzically, "That's a religion?"

Ashe versus Dibbs was the first match in the stadium on Labor Day. The last of the day, at the end of a crowded program, was Connors versus Solomon. It began under the lights at fifteen minutes past nine and finished at twelve-eleven. There was a moment early on when it looked as if a second major upset were in the making. Solomon raced off to a 4–1 lead in the first set, benefitting from a most untypical slue of mis-hit shots by Connors, mainly forehands that went sailing far out of court. Connors then got a grip on himself and, mounting a burst of magnificent tennis, swept five straight games for the set and went on to take six of the next eight games for the second set. Pounding the ball hard—he swats his two-handed backhand with about the same motion one uses to beat a carpet—he hurried Solomon so continuously that Solomon lost the depth on his shots, and on clay good depth is critical. After pulling Solomon over to one side, Connors would bang his backhand crosscourt or slide his forehand down the line. Most impressive. Now that he had the match under control, Connors became careless and dropped the third set, 5–7, but he then went back to work and won the final set without much trouble. Until the Solomon match, Connors' deportment at Forest Hills had been a revelation. (Moreover, Riordan and Connors had quietly dropped all their lawsuits on the eve of the tournament.) Apparently, Connors had either seen the light and was sincerely trying to change his ways or had decided that the time had come to create a new image. Perhaps on returning from England he had been somewhat surprised to discover just how popular Ashe's victory over him at Wimbledon had been. Be that as it may, both on the court and on television—he served as a commentator—we were treated to the confounding spectacle of rude, cocky Jimbo Connors coming on as Mr. Nice Guy. Against Solomon, though, after he had fallen perilously behind in the first set, he reached out for his old bag of nettling tricks. He strutted around; he tried to stare Solomon down after a winning shot; he stalled when serving; he was full of gab; he showed off, catching a ball on his racquet at the end of a point, for example, then cutting it up a foot or so in the air half a dozen times and finally cradling it on the strings; and so on. All this seemed to suggest that, just as in Ashe's opinion Nastase cannot produce his best tennis without emoting, Connors is so habituated to his thesaurus of discourtesy that it has become a sort of security blanket for him. It should be added, however, that after his match with Solomon he made a commendable effort to curtail his usual horseplay, and while we saw passages of the old Connors from time to time, for

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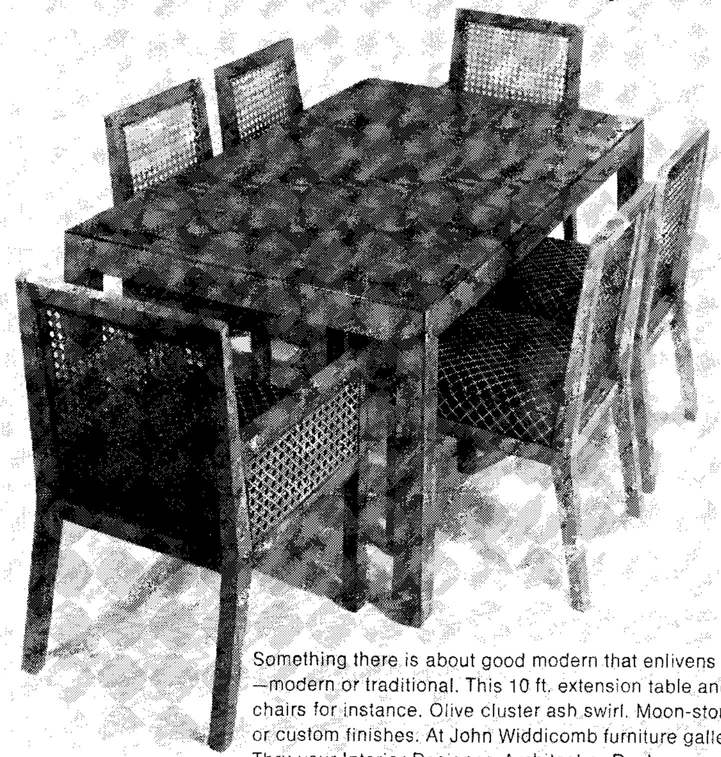

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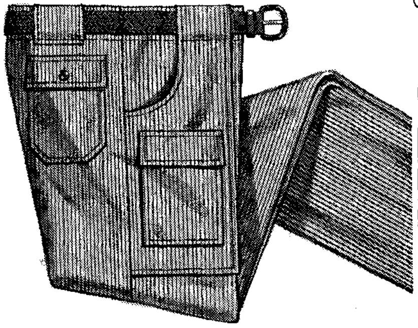

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the most part he concentrated on playing tennis. It should also be noted that at the conclusion of the final, in which things had not gone well for him, Connors behaved with genuine graciousness.

In the upper half of the draw, Connors made his way to the final by defeating Pattison easily in the quarters and Borg, 7–5, 7–5, 7–5, in the semis in a tenaciously fought but curiously bland engagement. In all three sets, Borg, who had wasted many chances, lost his service in the twelfth game. In the lower half of the draw, Orantes and Vilas met in the semis. Orantes had eliminated Jauffret and then Nastase, each in four sets. Vilas, at the very peak of his game—it is based on a forehand hit with extremely heavy top spin, and a backhand hit with equally heavy top spin—had crushed Kodes, 6–2, 6–0, 6–0, and Fillol, 6–4, 6–0, 6–1. The son of a Mar del Plata lawyer, Vilas, who is an admirer of Walt Whitman, Pablo Neruda, and Kahlil Gibran, this year completed a book of poetry—forty-five poems in all, four to twenty-five lines in length—which will shortly be published in Buenos Aires, but on the court he comes across as a muscular, well-conditioned athlete and not as a sensitive intellectual. It looked as if he would make short work of Orantes when he took the first two sets, 6–4 and 6–1, but he dropped the third, 2–6. He also dropped the fourth, 5–7, despite holding three match points at 5–0 and two more at 5–1. After making this courageous stand, Orantes climaxed his incredible comeback by winning the deciding set, 6–4. This match, which took three hours and forty-four minutes—it finished around ten-thirty—was the longest of the tournament and unquestionably the most exciting. (In the women's final, tucked in between the men's semifinals, Chris Evert, of Fort Lauderdale, outlasted Evonne Goolagong, of Australia, 5–7, 6–4, 6–2, in a cautious, protracted baseline duel of looping exchanges; on a fairly large number of points the ball must have crossed the net well over thirty times. This marked the eighty-fourth consecutive match on clay that Chris had captured. Until midway through the third set, there was little to choose between the two players. The difference was Chris's adamantine resolution. Though she is still only twenty, she has won so many tournaments in the past few years that it is hard to believe that in her four previous appearances at Forest Hills she had never reached the final round; that was the situation, however,

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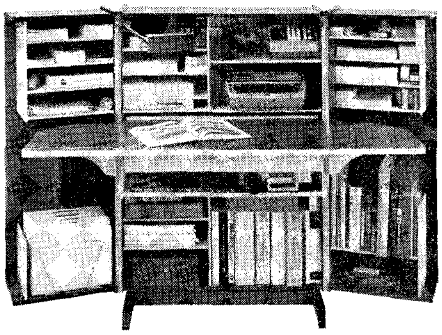

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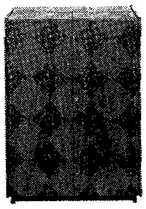

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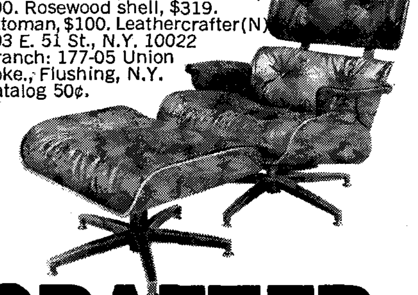
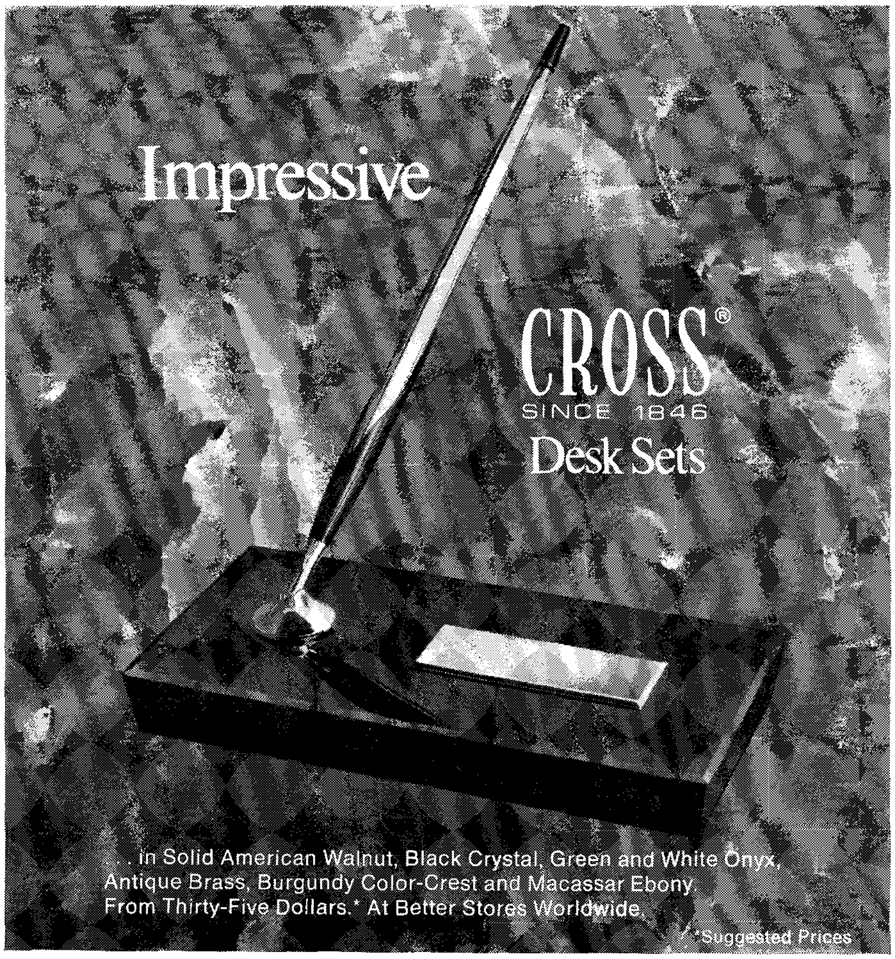


CRAFTER

and now, having at last arrived there, she was absolutely determined to win her first United States Open Championship.)

CONNORS was an overwhelming favorite to defeat Orantes in what was only the third final between two left-handers since the championship was inaugurated, in 1881. Had there been a William Hill tent on the premises, the odds would probably have been even longer than the 20–3 spread that had obtained against Ashe at Wimbledon. For one thing, in their seven previous meetings Connors had beaten Orantes six times. For another, although Connors had shown areas of vulnerability at Forest Hills, he nevertheless appeared to be too powerful and assertive for a touch player like Orantes to handle. And, finally, Orantes, after his marathon match with Vilas, was bound to be so exhausted physically and emotionally that he would not be able to do himself justice in the final. As a matter of fact, following a late dinner with his wife the night before, Orantes did not get back to his hotel room in Manhattan until two o'clock, and then, because a plumber had to be called to fix a broken faucet in his bathroom, it was another hour before he got to bed. Most of the people I talked with before the match felt that Orantes would be lucky to take nine games.

The way things started out, their predictions looked to be right. Connors immediately broke Orantes' serve at love and held his own at fifteen. Orantes then steadied down, and almost before the spectators in the jam-packed stadium had quite realized it he had won the next four games. More than that, he had assumed control of the tempo of play and was dictating the pattern of the rallies. He was able to do this because he was reading Connors' intentions quickly and clearly; he was almost always perfectly positioned—indeed, waiting for the ball—no matter how hard Connors had swatted his return. Connors, on the other hand, could not read Orantes at all. For example, on several important points, when Connors, up at net, was anticipating that Orantes would be trying to pass him crosscourt and had started to lunge in that direction, Orantes went straight down the line instead. Playing with increasing sureness, he ran the set out, 6–4. As the next set began, the dark-haired Spanish challenger—he is twenty-six and a man of medium size: five feet ten, a hundred and sixty pounds—wiped a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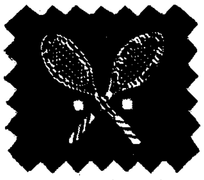

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drop of sweat from a thick, arching eyebrow and calmly went back to work. He seemed fresh, mentally and physically. He was moving easily, and his reflexes were sharp, as if, miraculously, the ordeal the night before had taken nothing out of him. Well, we would see.

Through most of the second set, Orantes controlled the play with even more authority. He concentrated mainly on keeping Connors pinned to the baseline, slicing his backhand and wafting his forehand soft and deep. Connors, wanting no part of a baseline test of patience, evidently made up his mind that the best course for him, regardless of Orantes' facility in reading him, was to rush into the forecourt behind a hard-hit drive at every possible opportunity. This backfired on him. Orantes continued to fool him with his passing shots and began to score repeatedly with beautifully disguised top-spin lobs that left Connors anchored at net as they spun down just inside the baseline. There was no question that these lobs hurt Connors psychically. As for Orantes, he persevered equably with his plan of attack, which was not to attack. He kept spooning slow returns down the middle and deep, depriving Connors of the pace he thrives on, and shrewdly varied the pace of his shots a little, to prevent Connors from getting into a hitting groove. Gradually, it dawned on many of us in the stands that what we were watching was a strategy remarkably similar to the one that Ashe had employed with such success against Connors at Wimbledon. Connors seemed only too well aware of the situation, but he was unable to find a way to remedy it. In his anxiety, he began forcing his strokes. Three errors cost him the critical eighth game, and he fell behind, 3–5. Four more errors—the last an overhit backhand that was out by three yards—cost him the second set, 3–6.

Despite what we had witnessed in the first two sets, most of us in the stadium were not at all sure that Orantes would be able to hold on. On the one hand, Connors is a very stubborn customer, who never gives up. On the other, Orantes' record in the tournaments that count suggested that he lacks staying power in the big matches. To cite just one example, last year, after winning the first two sets, he lost the final of the French Championship to Borg. Here, in the third game of the third set, just what we were thinking about started to happen: Connors began to come on, and, as he did, Orantes began to falter. Connors, recouping

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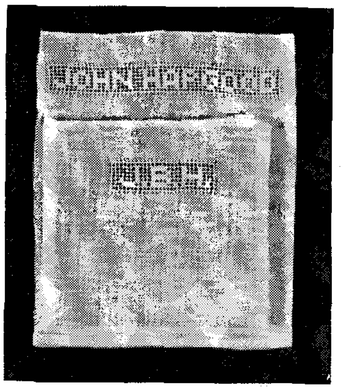

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confidence with every winning thrust, won thirteen points in a row. In the sixth game, Orantes, down 30–40 and within a point of blowing his serve and falling behind, 2–4, got hold of himself. He moved to deuce by getting in a good first serve wide to Connors' forehand, which Connors couldn't return, and went on to pull out the game. This changed everything. The spark was gone from Connors, and Orantes, one could see, now firmly believed he could win. He broke Connors in the next game, held his own serve, and then broke Connors again—for the eighth time in the match—to take the set, at 6–3. The last moments of the match were vivid ones: Orantes passed Connors with a forehand down the line, and as he saw the ball dig into the corner, two feet from the sideline and two feet from the baseline, he sank to his knees, his arms raised above his head and his face lit by a huge smile of joy, relief, and thanksgiving.

Orantes' straight-set victory over Connors must rank as the greatest upset ever recorded in the final of our national championship. This in itself is significant, but it was the manner in which it was achieved that will keep the match evergreen in the minds of the thousands who watched it in the stadium and the millions who watched it on television. For my part, I had never before seen Orantes play anywhere near as well. Against Connors, he was a masterly artist with close to perfect control of the ball. When I think back on the match, what I remember above all else is the sight of Connors tearing furiously around the court to get to the ball in rally after rally, while at the other end of the court Orantes is gliding with one or two light steps into position to play his return, then gliding as effortlessly into position for his next return, and so on and on. It was so unexpected it was hard to believe. What it called to mind was a skillful old club professional giving a lesson to a promising young member—hardly having to move on shot after shot, knocking the ball back with a mere flick of the wrist, and encouraging his panting pupil from time to time by calling out "That's better!" and "Now, that's more what we want!"

Manuel Orantes was born in Granada and grew up in Barcelona, where his father is a lens grinder in an optician's shop. Like many other Spanish boys, he developed an ambition to make his way in tennis as a result of the exploits of Manuel Santana, the colorful Madrileño who carried off our championship in 1965 and the Wimbledon

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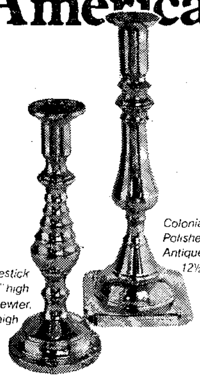

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championship in 1966. Starting as a ball boy at the Royal Tennis Club, Orantes went on to become his country's junior champion, its Open champion, and an international star, and now he has won his first major championship. Called Manolito, a name given him by Santana, who was known as Manolo, Orantes has long been respected for his sportsmanship. It is his practice to throw the next point to his opponent whenever he receives a line call in his favor that he thinks is incorrect. In the midst of hard-fought matches, he regularly compliments his opponent for a brilliant stroke. Even Nastase has a good word for him: "He's a nice guy, and there aren't many." It was a happy turn of fate that on the most important occasion of his career Orantes played the match of his career.

WHILE it is right and proper that our championships should have a certain egalitarian flavor, the increase in the number of bare-chested fans at Forest Hills this year as well as the increases in the amount of littering and in the frequency of the tasteless, totally unnecessary commercial plugs were hardly plus factors. On the other hand, the 1975 championships were a fitting climax to one of the most absorbing seasons that tennis has enjoyed in a good long time. Largely because of the discussions that the new surface provoked, I cannot remember when we last had as stimulating a Forest Hills. However, I should declare myself as belonging to that school of opinion which believes that Har-Tru is too slow a surface for our championships—and a redundant one, too, when one bears in mind that the Italian and French championships are held on clay, as are just about all the summer fixtures following Wimbledon. I am inclined to think that it would be best to play our championships on a hard-composition surface, such as Laykold or Plexipave, or perhaps on a fairly fast carpet-type surface like Modsod. These synthetic courts, somewhere in between grass and clay, would provide an in-between speed and an in-between bounce, and, as a result, they would be surfaces on which any player—the clay specialist, with his formidable baseline game, or the grass specialist, with his flair for the "premium shot"—could win. Since this year's matches not only attracted a record attendance but also established a new high in gross receipts, now is the time to undertake the long-delayed over-all improvements that would bring Forest Hills closer to being an American Wimble-

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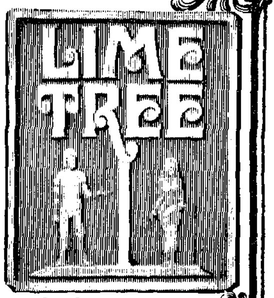

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don. Bill Talbert, the tournament director, has, to my way of thinking, an excellent concept of what Forest Hills should be like. It begins with extending the present horseshoe stadium into a complete oval, drastically remodelling the grandstand court, and building a whole new set of field courts, with adequate stands. Our championships will probably never overtake Wimbledon in smoothness of function and charm of atmosphere—after all, Wimbledon may be the best-run sports event in the world—but that, nonetheless, should be our goal.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

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Appendix B
Exhibit C (Con.)

(1) Establish the total number of graduates from which the selection is to be made. In this example, assume that the number on line 5 of VA Form 22-8723 is 1276.

(2) Establish the number of digits involved in this number. In this example the number is 1276, so the number of digits involved is four.

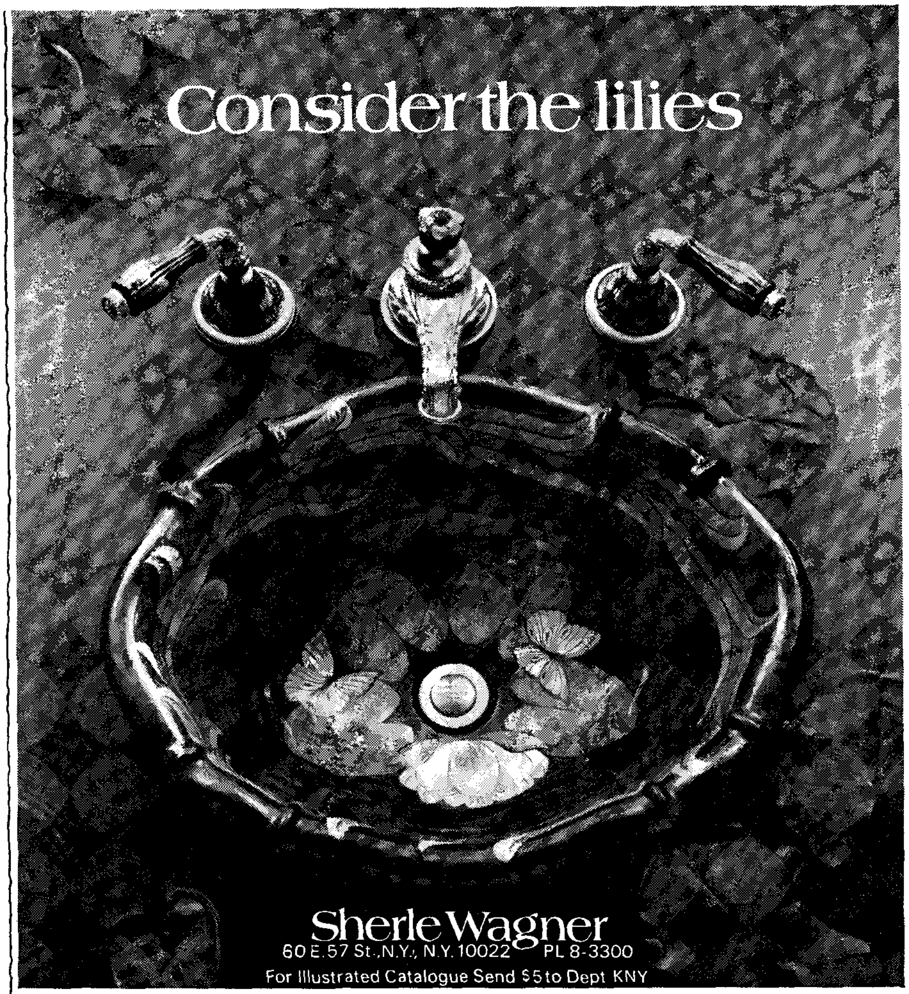
(3) Pick any arbitrary place on any page of the "book" of random numbers as a starting point. For example, the tenth row in the eleventh column of the sample page of random numbers might be picked as the random starting point (85).

(4) From this starting point, select consecutive groups of numbers equal to the number of digits in the total number of graduates (see subparagraph (2)). For example, the random starting point shows the number 8513. A sequential pick of other four-digit numbers results in the following picks: 9924, 4449, 1809, 7949, 7416, 3223, 0257, 3527, 3372, 2453, 6394, 0941, 1076, 4791, 4404, 9549, 6639, 6004, 5981, 4850, 8654, 4822, 0634, etc. The numbers underlined are to be used for selecting the sample; all the other numbers cited do not fit within the total number (1276) from which the sample is to be drawn, so they will be discarded.

(5) From the random numbers which will be picked to select a sample of 300, exclude "0000," any duplicate numbers, and any numbers higher than the total number of graduates reported on line 5 of VA Form 22-8723. Thus, from the random numbers cited in subparagraph (4) above, only four would be used (257, 941, 1076 and 634).

(6) The process illustrated in subparagraph (4) above would be continued until 300 usable numbers are selected, all of which must be different.

5. The example cited in paragraph 4 above is illustrative only and the schools *will not* use the attached page of random numbers as a basis for their sample selection. However, the method illustrated is to be used.



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THE AIR

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EACH week, the parade of national violence continues (and seems even to grow louder), with assassination attempts on public figures, random murder of ordinary citizens, shootings, stabbings, crime in the streets—and inside our houses the accompanying sounds of police sirens, screams, high explosives, and pistol, rifle, and machine-gun fire coming from the television sets. Are Americans generally an unusually violent people—as if marked with some genetic flaw? Or is it that, in the Communications Era, we simply are more aware of violence than before? Do unregulated handguns produce crime? Or do broken homes? Or unemployment? Or do the "mass media" in fact produce much of the violence that they claim to reflect?

For some time now, a kind of perplexed and hazy debate on such questions has been taking place, both in the minds of citizens and through the shriller, more articulate, and usually self-serving voices of various interested parties, such as politicians, rifle-club spokesmen, and broadcasting executives. Nor is it the first time that voices in America have been raised to denounce (or try to justify) what has periodically appeared to be excessive violence in the land. In the eighteen-thirties and eighteen-forties, for instance, newspaper editorials continually decried murder and criminality in the big cities, where crime rates were already often growing ten times as fast as in Europe. And in our own century there have been at least two previous occasions of public protest against violence—in each case, as it happens, focussed on "media-related" violence. In the nineteen-thirties, there was a considerable outcry against gangster movies (such as "Scarface" and "Little Caesar"), which contributed to the creation of the moralistic Motion Picture Production Code, and for a while caused the phrase "Crime Does Not Pay" to be flashed on the screen at the beginning and end of such films; and in the nineteen-fifties there was a further agitation, against horror comics—much of it articulated by an impassioned and humorless psychiatrist named Dr. Fredric Wertham—which temporarily put a stop to the genre, and even produced a comics-industry "code."

On the surface, then, there might seem to be a certain cyclical nature to these protests as well as to society's temporary and moralizing ways of resolving the dilemma. But at present television violence seems to demand special attention, partly because of the widespread concern about it, and also because television itself is so much in our lives and so new, and there is so much uncertainty and disagreement about what it actually can do or can't do. As a result, perhaps, there has been a nervous increase in partisan commentary on all sides of the question—with the broadcasting establishment so far appearing to hold the opposition at bay mainly with a bombardment of public-relations jargon. Thus (according to Frederick S. Pierce, president of ABC Television): "Violence on television continues to be a subject of major concern to all broadcasters. But it is more than merely a concern. . . ." Or (according to Robert T. Howard, president of NBC Television): "While television violence may be an inflated issue, it is still something that every broadcaster who believes in social responsibility must take seriously. . . ." In the meantime—doubtless just in case a new Dr. Wertham should arise to focus public attention on violent television—the networks have lately instituted a self-regulating policy of their own, called "family viewing time," which is supposed to keep programming from 7 to 9 P.M. fairly free of violence. Even *Variety*—a journal not noted for its tender sensibilities—has described the new policy as the "Gore Curtain," adding, "The segment of U.S. society that epitomizes seaminess and violence . . . comes alive at 9 P.M. Criminals may be in a minority in society, but they own 9–11 every night."

The other side of the violence issue—represented by the usual disorganized regiment of educators and politicians, plus a lately formed cadre of "violence researchers"—has hardly been silent, nor are many of its arguments without a good deal of merit. In fact, given the propensities of the public for imposing moralistic judgments on offending industries, probably the chief reason for the

"Would you mind taking over, Lou? I've just come from my shrink, and I'm a little out of it."

broadcasting industry's having remained relatively unfettered—at least to the extent of not having to flash "Crime Does Not Pay" at the beginning and end of most programs—has been the failure of the anti-violence group to better articulate the findings that were so confusedly excavated in 1972 for the United States Surgeon General's Scientific Advisory Committee. The reports (titled "Television and Social Behavior") took nearly three years to complete and were published in five volumes. Predictably, the findings were expressed in virtually impenetrable social-science jargon, but, equally predictably, beneath the qualifications and scientese the reports contained such relatively important ideas as:

> At least under some circumstances, exposure to televised aggression can lead children to accept what they have seen as a partial guide for their own actions.

And:

> A significant positive correlation has been found much more often than not [between viewing television violence and "aggressive behavior in adolescents"] and there is no negative correlational evidence.

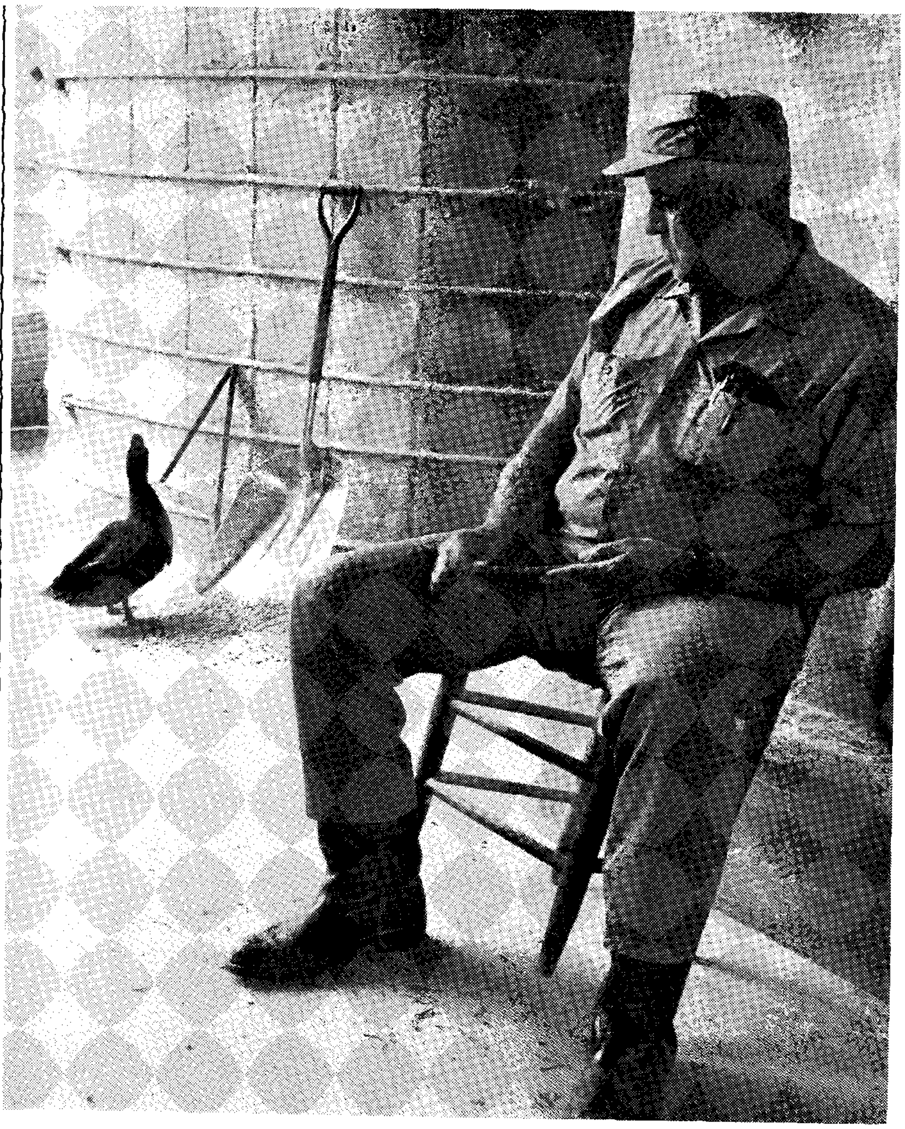
And:

> More overt aggressive behavior follows exposure to violent content than to nonviolent content.

For reasons of politics (as well as of intelligibility), it was decided to release a sixth volume—which, in fact, would be published first—in order to summarize and clarify the significance of the research. This noble task was to be the work of the Advisory Committee, consisting of twelve men—ten from universities and one each from CBS and NBC—and the cloudy ambiguities and discretions of their summary were not only what the world first heard of the reports but for the most part *all* it heard. Thus:

> We have noted in the studies at hand a modest association between viewing of violence and aggression among at least some children, and we have noted some data which are consonant with the interpretation that violence viewing produces the aggression; this evidence is not conclusive, however.

The headline on the *Times'* account of the committee's findings read "TV VIOLENCE HELD UNHARMFUL TO YOUTH," and the opening paragraph went on to say, "The office of the United States Surgeon General has found that violence in television programming does not have an adverse



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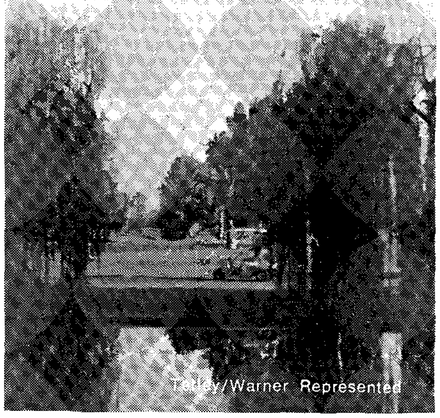
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effect on the majority of the nation's youth. . . ." The public's knowledge of or interest in the six volumes seems pretty much to have stopped there.

In fairness to the over-all subject, however (as well as, perhaps, to the public), part of the problem with the Surgeon General's reports was not so much in their social-science prose or their certainly benign intentions as in their dogged attempts to measure the immeasurable—to somehow extract complex and subterranean emotions from narrowly observed behavior; to trap, as it were, a nation's psychic subconscious in butterfly nets of graphs and electrical impulses. Research on violence can obviously be useful and meaningful, especially in finite situations, but studies that allege to define or measure human responses to violence—based, for example, on "units of violence"—are probably in the end going to be overspecialized and misleading. Indeed, the one area of the violence issue where even partisans of the opposing camps seem to agree is on this need to discriminate between what are alleged to be the two significantly different types of violence. "Gratuitous" violence (by which is meant the mechanistic shootouts and killings so frequently seen in popular TV adventure dramas) is generally held to be bad—even, one feels, by broadcast executives, who sanction it in programs for obvious profit reasons but give the impression of actually regarding it as something rather unfortunate and lower-class, to be winked at and eventually dispensed with. On the other hand, "artistic," or "thematic," or "integrated" violence is nearly everywhere held to be good—reminding politicians, broadcasters, and the fiercest anti-violence critics alike of its traditional role in Great Literature (Shakespeare and the Greek dramatists are often mentioned in this connection), and thus serving as a model of higher realism for young and old.

I HAVE been giving this last matter some thought lately, as a result of reading a remarkably interesting and scholarly book called "Regeneration Through Violence: The Mythology of the American Frontier, 1600-1860," by Richard Slotkin, a professor of American literature at Wesleyan University. The importance of Slotkin's study lies, I think, in its emphasizing the uniquely American character not only of our violence but of our literary or mythic response to that violence, and in its charting of the strange, and also unique, way in which our myth of

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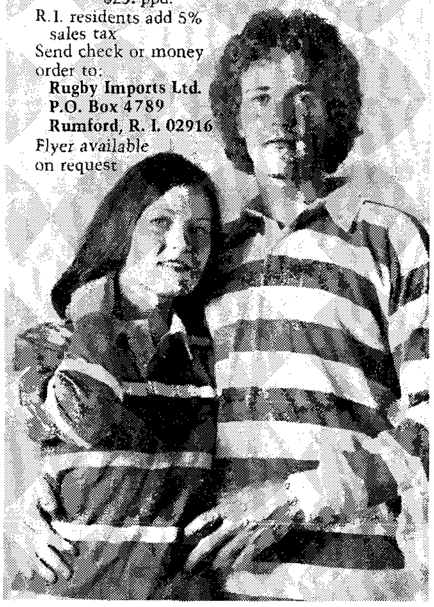

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Other people (notably Vernon Parrington and Henry Nash Smith) have written amply on the presence of violence in American myth and experience, tracing it to a conjunction of frontier life and the Puritan mind. Slotkin's study begins in the wilderness of the first American experience—that New World wilderness conceived of traditionally by Old World poets either as "Arcadia" or as "the kingdom of death and dreams." It was here, at the beginning, that violence first appeared in the American experience—and, says Slotkin, it appeared and began even then to be dealt with in a special fashion. Previously, other European voyagers to America had also struggled against the wilderness and used violence against the Indians, but, as with the Spanish conquistadores, most previous European attempts at settlement in the New World had foundered because the colonists themselves had been held together by little more than greed or military force. It was the Puritans' genius, however, to have invented a strategy—call it a psychic strategy—for conquering the Indians, surviving in the wilderness, and preventing their settlements from fragmenting. Slotkin calls it "the re-mythologization of the West": the formally imposed group belief that the Puritans' presence in the difficult and terrifying land was decreed by God with definite ends in view, including the "redemption" both of the land and of its original inhabitants, and that any deviation from those ends was equivalent to mortal sin.

Thus, violence entered the Colonial landscape in its earliest days—and not really as the traditional violence of combat and military aggression (though there was that, too) but as a strange, new, half-hidden violence of "redemption" and "God's will." Yet there was more to it than that, for the Puritans had brought not only muskets but printing presses—those machines for teaching, exhorting, and making myths—and therefore out of the violence of the first American settlements soon came the first major Colonial literary art: the so-called captivity myth, which dominated American prose for at least forty years.

Certainly, real-life sources existed for the myth (among the best known of which was the "Narrative of the Captivity and Restauration of Mrs. Mary Rowlandson"), for, at various times, several hundred Colonists had been carried off into the wilderness by Indians; some of them were eventu-

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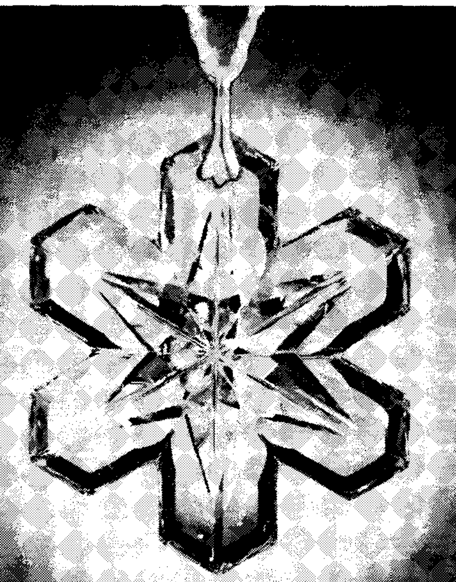

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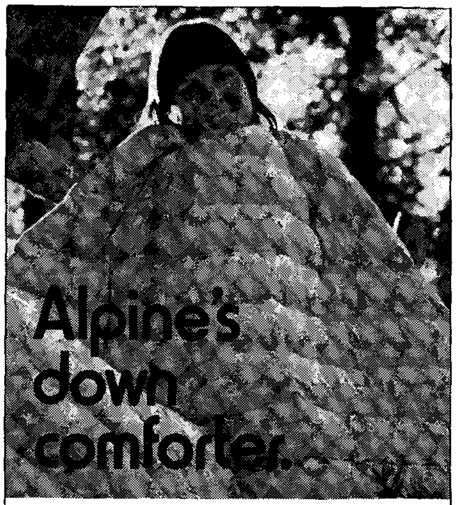
ally ransomed and returned, while the remainder either perished or, worse still, became "savages." It was this latter spectre of the white settler's "going native" which especially haunted the Puritan mind—and doubtless helped to provoke the early Puritan visions of Indian "cannibalism" and "monstrousness." At any rate, the necessary and redeeming conquest of the Indians proceeded; and so, to disguise the actual direction that Puritan violence was taking, the captivity stories were turned into literature and into myth. In these parables, it was the white settlers who were cast as helpless victims, everywhere beleaguered and on the defensive. In short, as the first Americans were actively pushing their way farther into the continent, and discovering (as Professor Slotkin writes) that "in the tangled and isolated wilderness, white troops often behaved precisely like their Indian enemies—*burning the villages of their enemies*; slaughtering not only the warriors, but also the wounded, the women, and the children; and selling their captives into slavery," a complex literature was meanwhile being evolved wherein the Puritans were portrayed as helpless prisoners in the grip of the violent and ungodly Indians. From victim it was then an easy step to the role of avenger, for the captivity myth allowed only two basic responses: either "passive submission or violent retribution."

It is eerie now to read passages from these murky, cumbersome tales of "captivity," with their coarse, paranoid scenes of torment—and with the dreamlike screams of white-skinned virgins drowning out the actual sounds of trees falling and muskets firing—and perhaps it is eerier still to realize the extraordinary persistence of these Colonial literary myths down to our own time; for surely the captivity myth remained the basis for much "antebellum" Southern literature, and even shows up today on television, as it did the other evening in a story of the terrified wife of a suburban banker (that "passive" majority again!) kidnapped and held prisoner by a small band of primitive, demonic toughs.

Myths of transmuted violence, growing in the early American soil! Even so, as the wilderness and the Indians continued to be "redeemed"—indeed, as the eastern Indians were gradually killed off or pushed toward the Plains states—a new American myth made its appearance. In 1784, a schoolmaster-turned-surveyor named John Filson published a bizarre narrative titled "The Discovery, Settle-



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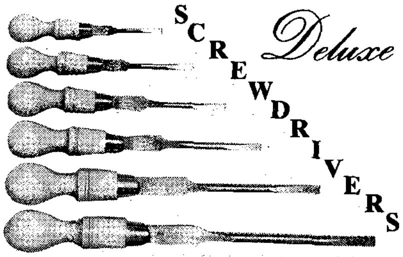

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ment, and Present State of Kentucke," which was originally designed to promote real estate in the Kentucky farmlands to Easterners and Europeans, and whose second section was subtitled "The Adventures of Col. Daniel Boon." Filson's story of Boone was an instant success; the long section was soon removed from the original work and widely reprinted, and Daniel Boone (as re-created by Filson) became a national hero.

With Boone, the active "wilderness-tamer" had replaced the passive "captive." But the wilderness still contained Indians, who, though no longer a serious threat, needed to be exterminated; and still contained its own natural wildness, which needed to be reduced or destroyed. Thus, in the figure of the hunter—especially that of the mystic hunter devised by Filson—the Puritan mind had once again organized a mythic strategy for concealing the real direction of its physical and violent energies. For, though Boone's story was filled with the evidence of violence, and though Boone's actions were clearly those of a nomad—an American Odysseus—rather than of a settler, the deliberate language of the narrative remained philosophic, agrarian, and decidedly ambivalent. Boone at one point begins a paragraph with the phrase "My footsteps have often been marked with blood," only to conclude it a few moments later in the dreamy present: "Peace crowns the sylvan shade."

A great deal has been written in the past twenty years on the myth of the hunter in American literature, and with inevitable references to Daniel Boone. But what Slotkin's book points out is that there were several Boones—perhaps two particularly significant ones—and that each of them has differently concealed the same theme of violence. Schoolmaster Filson's Boone was the hunter as dreamer—the man who, for example, gave Dreaming Creek its name, because he had once had a "peculiarly impressive" dream beside it. About fifty years later, another version of the Boone story was published, this one by a Cincinnati journalist called Timothy Flint and titled "Biographical Memoir of Daniel Boone." In Flint's Boone, the American hero appeared with nearly all the ambiguities and philosophy—nearly all the "art"—left out. If anything, this new and equally popular Boone was closest to the model of Davy Crockett—a contemporary popular hero ("A Narrative of the Life of Col. David Crockett," 1834) who appeared to

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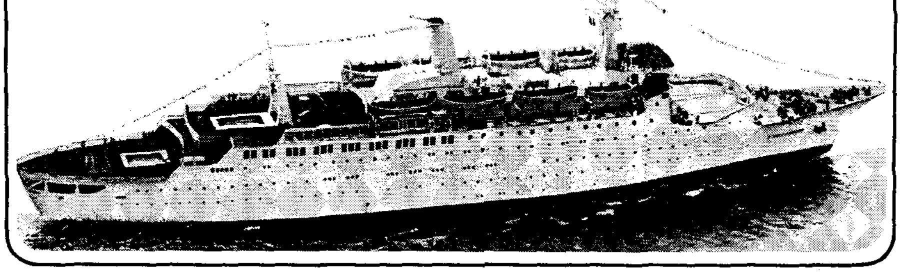

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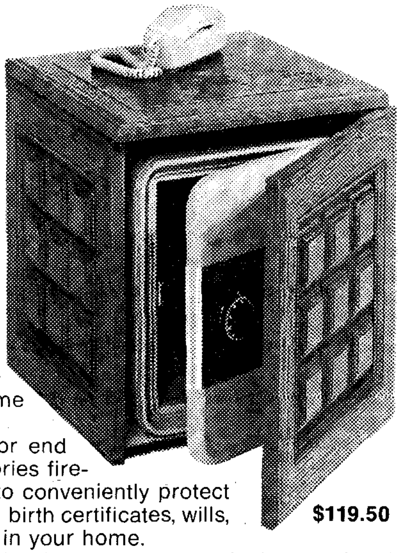

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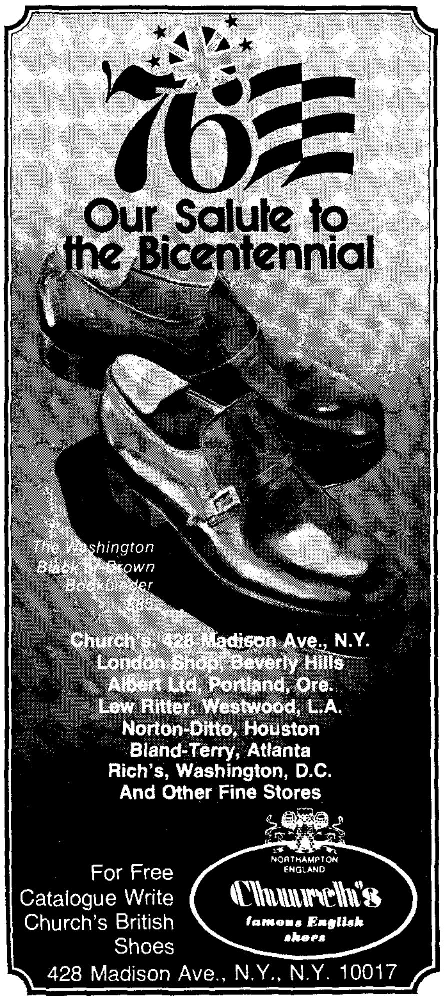

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relish killing for its own sake, always making it a point to number the animals he had gratuitously killed, as later did one of his mythic successors, Buffalo Bill. On one celebrated hunting spree, Crockett attested to killing "105 bears," a glorious statistic he frequently returned to in the narrative. Flint's Boone was slightly less of a bloodthirsty roughneck than Crockett, but he was certainly a killer—of Indians as well as of animals. Hunting itself had long since stopped being the necessity it had been; indeed, the new Boone admitted that it was now a "luxury" and an "indulgence." It was also, as Flint wrote, a "profession"—a discipline in which Boone could display his "tact and superiority." As Richard Slotkin puts it, Flint's Boone had become "a professional killer."

WHAT to make of these two Boones, or, perhaps, why try to make anything at all? There is little "constructive" that can be said on the subject of original American violence—little that is likely to find its way into new regulations or a new code. Call it part of a conversation, if you will. Even so, it seems remarkable to me to realize not just the extent to which American myths have been dominated by the subject of violence but, more importantly, the dimensions and success of the effort to conceal and transmute the actual energies of this violence. The paranoid inversion of the captivity myth was one such way. Another way was by turning the killer of Indians into the hunter of animals, and then turning that figure into "art." Since John Filson's early Boone, a dreamy, ambiguous, supposedly complex and philosophic killer has hovered over much of American myth—making and remaking that myth in his own image. Deerslayer was such a figure, and so was Hawthorne's guilt-ridden hunter, Reuben Bourne. On a grander level, there was Ahab, the alternatively murderous and redemptive sea hunter, questing aboard a ship decorated with "the chased bones" of his enemies. On a lesser level—though still "artistic"—there have been such philosophic and destructive American heroes as Owen Wister's Virginian, Jack Schaefer's Shane, and even Hemingway's Robert Jordan, in "For Whom the Bell Tolls."

When critics speak of our excessive celebration of violence, it seems to me they rarely speak of such literarily conceived American heroes. The concern is with the sounds of gunfire, the big-city or Western shootout, the inartistic

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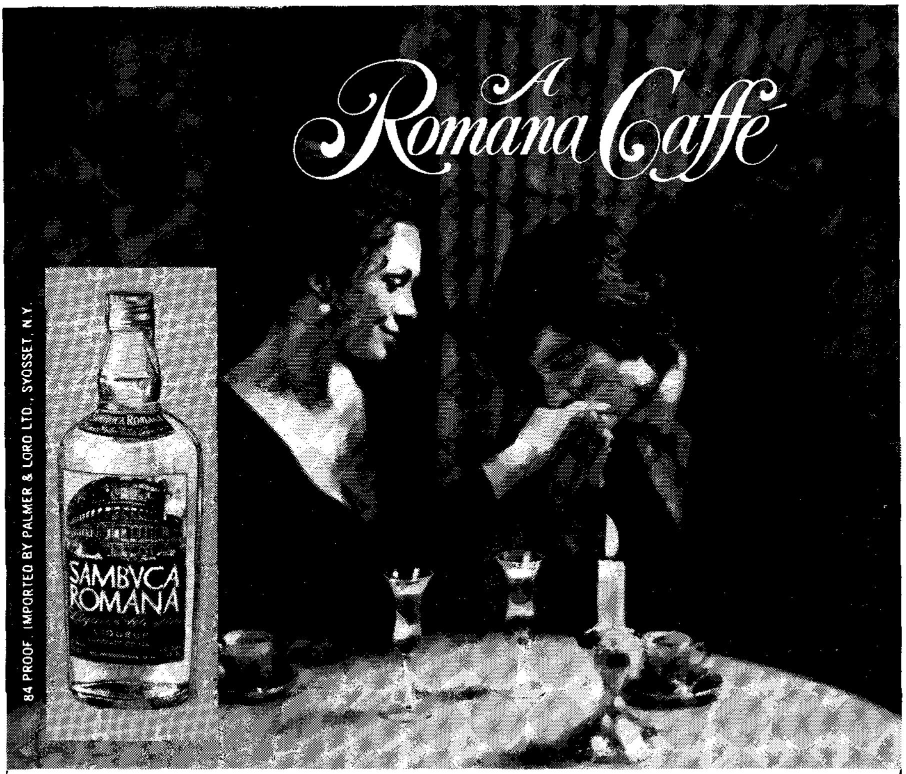
murder. These inheritors of the other Boone—of Timothy Flint's "professional" and Davy Crockett's roughneck desperado—are nowadays easier to spot, and seem somehow more noticeable in our cool, less physical times: from Deadwood Dick through Jesse James, Billy the Kid, and Wild Bill Hickok, through all the Cagney-type maverick gangsters, through all the Mike Hammer-type private-eye killers, and down, certainly, to the standard television cops-and-robbers hero of the present time (for instance, Lieutenant McGarrett, in "Hawaii Five-O," Hondo, in "S.W.A.T.," or Cannon). On an aesthetic level, it is hard to feel much adult regard for these confident, assertive tough guys, with their predictable adventures, mechanical entrapments, and casual blam-blam-blam of gunfire. And despite the fact that most of the gratuitous violence is also "thematic"—in the sense of having been deliberately placed there, chiefly to conclude the episodes on a note of proper seriousness—there is something abrasive in this relentlessly childish and aggressive, comic-book approach to life; for surely that is what it is. But surely, too, these heirs of the "unliterary" Boone and Crockett are also no more or no less than what they appear to be: rough, violent, often populist (the renegade backwoodsman that the Puritans so worried about), and with only the barest and crudest traces of a redemptive purpose to their killing.

Thus, though one can find in the Crockett hero, with his mindless enumeration of those recklessly slaughtered bears, an antecedent for our later reckless and mindless "body counts" in Vietnam, this "body counting" itself was but part of a larger and vastly more destructive quest or hunt—a hunt that has been dignified and orchestrated for generations of Americans by the literary-mythic figure of the nobly ambivalent, philosophizing, redemptive hunter. There have been some inroads made on this myth in the past few years. As the writer Michael Novak has suggested, ethnic assimilation has finally begun to infuse a few de-rigidifying strains into popular culture, as is evident in the Southern European temperament of Kojak, or in the skepticism and unassertiveness of Columbo. Even so, the strength and rigors of the old Puritan myths seem far from gone—as if they had been literally welded to the American soul at its time of greatest hardship and violence. Murder as redemption! Aggression as passivity! Not just violence but a falsity to violence fused into Ameri-



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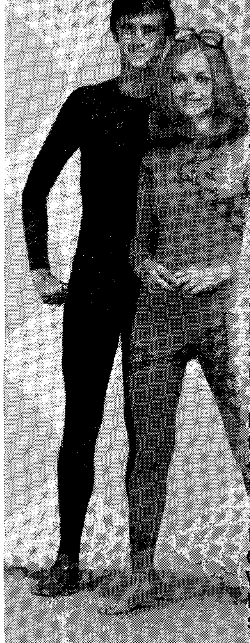

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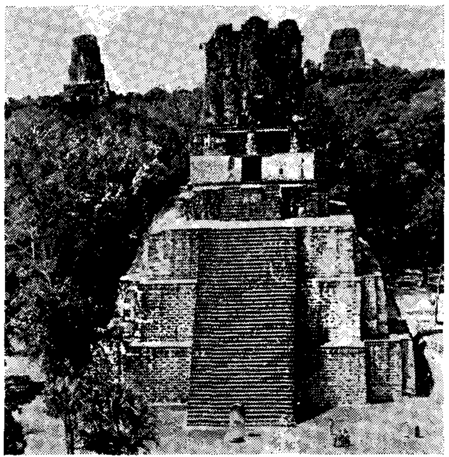
can myth. As Professor Slotkin points out, even President Lyndon Johnson (in his Johns Hopkins address of 1965, calling for an escalation of the Vietnam war) found himself unknowingly drawn into the symbolic imagery of the captivity myth, with his anthropomorphizing of South Vietnam as a "member of the Free World family" that was passively beset by "brutality . . . assassination and kidnapping. Women and children are strangled in the night. . . . And helpless villages are ravaged by sneak attacks."

In short, if we are worried about cultural sources for our violence, and are devising ways of making choices between "permissible" and "impermissible" mythic models, I am not sure that the best solution lies at the expense of roughneck Davy Crockett, or Mike Hammer, or Clyde Barrow, or even Lieutenant McGarrett—leaving us with the artistic, murderous ambiguities of Deerslayer, or of John Filson's Boone, whose transposed view of early American aggressions ("The innocent husbandman was shot down, while busily cultivating the soil for his family's supply") has underlain so much of our later, larger national violence.

American sensibilities, especially in the modern era, seem to have a propensity for imposing cosmetic, moralistic solutions—"codes" and "prohibitions"—on the problems arising from our deeper natures. Such, anyway, has been the focus of the recent concern with television violence. This violence is obviously inseparable from violence elsewhere in the country; yet most of it, as many people have pointed out, comes down to the psychic energies and concealments "organized" by the American literary myths. For some reason, these myths—notably the myth of hunting—live with us still, in a powerful, eerie, irrelevant half-life, glowing behind the puzzled, manly frowns, the articulate doubts, the deep thinking, the carefully fashioned guilts of so many of our literarily conceived heroes. Art—another of our redeemers, with those fascinating glimpses of artistic violence! Assuredly, it has not been false to what we think we are, but what if what we *think* is false? Or dangerous?

In the end, it looks as if we are stuck for the time being—complaining of our comic-book savageries, worrying about crime rates, fearing for the lives of Presidents—while we await the eventual disintegration of our myths; and not just of the myths themselves, these clever, artistic organizations of experience, but of the guilt that produced these myths. Peo-



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ple have a need to be "doing something" about a problem such as violence, and perhaps it fills part of this need to try, at least, to measure violence—units of violence—and electronically gauge responses, elements of aggression, inclinations to murder. Our popular culture, imitative of—but often healthier than—our higher culture, spews forth themes of manhood and hunting on television each evening, and, naturally, among the restless or disaffected young there has been a tendency to imitate: to embark on other hunts down side streets or in alleys.

But if anyone truly wishes to lessen violence in this country, it is hard to believe that more than a cosmetic alteration will be produced by censoring gunfights in television entertainments; or even, or especially, by relying on the "higher realism" of the classic American literary imagination. Indeed, at present there are new literatures, or attempts at new literatures, waiting in the wings. But as long as the guilt persists which locks our central culture to the theme of hunting—those murderous Boones—as if to abandon hunting were to admit the dimensions of that dreadful guilt, then it seems that our newer quests (whatever the art of language or of film) will only produce more hunters, employing more bullets, redeeming more wilderness and Indians.

It is a transient time—the hardest place. The wilderness of the mind was never cleared as much as we thought.

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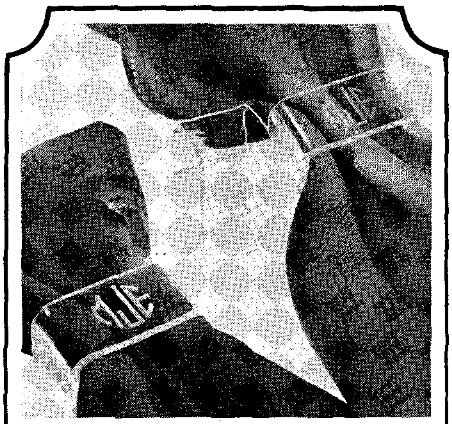

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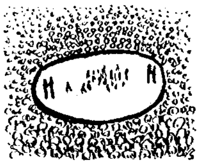
FOOTBALL

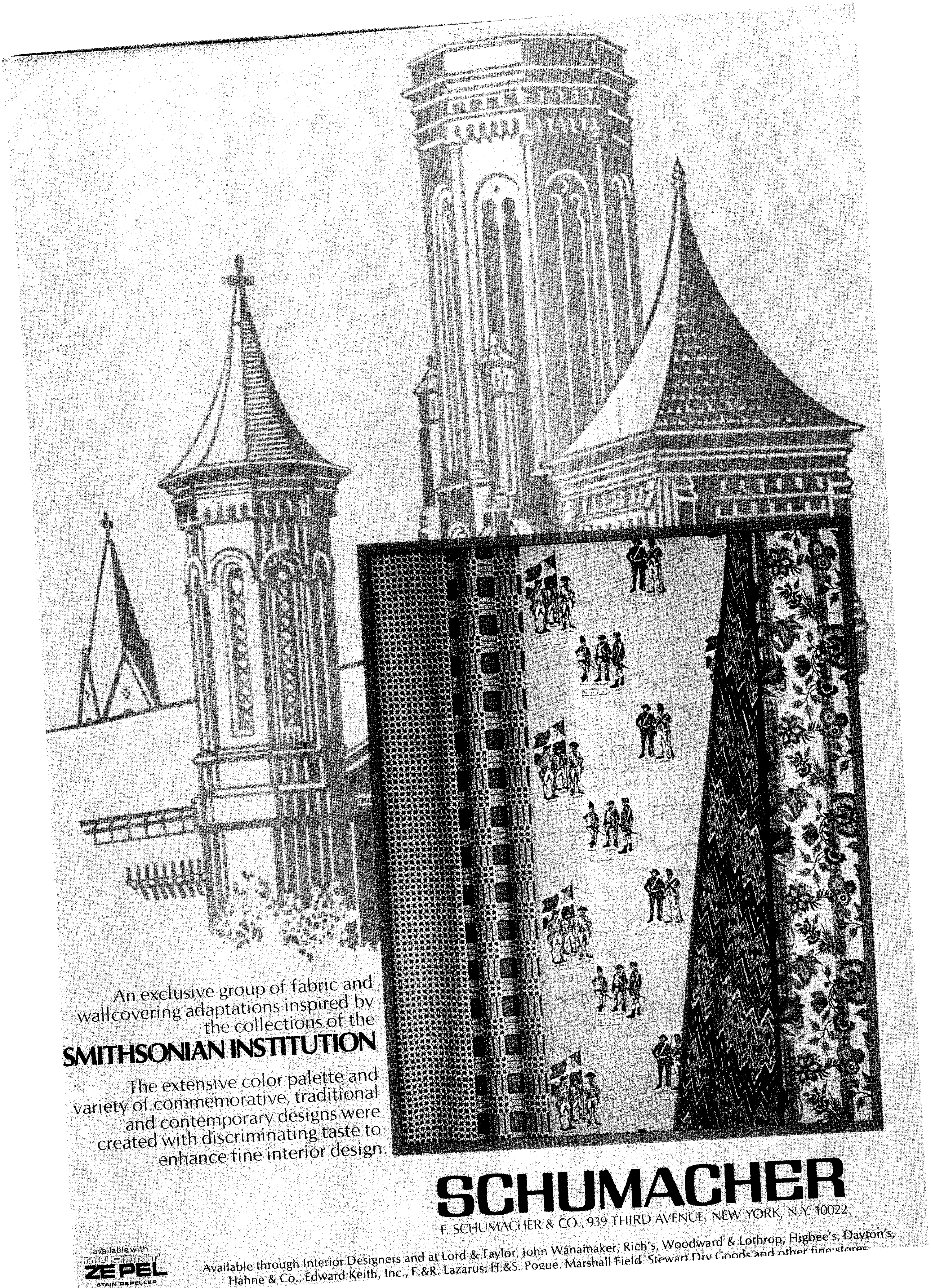
News from the Front



EVER since the rule book and the football itself were redesigned to make the passing offense more efficacious, the heroes of the sport who are mentioned in dispatches have much more often been the men who loft the ball into the air by arm power; the punters and placement kickers have become secondary characters. Of late years, though, one has been impelled to admire the footwork of such as Barclay, of Army, who made good on so many efforts at field goal, and so often in a losing cause. Still with us is Lawson, of Air Force Academy, who by now is within reach of a new record nearly every time he applies toe to pigskin. Not on Saturday last, though, when Navy, now the best of our service teams, held him and his teammates to a score of nothing at all in the course of acquiring seventeen points for itself. And Colgate has unwrapped Andrewlavage, whose five punts, also in a losing cause (Yale won, 24–10), last weekend were all works of art. Yale ran them back for a total of three yards, in large part because Andrewlavage was putting the ball out of bounds, and at inconvenient points—at, say, the Yale twenty-two, the Yale seven, the Yale two. And there has been Morrison, of Princeton, whose kickoffs bounce so far back of the enemy goal line that trying to run them out is often a fool's errand, and whose field goals come in very handy at times. Let us praise these deservedly famous men.

Army, on a foray to the Coast, lost, 67–14, to a Stanford that itself had been beaten twice and tied once this fall, and, as well, lost Gillogly, a quarterback used mainly as catcher (because of his speed afoot), who was badly damaged in the third quarter. (Army had already, a fortnight before, lost McGlasker, its other rapid-motion catcher.) Columbia, which apparently will not be able to field Burns, the quarterback it needs most, this fall (collarbone trouble), went down again on Saturday, 27–7, against Princeton, though Delaney, filling in for him, pitched out cleverly to Jackson and ran sturdily himself. Princeton, which is lodging more performers in the repair shop than it likes to think about, had three or four runners to more than match Jackson, and in Beible it had a quarterback who easily outthrew, outran, and outscored Delaney. (Beible took the ball in for Princeton's last touchdown; a weekend earlier, he took it in for the touchdown that beat Rutgers.) Meanwhile, Allison, quarterbacking the Rutgers team that lost to Princeton the week before, took the ball in last Saturday against Hawaii for a winning touchdown himself—Rutgers 7, Hawaii 3. It is said that Hawaii's air fare to collect the three points came to better than $10,000 a point. Meanwhile, too, Phillips, quarterbacking Yale against Colgate, took the ball in for Yale's first touchdown. Phillips, at six feet two and a hundred and ninety pounds, is built like Army's quarterback Hall and exerts the same keenness of eye and accuracy of arm; he has a lot more speed, as well—speed that ranks him with Princeton's Beible. Brown's Bateman, who had a great deal to do with his team's overturning of Pennsylvania, 17–8, on Saturday, may be Beible's principal contender for the Ivy League's honors at quarterback this fall. Whether Bateman's favorite catchers—Watkins and Farnham—can match up to Fencik (Phillips' pet) or Chamberlin (Beible's pet) will be determined in the next few weeks. Yale, with runners like Gesicki and the brand-new Pagliaro, and defense men like Smoot, Cahill, and Lawrence, may be too much for anyone else in the League, even for Brown. At the moment, Harvard may be too much for itself to handle. Penalties, even for such an unreasonable offense as spending too much time in the huddle, were ruinous when it met a not especially adept Boston University on Saturday, and so was the more excusable offense of dropping the ball. Harvard's newest quarterback, Kubacki, who has spent most of his life on junior-varsity work, works diligently on the Holt-McInally pass patterns that brought doom to several opponents last fall, but he hasn't yet the knack, nor has he McInally, either. One of McInally's replacements, Saxon, is rostered at five feet ten and a hundred and forty pounds—not quite as good a target. He hauled in one touchdown pass, though, against Boston, and his fan club says that there will be more. Fan clubs are, by the way, what the Ivy League needs more of. On Saturday, Michigan, undermining an unbeaten Missouri, 31–7, had more buffs in the stands than showed up for all eight of the League's matches.

—J. W. L.



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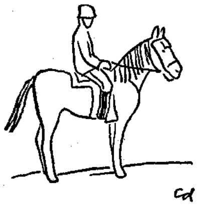

Snow Knight faces another hurdle in the Man o' War Stakes, weight for age at a mile and a half, over the turf course at Belmont Park on Saturday. If he can take it, as he did the Seneca, the Brighton Beach, and last week's Manhattan Handicap, he will be the leading runner on the grass this season—the right sort of comeback for an English Derby winner. Notorious for his aversion to and behavior in the starting gate, this good-looking English-bred chestnut colt by Firestreak out of Snow Blossom was a surprise winner of the Derby at Epsom Downs last year. Sometime later, after disappointing performances by the colt at York and Ascot, E. P. Taylor, Canada's Grand Mogul of racing, who has an eye for a horse's potential, bought him and shipped him to Woodbine. Snow Knight liked the starting gate there no better than the ones in England. As a last resort, he was sent to Mack Miller, a lanky Kentuckian who trains the Cragwood Stable and is better than a green hand with grass horses. It took Miller months of patience, and perhaps a little magic, to teach Snow Knight how to behave. Up to now, Snow Knight rates a B-plus, and Miller an A-plus. In the second division of the Manhattan at Belmont last week, Snow Knight went into his stall quietly, was away well, kept a few lengths off the pace until he circled the leaders on the turn into the stretch, and then, wearing down Shady Character, to whom he gave ten pounds, won by nearly two lengths. One on the Aisle was third. In the first division, Salt Marsh beat Drollery, London Company, and four others. The Manhattan is a $50,000 event, but because the field was split on Saturday Tommy Trotter, who is back at Belmont again as the racing secretary, doubled the purse.

Ogden Mills Phipps' Intrepid Hero, who skipped the Manhattan in favor of the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe in Paris, should have stood in his stall at Belmont. He finished far back in the pack of twenty-four runners in the mile-and-a-half race over a soggy course at Longchamp last Sun-

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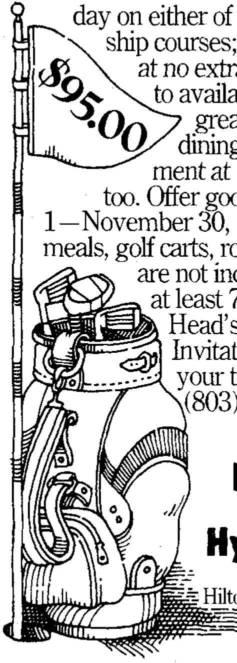

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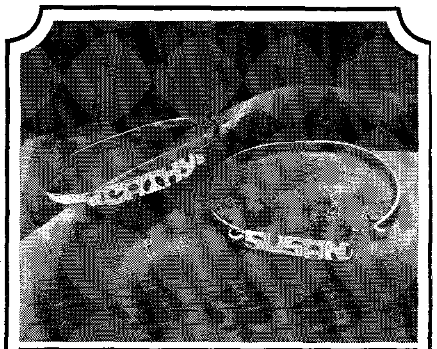

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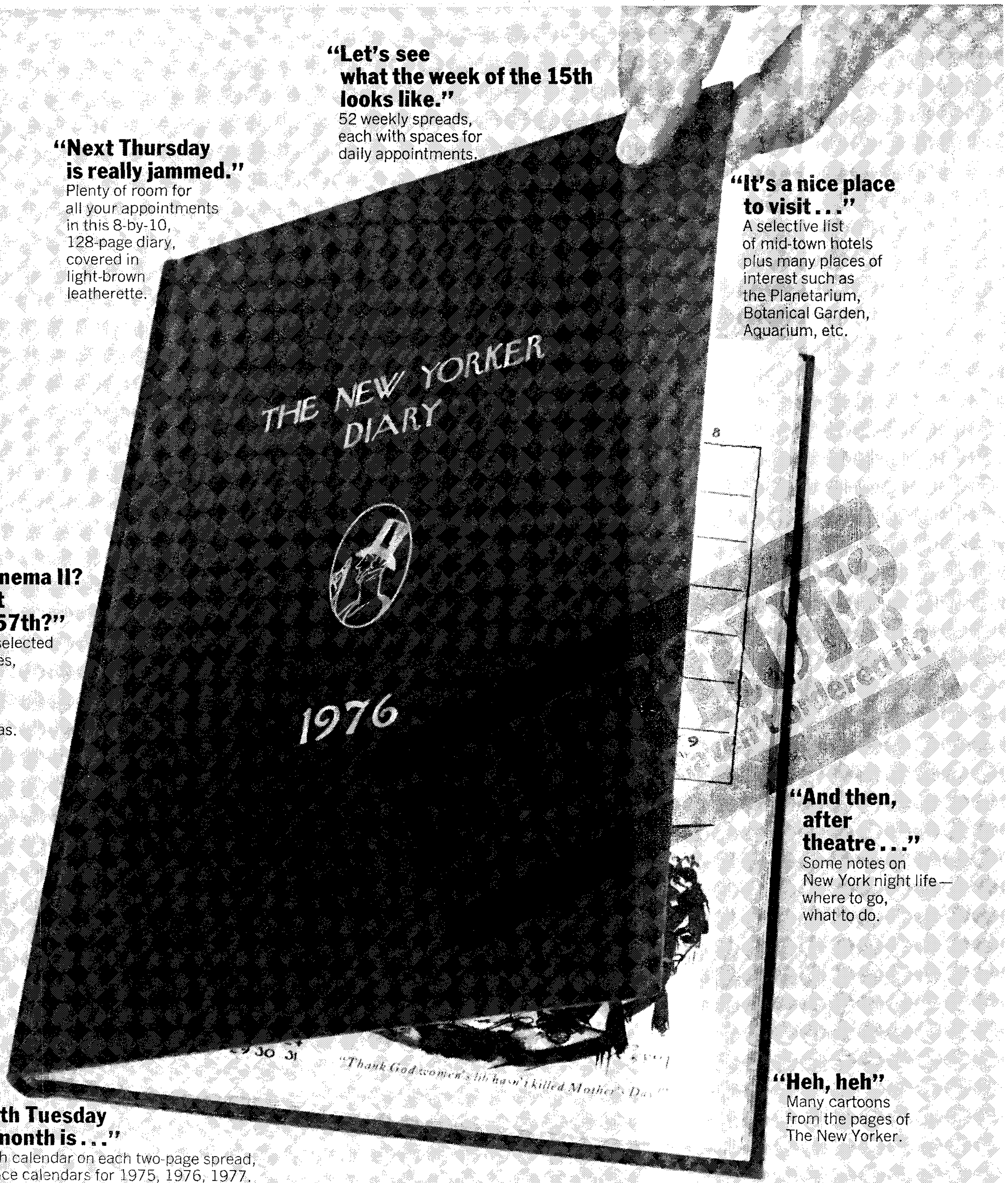

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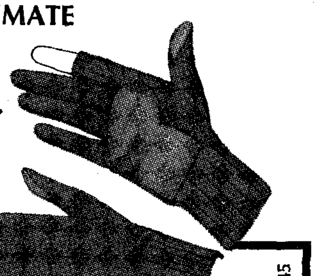

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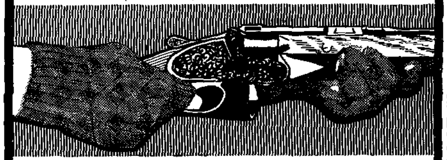

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day. Star Appeal, a West German runner, won it, and paid 118–1. Two other long shots—On My Way and Comtesse de Loir—were second and third. Allez France, the favorite, who won last year, finished fifth. She had a rough trip. In the mad scramble, she was clipped; her left hind leg was cut and a shoe was knocked off. The injury may end the racing days of the American-bred mare who has won about a million and a half for Daniel Wildenstein. Dahlia, her old rival, was also caught in the traffic jam and was never prominent in the running. Star Appeal, the best horse in West Germany this year, took down $350,000 of the $500,000 Arc purse—the richest anywhere. He'll be coming over here for the Washington, D.C., International at Laurel on November 8th.

As everybody expected, Mrs. Bertram Firestone's Optimistic Gal was an easy winner in the $100,000 Frizette Stakes for two-year-old fillies at Belmont last Saturday. Overhauling Artfully, who led for the first six furlongs, she won by nearly four lengths, in 1:36⅘ for the mile. The absence of Dearly Precious made the race rather flat. Early in the week, Steve DiMauro, who trains her, said that because of the wet weather he had not been able to do as much with her as he would have liked, and after talking it over with Richard Bailey, who owns her, it was decided to retire her. Well, she has won eight of her nine starts, seven of them stakes, including the Fashion, the Sorority, the Spinaway, and the Arlington-Washington Lassie, thus assuring herself an Eclipse Award at the end of the year for being the best of her age and sex.

It was only a question of time before Secretariat's record syndication price of $6.08 million would be topped. It happened last week, when Wajima was syndicated for $7.2 million. As you might have expected, the deal was brought off by Leslie Combs II, one of the first men to think of syndicating stallions, and his son Brownell. The latter announced last weekend that thirty-six shares of Wajima would be sold for $200,000 each. Wajima, one of the last of the crop of Bold Ruler, will probably race twice more this year—against Forego in the Jockey Club Gold Cup Stakes on October 25th at Belmont Park (the meeting there has been extended), and in a race yet to be picked by his stable.

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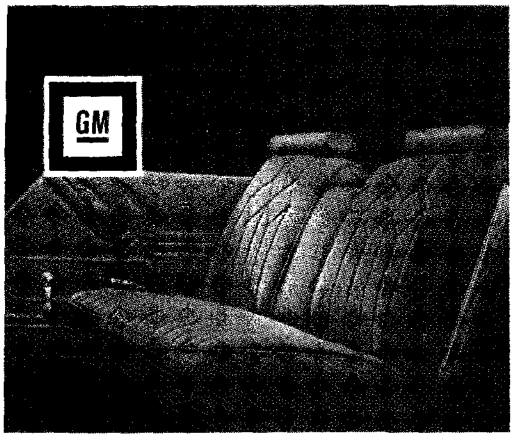

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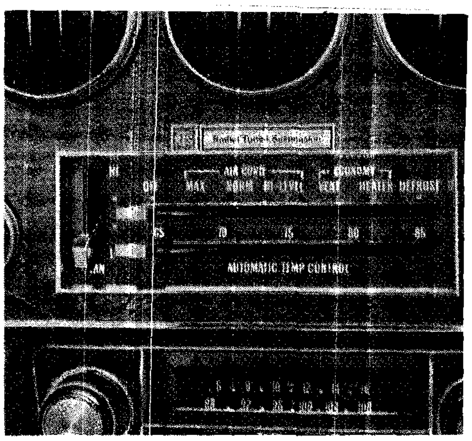

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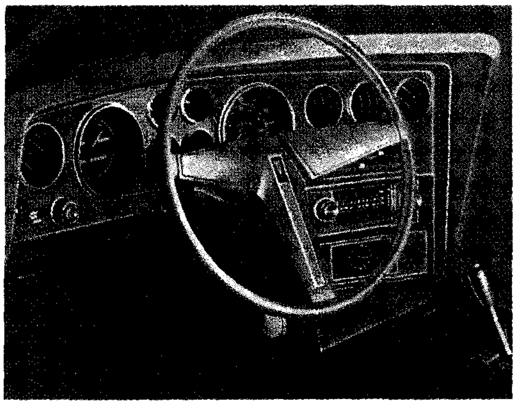

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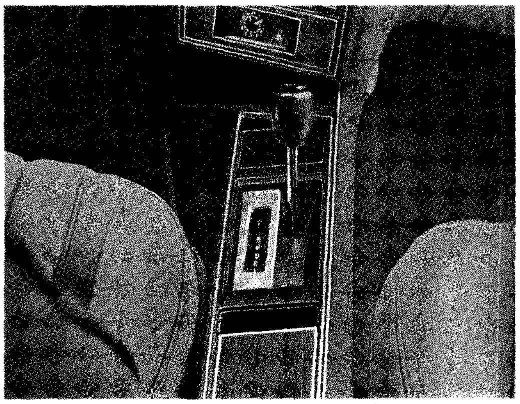

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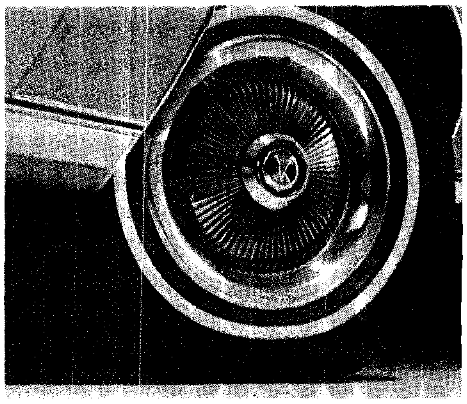

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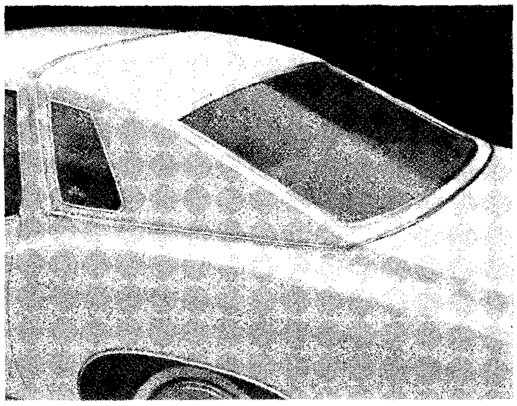

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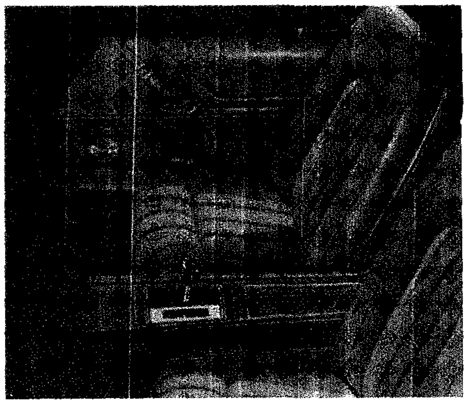

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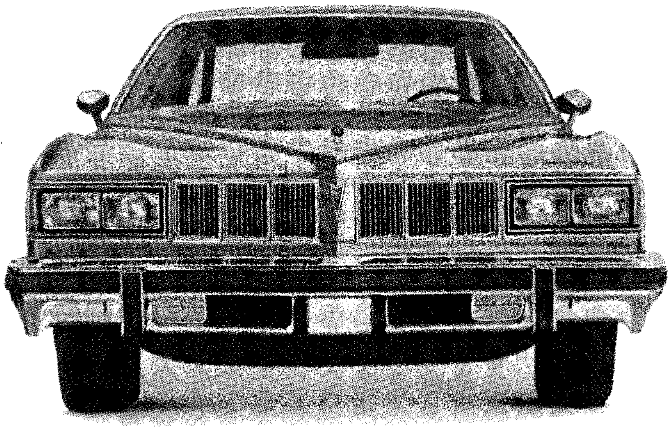

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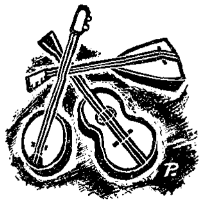
MUSICAL EVENTS

Golden Evenings

THE Glyndebourne Festival Opera, from its first season, in 1934, has shown that a combination of careful casting, first-rate muical and dramatic direction, and ample ehearsal time in a rural setting free of big-city tensions can provide opera on a uperior level, and different in kind rom even the starriest productions of he big companies. "Ensemble opera" is not there a euphemism for second-rate inging. The Festival has not lacked eminent artists: Sena Jurinac was in effect the esident diva of the postwar decade, and Elisabeth Södertröm is that now (sustaining the posiion, this season, as the heroine of Richard Strauss's "Intermezzo"). Birgit Nilsson, Régine Crespin, Montserrat Caballé, and Ileana Cotrubas are among the sopranos who chose or were chosen by Glyndebourne for a Britsh début; Teresa Berganza, Mirella Freni, and Luciano Pavarotti made early appearances there; Erich Kunz and Peter Pears rose from its chorus. This season brought Donald Gramm's riumphant British début, as Nick Shadow, in a new production of Stravinsky's "The Rake's Progress." (Next year, he is due to return as Falstaff.) In fact, three of the four principals in that "Rake," and three of the six singers in the first cast of "Così Fan Tutte," another new production of the season, were American (stretching the term to include the Philippine Evelyn Mandac). So was the protagonist of "Eugene Onegin," Richard Stilwell. There is nothing like Glyndebourne anywhere else; in America, perhaps in Santa Fé or at Caramoor, some of its elements may be found, but nowhere the same combination of a small opera house thoroughly equipped (with good workshops, rehearsal rooms, etc.), a long season during which productions can grow (Glyndebourne's runs for eleven weeks), and a leading metropolitan orchestra (Glyndebourne employs the London Philharmonic, currently deemed London's best).



Glyndebourne is fifty-four miles south-southeast of London—about two hours' drive, or an hour and a half by train from Victoria Station and then by connecting motor coach. Performances begin at five-fifteen or five-thirty, and Londoners get home about midnight. There is a long dinner intermission; a restaurant; and gardens, lawns, and lakeside meadows to picnic in. The excursion can be expensive; most of the seats cost £11.90 or £10.80 ($25 or $23); the train-and-motor-coach fare is £3.55 first class and £2.60 second; the celebrated wine list, which has twice been the subject of essays in the Festival program book, can run up the bill still further. The theatre, attached to the country house of George Christie (the son of John Christie and the soprano Audrey Mildmay, who founded the Festival), seats eight hundred. About eighty per cent of the budget comes from ticket sales, the rest from individuals, trusts, and firms. (The state, through the Arts Council, supports only Glyndebourne Touring Opera, a company of young singers that, on an autumn tour, takes the productions up and down the country.) Live broadcasts, full-length television performances (including Peter Hall's memorable productions of "Le Nozze di Figaro" and of Monteverdi's "Il Ritorno d'Ulisse"), and semi-staged concert versions played to a large audience at the Albert Hall Proms and broadcast to one still larger make Glyndebourne's work more generally available.

A few—but very few—of the hundred and more visits I have paid to Glyndebourne have been duds, but the chief memory is of golden evenings, either with familiar Mozart enjoyed in the detail that only a small auditorium can make vivid, or with other Glyndebourne specialties: revivals of unfamiliar operas that then have often gone out to join the international repertory. Mozart's own "Idomeneo" was one; others were the Rossini comedies produced while Vittorio Gui was musical director; now, the waves of seventeenth-century Venetian opera that sweep Europe and America rise from Glyndebourne. Operas of our day make not too bad a showing in the annals: the world première of Nicholas Maw's "The Rising of the Moon," the British premières of Hans Werner Henze's "Elegy for Young Lovers," of Poulenc's "La Voix Humaine," of Gottfried von Einem's "The Visit of the Old Lady," and of "The Rake's Progress." That first "Rake," designed by Osbert Lancaster and directed by Carl Ebert, produced in 1953, lasted a decade. The new production is even more successful. It has been designed by David Hockney in his most elegant, delightful, and

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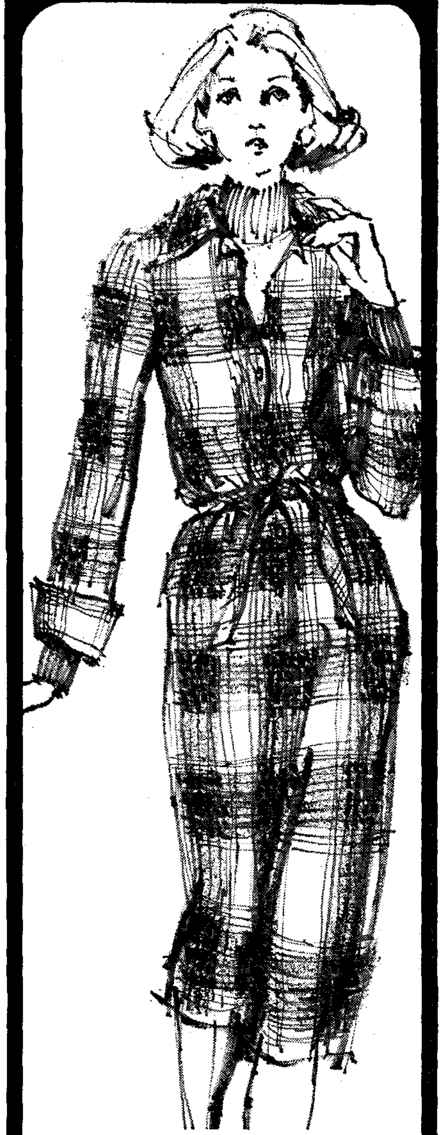

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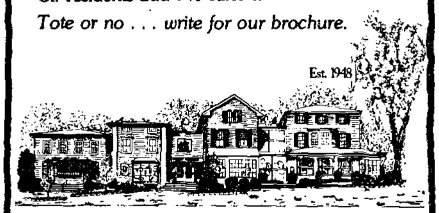

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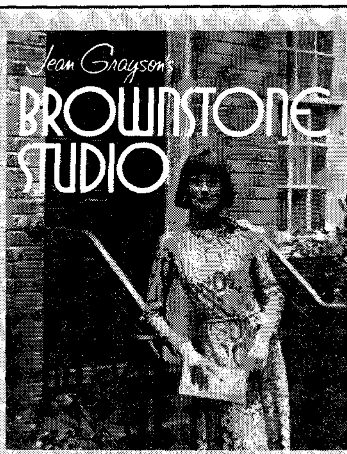
cunning manner. The scenes and costumes are crosshatched, in homage to the Hogarth prints that inspired the fable, but the general effect is light and clear, as lucid and unemphatic as Stravinsky's score. John Cox, Glyndebourne's director of production, has directed with a similar "transparency" and imposed no heavy interpretation on a work that needs only to be perceived, not "explained." Best of all, Bernard Haitink's conducting combines all the diverse virtues that other conductors have brought to the score. By and large, Mr. Haitink must be the conductor most solidly esteemed in Europe today. Solti and Karajan may generate more heat; they are more extravagantly acclaimed, but often with reservations, while Haitink is simply and unanimously praised for his excellence. His "Rake" was at once precise yet lyrical, pungent in timbre yet delicate, purposive in gait yet never stiff. The London Philharmonic woodwinds played like angels.

Donald Gramm's Nick Shadow is a wonderful piece of work, infinite in faculty, in form and in moving admirable, in action like an exquisitely polished and courteous devil. Such impeccable command of notes and words is rare; rare such wit, such finesse of timing. Leo Goeke's Tom Rakewell was young, attractively vulnerable, and clearly projected except when some of the shorter notes and unaccented words disappeared. Rosalind Elias made an alluring Baba the Turk. Jill Gomez, who has been so tender and touching an Anne Trulove in other productions of the opera, was tender and touching again but not in her very best voice.

GLYNDEBOURNE's other brand-new production was of Janáček's "The Cunning Little Vixen." Its "Così Fan Tutte" was newly directed, by Adrian Slack, in Emanuele Luzzati's scenery of 1969, which predicates a certain plainness in the spectacle. By a Polish Fiordiligi, Bozena Betley, a Bulgarian Dorabella, Reni Penkova, and an American Ferrando, Robert Johnson, making his British début, it was fairly well sung; and admirably sung by the Philippine Despina, Miss Mandac, a Norwegian Guglielmo, Knut Skram, and an American Alfonso, Michael Devlin, whose commanding presence and clear articulation dominated the evening. Glyndebourne's plainness was preferable to Covent Garden's frippery; in London, the Royal Opera was also playing "Così," and John Copley, the director, had larded what was once a



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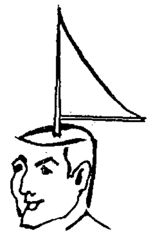

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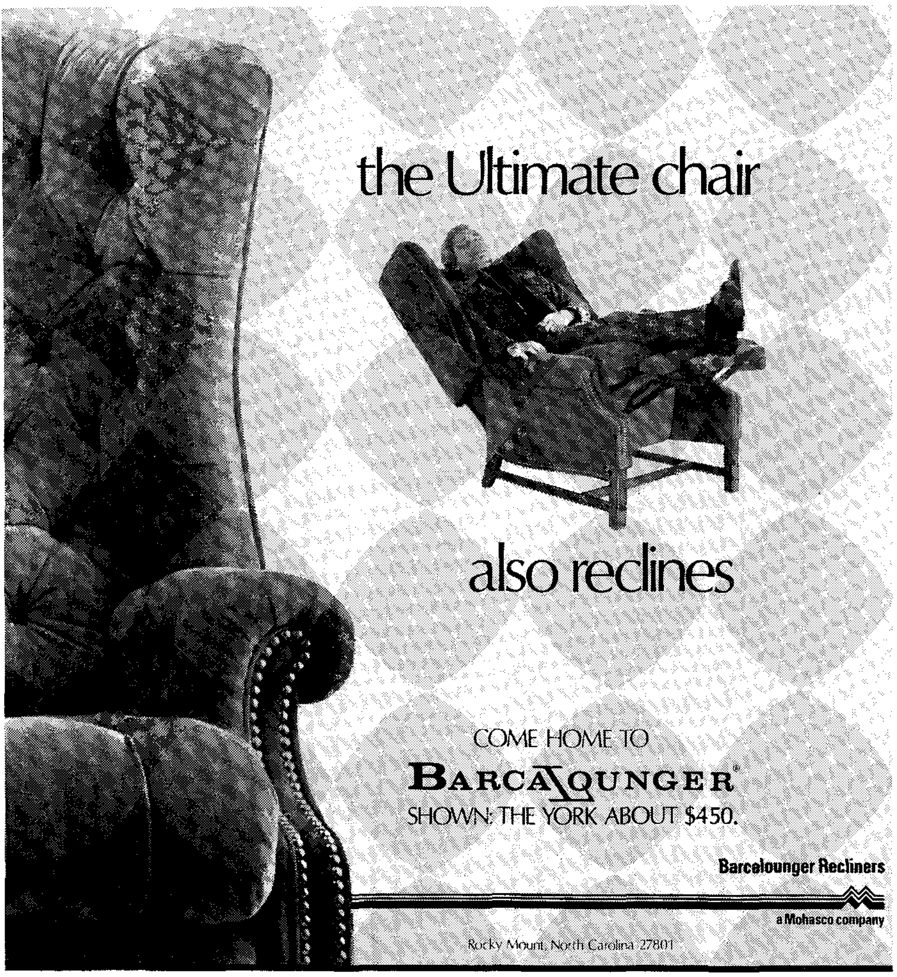
oised and elegant production with any crude jests. The international ast included three Covent Garden ébutants: Anna Tomowa-Sintow, rom Bulgaria, a bright but uneven 'iordiligi; Judith Blegen, from the Metropolitan, a lively Despina but omewhat peaky in timbre; and Rüiger Wohlers, a moderately accomlished young Mozart tenor from Germany. At Glyndebourne, John 'ritchard conducted the opera with asy mastery. At Covent Garden, I truck Colin Davis on one of the nights vhen he seemed determined to bounce" everything along.

Mr. Davis's merits—his vigor, his etermination that everything should ound and sing—were more apparent 1 "Peter Grimes," the last new prouction of the Royal Opera's 1974-75 eason. The piece has been much layed in Britain: two productions by he Sadler's Wells—now English National—Opera; others by the Welsh National Opera and by the Scottish Opera; and the previous Covent Garen version, which lasted from 1947 o 1971. To refurbish the last (which ad, essentially, the same Tanya Moiseiwitsch décor as the Metropolian's version) would apparently have ost little less than the new, low-budget how has done. Timothy O'Brien and Tazeena Firth have designed a simple, 'ersatile, well-proportioned plain box f a setting—boardwalks, a strip of hingle, not much else—that throws the ction forward. A talented young director, Elijah Moshinsky, made his Covnt Garden début with a tough, unchy staging, based on character vivdly observed. (Asked where he got his raining, Mr. Moshinsky replied, "By vriting an Oxford thesis on Alexander Herzen, for Sir Isaiah Berlin.") The ast, led by the violent, visionary Grimes of Jon Vickers and the mild, lacatory Ellen Orford of Heather Harper (this staging implied that a stronger character than Ellen's might iave averted the tragedy), was firstate, with Heather Begg's venomous ind trenchant Mrs. Sedley especially vivid.

"The Rake's Progress" and "Peter Grimes" are the two postwar operas that have kept the longest hold on the international repertory. Glyndebourne's "Rake" was ideal. Covent Garden's "Grimes" lacked only the romantic depth that links it to the traditions of grand opera. Everything was unremittingly front-stage. Britten's "sea interludes" are meant to be played with the curtain down while the orchestra alone evokes Suffolk scenes



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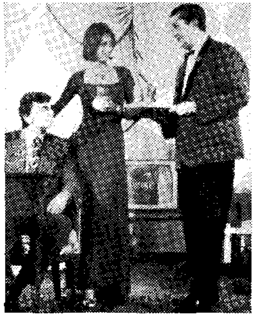

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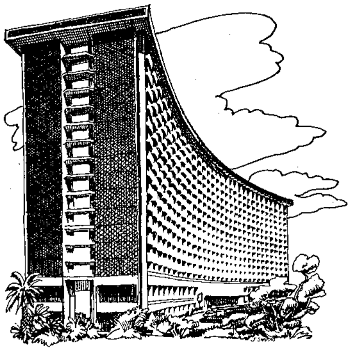

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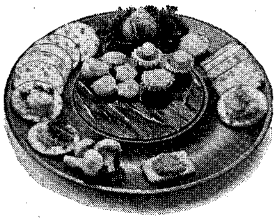

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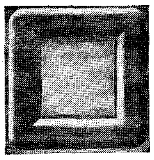

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and stirs the imagination of the audience; these interludes were played with the curtain up, as accompaniment to a pantomime, and the music was impoverished. Similar troubles beset most "modern" stagings in anachronistic theatrical manners of works that in their creators' minds were both seen and heard. Romantic operas such as Wagner's "Lohengrin" and Verdi's "Les Vêpres Siciliennes" can be as much diminished by the absence of romantic scenery as Shakespeare's plays can be cumbered by its presence.

—ANDREW PORTER

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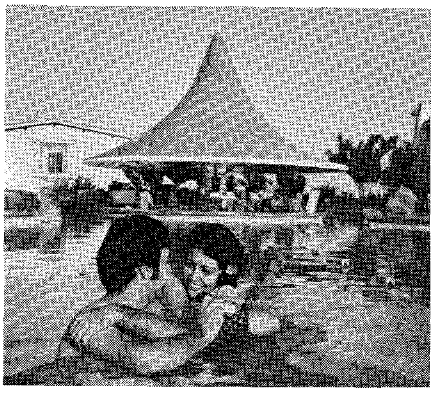
Kurt Weill's First and Second Symphonies have been recorded by the Gewandhaus Orchestra of Leipzig, Edo de Waart conducting (Philips 6500642; single disc). The protean Weill is better known in America for "Threepenny Opera" and his Broadway music; these two works show that he was a thoroughly original symphonist, who dated back to the period of the post-Mahler decline in Central Europe. I like the Second Symphony better, but both of them reveal a consummate craftsman and a composer who has something to say.

James Levine conducts the Chicago Symphony in Mahler's Symphony No. 4, for which Judith Blegen is the soprano (RCA ARL 1-0895; single disc). The Metropolitan Opera's wonder-boy musical director gives in general an excellent reading of the most

Unwind



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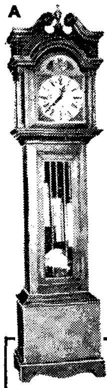

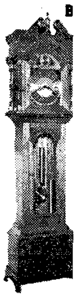

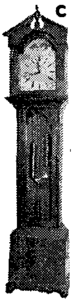

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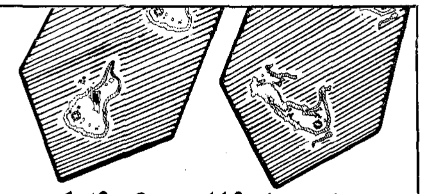

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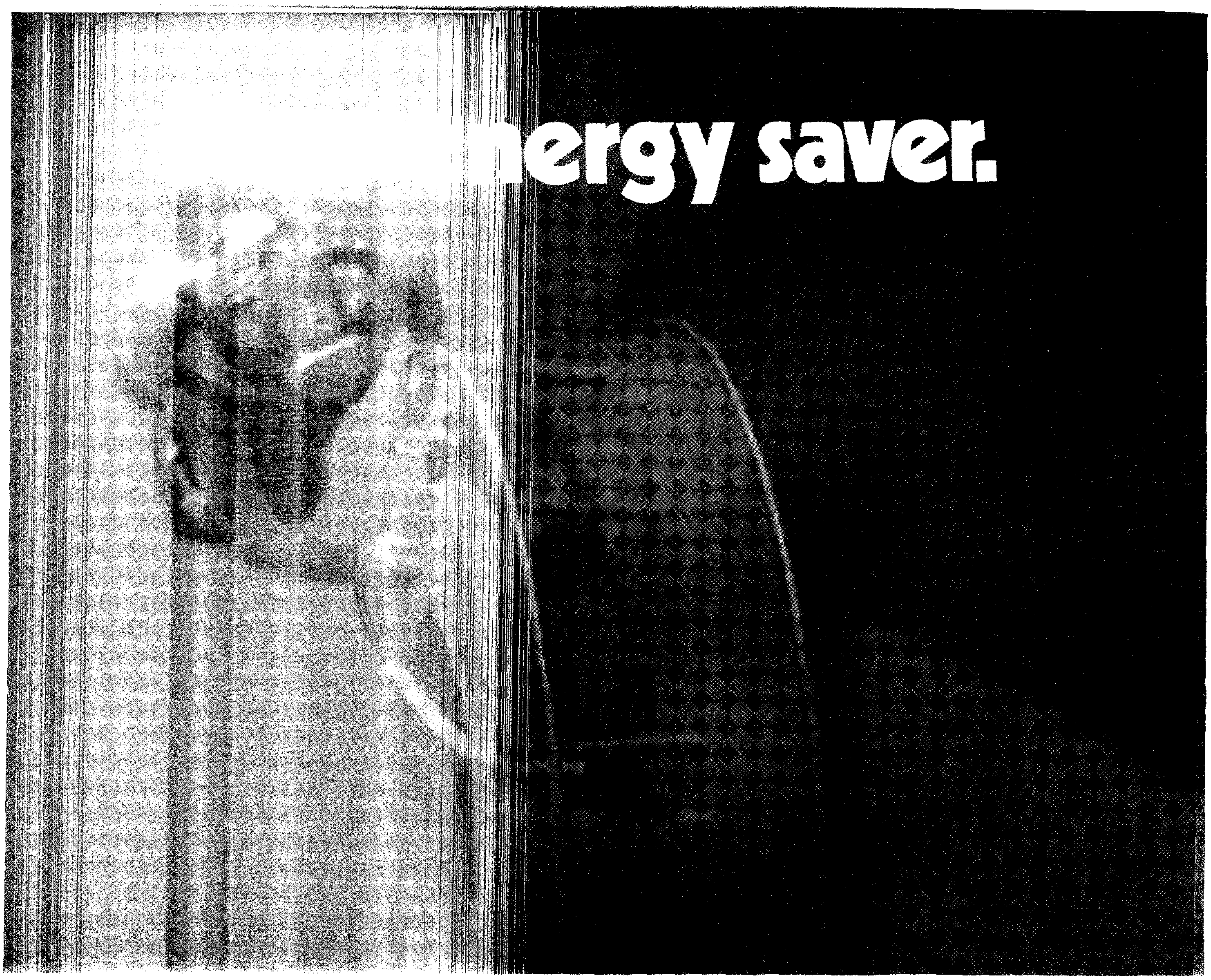

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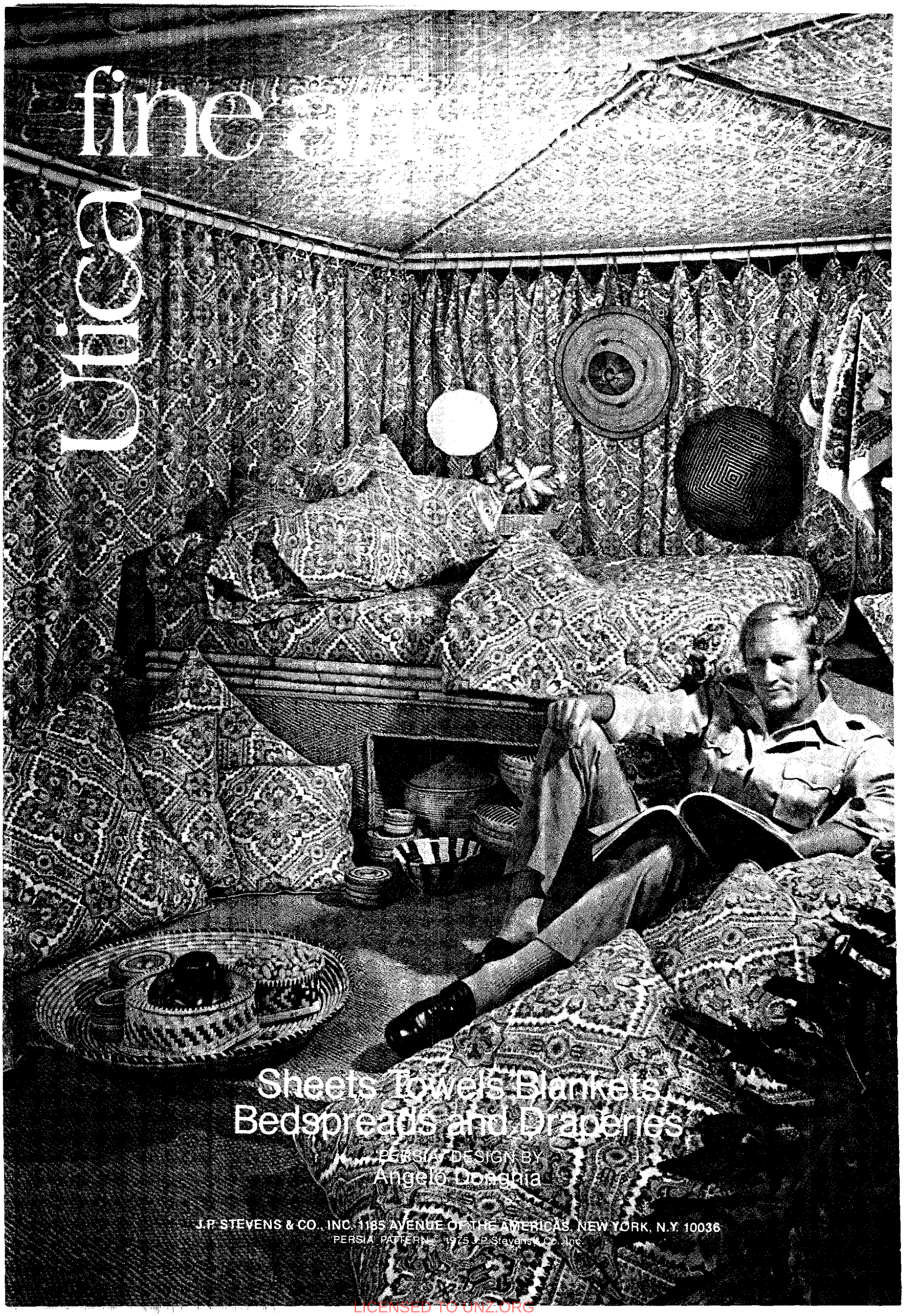
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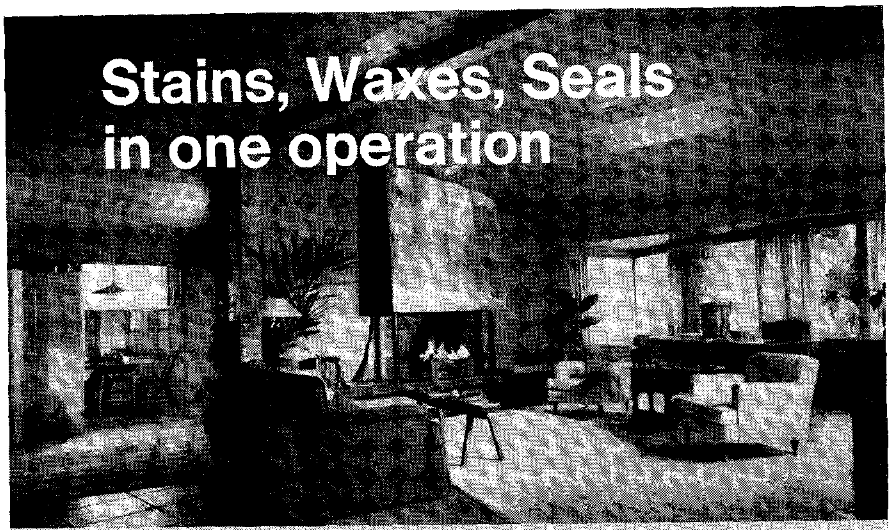
popular of the Mahler symphonies, though he twice rushes through measures that have no melodic material. Miss Blegen is superb.

Two versions of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion" have appeared, and the difference between them is interesting. One is by Willem Mengelberg, conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra, the Amsterdam Tonkunst Choir, the Zanglust Boys' Choir, Karl Erb, Willem Ravelli, Jo Vincent, Ilona Durigo, Louis van Tulder, and Herman Schey (Philips 6747168; six sides). The other is by an unidentified orchestra and chorus, Hermann Scherchen conducting; the principals here are Magda Laszlo, Hildegarde Roessel-Majdan, Petro Munteanu, Richard Standen, Hugues Cuénod, Heinz Rehfuss, and Eberhard Wächter (Westminster Gold WGMO 8318-4; eight sides). The first was made in 1939 and the second in 1953, and both can be played on stereo equipment. The conductors are among the finest in recent memory, but their interpretations are at opposite poles. Mengelberg uses a wonderful pre-Toscanini Romantic pliancy of tempo. His interpretation breathes, and his whole conception has grandeur. Scherchen is obviously under the influence of Toscanini; his touch is far lighter, and his tempos are standard. The soloists for both albums were the best available at the time. I prefer Mengelberg's version.

Herbert von Karajan has given a sensitive reading to his recording of Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis." This involves the Berlin Philharmonic, the Vienna Singverein, Gundula Janowitz, Agnes Baltsa, Peter Schreier, and José van Dam (Angel SB-3821; four sides). It is one of many versions, but it is remarkable for its drama and its silken tone.

An interesting "La Bohème," done twenty years ago, mostly by singers who are Americans and Metropolitan stalwarts, is the one conducted by the late Sir Thomas Beecham. The orchestra and chorus are not identified, but the singers—and magnificent ones—are Victoria de los Angeles, Jussi Bjoerling, Lucine Amara, Robert Merrill, Giorgio Tozzi, John Reardon, and Fernando Corena (Seraphim SIB-6099; four sides). The recording is also noteworthy because of Sir Thomas's tempos, which are quite slow in the first and third acts.

Bach's complete works for solo flute are splendidly performed by Jean-Pierre Rampal, to the accompaniment of Robert Veyron-Lacroix, a harpsichordist, as well as of some others



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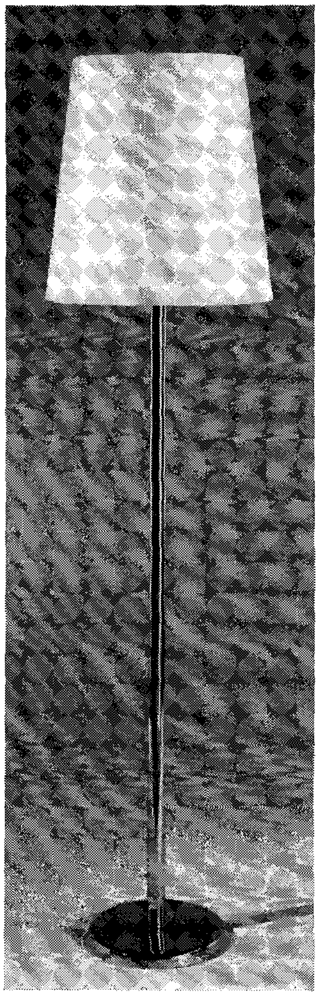

(RCA CRL3-5820; six sides). Rampal's command of baroque musical style is well known.

THERE are on hand a large number of single discs devoted to baroque and earlier compositions: "Golden Dance Hits of 1600" (with directions on how to dance some of them), played on instruments of the period (Archive Production 2533-184)—amusing and quaint. Michael-Richard Delalande's Symphonies (music played at the courts of Louis XIV and XV) and Fourth Suite, and Jean-Joseph Mouret's Fanfares, Symphonies, and Second Suite, by the Orchestre de Chambre Paul Kuentz, Mr. Kuentz conducting (Archive Production 198333)—pleasant. (One of Mouret's Fanfares is the familiar signature for television's "Masterpiece Theatre.") Giovanni Bononcini's "Divertimenti da Camera," performed by Hans-Martin Linde on blockflöte, recorder, and flûte à bec (Archive Production 2533167)—suave Italian eighteenth-century music. Bach's Six Organ Concertos (BWV 592 to 597), by Karl Richter, on the Silbermann organ, at Arlesheim (Archive Production 2533170)—masterly. Purcell's "Songs and Orchestral Interludes," by Maureen Forrester as alto, Alexander Young as tenor, Martin Isepp as harpsichordist, and the Vienna Radio Orchestra, Brian Priestman conducting (Westminster Gold WGS-8315)—superb performances of music composed by England's supreme master of the baroque. Domenico Scarlatti's Sonatas for Harpsichord, Volumes I and II (Vanguard VSD-71201 and 71202), played by Kenneth Cooper—stylish and vigorous. Jean-Philippe Rameau's ballet music for "Les Fêtes d'Hébé," by the English Chamber Orchestra, Raymond Leppard conducting (Angel S-37105)—delightful music for a ballet about Greek gods and mortals. "In Praise of Pleasure," songs by Valentin Rathgeber and Johann Caspar Seyfert from the Augsburg Tafel-Confect, sung by Rita Streich, Udo Wildenblanck, Willi Brokmeier, Wolfgang Anheisser, and Gottlob Frick, accompanied by the Munich Instrumental Ensemble, Fritz Neumeyer conducting (Angel S-37107)—some great singers singing some highly entertaining humorous items. "Music at the Time of the Crusades," vocal and instrumental compositions of the thirteenth century, done by the Florilegium Musicum of Paris (Vanguard SRV-317).

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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More Notes from Underground

A GREAT writer has the capacity to shift or enlarge the image we have of his predecessors. Thus, Solzhenitsyn's work and the part he is currently playing in the Western attitude toward Russia are bound to affect our reading of Dostoevski. If nothing else, the reception of Solzhenitsyn and his own reactions to his Western public underline a long history of misunderstanding—sometimes partial, sometimes drastic. It turns out once again that there are at the heart of Russian literature, and of the Russian conception of what literature is and does, elements that almost defy translation. This is so on the level of language; a fair number of English and American versions of Russian classics are utterly misleading. But it is true also on the more crucial level of sensibility. We seem to get the whole direction of spirit wrong.

The Russian legacy of radical, subterranean resistance to totalitarian rule is a case in point—and one that inevitably shapes our interpretations of Russian writing, from Pushkin to the present. There is—there has been since the eighteenth century, at least—a strain of Russian liberalism, an attempt to turn Russian culture and political institutions toward those ideals of representative government (free expression and rationality) that emerged with the Enlightenment in Europe and America. Today, this point of view is embodied, with extreme courage and clear-sightedness, in the attitude of Andrei Sakharov and several of his scientific colleagues.

But there is also another, more deeply entrenched, more representative inheritance of protest. It speaks not in the name of Western liberties but in that of religious, spiritual, nationalist values that go back to the Byzantine sources of Russian Orthodoxy and of Russian autocracy. The doctrine of human freedom implicit in this line of thought is one of religious and metaphysical transcendence. Man must strive toward a messianic encounter, toward a renewal of the human race in which Mother Russia and the Christ of the Orthodox vision are to perform a dominant role. From this point of view, which can be roughly entitled "Slavophile," Marxism and the Leninist-Stalinist regime are execrable because they constitute an alien import. Bolshevik terror is seen not as a modern version of czarist absolutism and "Asiatic" primitivism (this being a characteristically Western misprision) but as the inevitable climax of Western godlessness and technocratic efficiency. The return to real freedom must, of necessity, be "reactionary." It must redirect the Russian soul, so uniquely sanctified by suffering, to the messianic promise. Liberty is servitude under God. In the Third Rome—Byzantium took over the task of epiphany from Rome, Moscow in turn took over from fallen Byzantium—the paschal bells must ring again.

This is the heart of Solzhenitsyn's meaning. His notion of man and the state is, by liberal and rational standards, archaic and menacing. When he speaks of "the great lie" that has brought the Soviet Union to its present condition, he means that break with the Christian order, that espousal of individualist, secular, scientific ideals which he locates first in the French Revolution and then in the catastrophe of 1917. His demand that the truth be heard is not the Socratic or Jeffersonian plea for the free play of ideas, for the untrammelled license of personal expression. (Solzhenitsyn has made it clear that he is no enemy of censorship when "falsehood" must be inhibited.) It is a plea for a return to the proclamation of what he takes to be the revealed truths of the Orthodox liturgy and of its embodiment in national rites of penitence. It is not Western democracy that Solzhenitsyn opposes to the world of the Gulag, itself a triumph of secularism. It is an image, an icon in the full sense of the word, depicting the human soul in a system that has both anarchic and authoritarian features. Man's singular relation to Christ the Saviour is the center, the justification of all politics, and it is within the politics of transcendent authority (patriarchal, theocratic?) that that relationship is best served. The Western adoption of Solzhenitsyn as a symbol of freedom, of man's opposition to absolute rule, is an ironic muddle.

A precisely similar muddle plagued Dostoevski during his lifetime and often queered the understanding of his genius thereafter. Arrested in 1849 because of a peripheral involvement in a radical circle, Dostoevski returned ten years later from penal servitude

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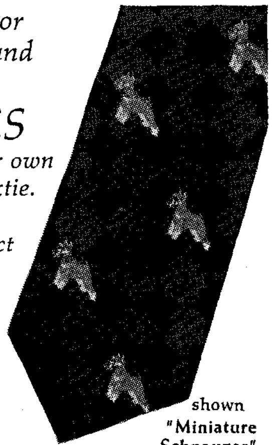

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and exile. His sufferings, recorded in "Notes from the House of the Dead," inevitably excited the sympathies of liberal contemporaries, and especially of the young men and women of the eighteen-sixties who were thirsting for reform. Properly understood, however, Dostoevski's memoir of humiliation and torment has nothing in it of a liberal polemic. It is a profoundly pious statement of the Christian paradox that there is salvation in the very heart of crime, and that the verities of the Gospel, which alone can liberate the human spirit and insure a just society, are most alive amid the humble and the chastised. Already, in this early book, we see the marks of Dostoevski's ecstatic Orthodoxy, of the commitment of his own loyalties to the czar as father of a suffering people. Alexander II's emancipation of the serfs seemed to validate Dostoevski's theocratic illuminism. During a stay in Dresden, he heard news of an attempt on the life of the Czar; he rushed to the imperial consulate to express his horror at the deed and suffered a violent epileptic seizure the same night. In 1878, he felt supremely honored when he was invited to present his theological-political views to the imperial grand dukes in a series of informal tutorials. The radicals who had sponsored Dostoevski's literary début and welcomed him on his return from Siberia soon turned bitterly against him. They found in "The Idiot" and in "The Possessed" inspired expressions of the blackest reaction. Dostoevski paid them back in kind, vituperating against godless liberalism and the evil illusions of the Socialist program. It was only at the very end of his life, during the Pushkin memorial festivities in June of 1880, that Dostoevski bridged the gap between himself and the younger generations. But even here there was ambiguity. His famous speech at the inauguration of the Pushkin monument called for an emancipation and renovation of oppressed mankind, but it did so in the name of an explicitly Slavophile, messianic mystique. Exactly like Solzhenitsyn, Dostoevski saw all freedom outside Christ as a destructive sham.

Lenin viewed things plainly: he qualified Dostoevski as "arch-noxious." Gorky declared the man and his works to be "socially harmful." As Stalinism sharpened its grip, the publication and study of Dostoevski in the Soviet Union went into cold storage. "The Possessed" and the Grand Inquisitor episode in "The Brothers Karama-

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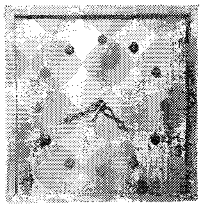

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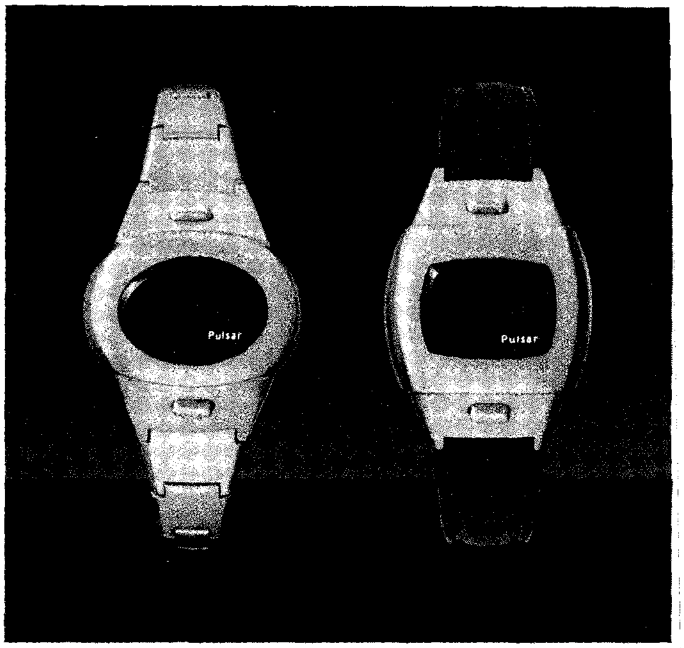

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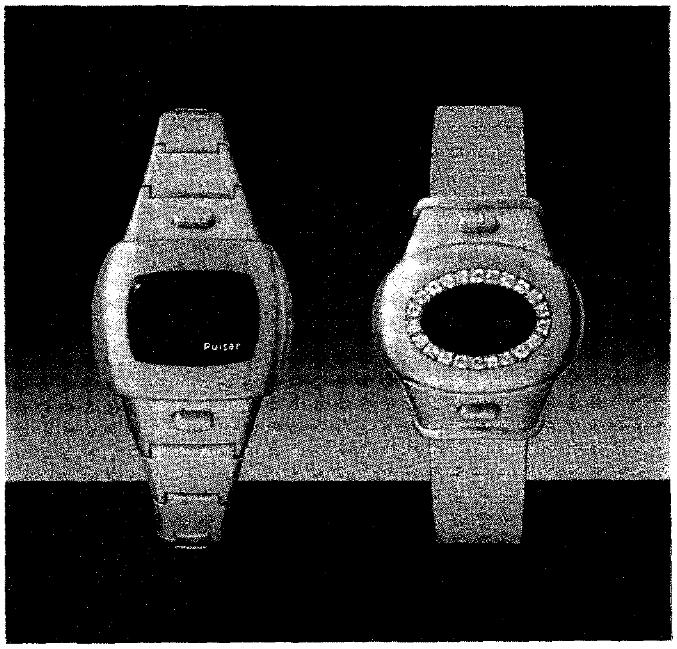

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ov" took on an almost clandestine :atus. Rehabilitation began with a tenolume edition in 1956-58, though contained a number of truncated :xts. Official revaluation came only /ith the hundred-and-fiftieth anniverıry of Dostoevski's birth, in 1971. 'he novelist could now be seen as an uthentic witness to the miseries of the Russian people under czarism and, ı a convoluted, self-defeating man.er, as a prophet of revolutionary hange.

The Russian literary critic and cholar Leonid Grossman survived the ıumerous, perilous twists in the Stalinst treatment of the past. His documenary monograph of Dostoevski that was ublished in 1935 was one of the last to ppear before the long night of supression. His full-length study was ublished in 1962, benefitting fully rom the new climate of allowed opinon. A second edition, on which the English-language translation by Mary Mackler ("Dostoevsky: His Life and Work," issued by Bobbs-Merrill) is ased, followed three years later. The ook is a spacious and straightforward arrative of Dostoevski's life, punctuted by summaries and critical notices f the novels. It avoids the punitive diocies of the Leninist-Stalinist indictnent. But many traces of the trauma remain, the critical observations are often apologetic, and the tone is deliberately popular (the book appeared in a series of biographies addressed to a mass audience); the treatment is distinctly inferior to Konstantin Mochulsky's "Dostoevsky: His Life and Work," published in English in 1967.

Grossman derived important material from conversations with Anna Grigoryevna Dostoevski, the writer's second wife and his widow. As early as 1894, she had begun transcribing the diaries she kept during the early years of her marriage. She ordered and set down her reminiscences between 1911 and 1916, and she died in 1918, in the aftermath of wartime destitution. Grossman edited the material and published it in 1925. The translation, by Beatrice Stillman, is based on a revision of Grossman's text by Soviet scholars which was issued in Moscow in 1971. Continuing the work of the Soviet editors, she has made further minor changes to bring "Dostoevsky: Reminiscences" (Liveright) into conformity with the chronology of Dostoevski's life. As Professor Helen Muchnic says in her introduction, this work has been consulted by every serious student of Dostoevski since it became available,

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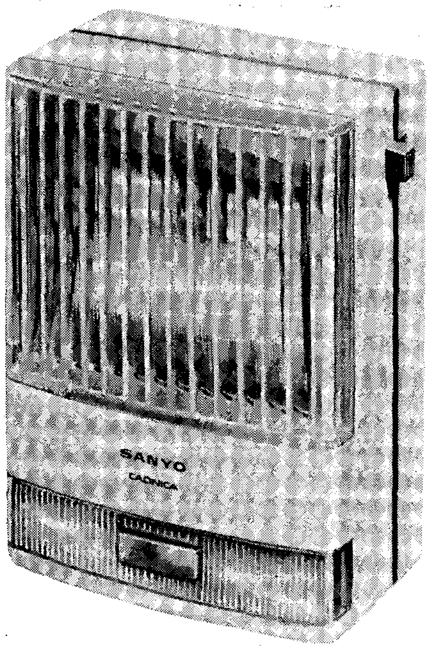

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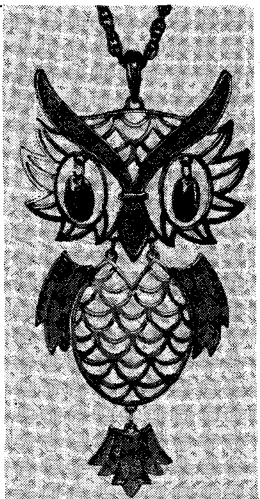

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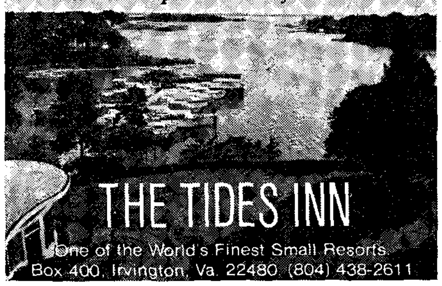

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Anna was not only an excellent stenographer but a young woman of quite remarkable sympathy and acumen. She created the material and psychological conditions under which Dostoevski, harried by debt and ill-health (epilepsy plus suffocating emphysema), could compose his major novels. During long periods of deprivation and in moments of wild grief—Dostoevski's first child, Sonya, died at the age of three months during a wretched spell in Geneva—Anna sustained her husband's will to live and to create. In the eighteen-seventies, she turned herself into a publisher and began to assure a steadier basis for Dostoevski's royalties. Overcoming the intrigues of her in-laws and of an utterly selfish, drifting stepson, she came to endure and to master the fits of hysterical jealousy to which Dostoevski was prone when she showed even conventional kindness to other men. Her "Reminiscences" tell the story with unaffected candor. They glow with a persistent wonder at the fact that such love should be possible between an emancipated woman of the eighteen-sixties and an arch-conservative genius twenty-five years her senior.

It was not long after the marriage that Anna, who seems to have been unaware of her husband's affliction, witnessed Dostoevski in an epileptic fit. "And suddenly there was a horrible, inhuman scream, or, more precisely, a howl—and he began to topple forward." Dostoevski, an inveterate note-taker, recorded the frequency and intensity of his attacks, marking them as "average," "strong

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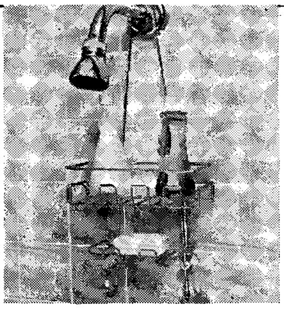

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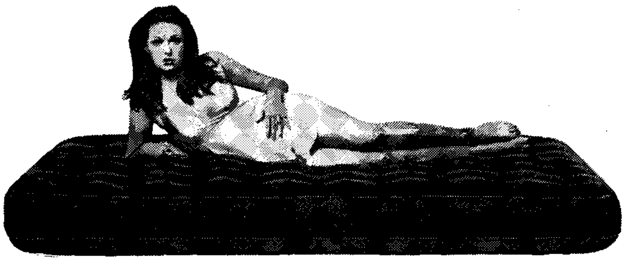
nes," "big." He jotted down detailed accounts of his and Anna's financial ransactions. He scribbled lengthy memoranda to himself about current events, ideas for novels, extracts from he press, exchanges (often vituperaive) with contemporaries and imagnary interlocutors. Preserved by Anna Grigoryevna, these voluminous archives have long been quarried. From 1918 to 1936, Soviet scholars transcribed and published the notebook entries directly relevant to the major novels. The University of Chicago Press began publishing an English-language version of these "drafts" for 'Crime and Punishment," "The Idiot," "The Possessed," "A Raw Youth," and "The Brothers Karamazov" in the nineteen-sixties. Entries from eleven notebooks not immediatey relating to the novels were issued n the Soviet Union in 1971 under the title "Neizdannyi Dostoevskii." The Ardis edition, issued in Ann Arbor, and projected in three volumes, of "The Unpublished Dostoevsky (1860-81)," represents a "lightened" version of this Soviet enterprise. In effect, this means that the editorial apparatus and annotations are curtailed, often to the point of uselessness.

Much of the material is banal: "What is prayer? Prayer is a lifting up of the mind." Some of the inventories of potential motifs have a zany poetry:

A naked foot.
Shoot each other.
A Russian abroad loses the use of the
  Russian language and Russian
  thoughts.
About Italian men and women.
About husband eaten up by crocodile.
The crocodile speaks.
The man speaks from in there.

There is evidence of the formidable continuity in Dostoevski's reflections. The very first entry, for "4 January 60," reads "Shakespeare. His uselessness. Shakespeare as a backward person." Sixteen years later, Dostoevski, whose views on this matter closely follow Tolstoy's, reverts to the argument that "Shakespeare is the poet of despair. Where is the reconciliation?" But the main interest of these texts is ideological. Addressing an imaginary reader as "you swine," Dostoevski hammers incessantly at the vices of Socialism and of the shallow, Westernizing liberals typified by Turgenev. "Liberalism is a bad habit;" it will pass away in the nearing apocalyptic storm. Phantoms of secular emancipation and technological prosperity will not nourish the human soul for



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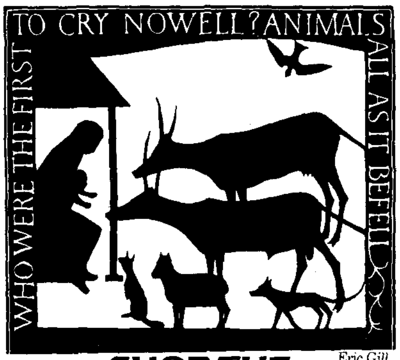

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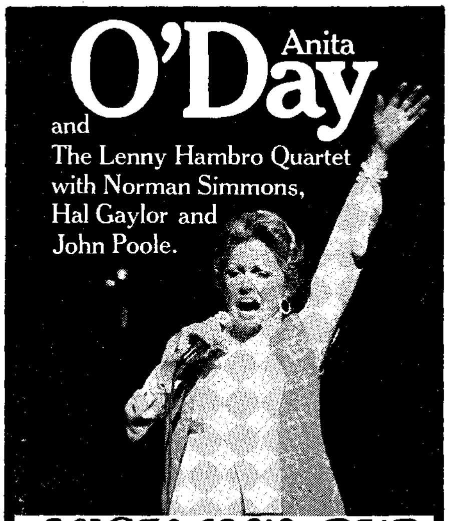

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long. Over and over, Dostoevski propounds his creed:

> I [want to] believe in the complete Kingdom of Christ. How it will be done, it is difficult to foresee, but it will be. I believe that this kingdom will come. But even though it is difficult to foresee, signs in the dark night of conjecture can still be envisioned mentally, and I believe in these signs.

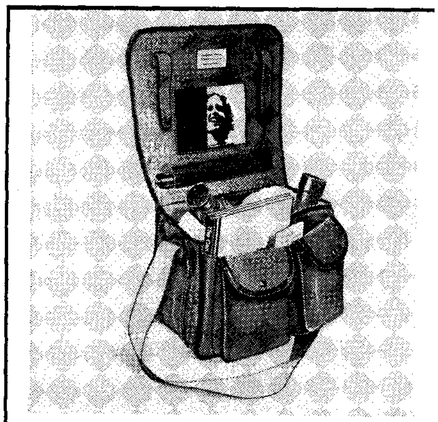
These same words could summarize Solzhenitsyn's doctrine and prevision of history. There is no honesty whatever in obscuring from outsiders the gap between Western rationalist democracy and the Orthodox scenario of apocalypse and messianic salvation. To both Dostoevski and Solzhenitsyn, Western ways are very largely an abomination. Exile from Russia—a land made holy by abjection—is necessarily death for the spirit. But it may also be that both men have a claim to the proud words set down by the author of "The Brothers Karamazov" in his notebook sometime in 1864 or 1865: "You will not come up with one fact about me, personally, about Fyodor Dostoevski, that shows that I ever equivocated for gain, for honor, for vanity." The Kingdom of God *oblige*.

—George Steiner

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Surface of Earth, by Reynolds Price (Atheneum). Not a chronicle, not an exercise in social realism, not a straightforward tale, but a strange, burrowing, circular journey through several generations of two Southern families. Mr. Price is concerned with the relations within families, which, in this case, also means the relations between races. His approach is both eager and patient. He begins with what could properly be a climax—the elopement, in 1903, of sixteen-year-old Eva Kendal and her thirty-two-year-old Latin teacher, Forrest Mayfield—and the reader is left to reconstruct what led up to this supposedly shocking event. Eventually, the scandal yields to consequences and epilogues that become stories in themselves. The book is ruminative. Surprises occur, but they are always followed by conversations or letters that exhaustively review why they occurred. A curious (and taxing) trait is a concentration on dreams: again and again, the enigmatic messages received by the characters in their sleep are recounted in the text. The reader is not merely



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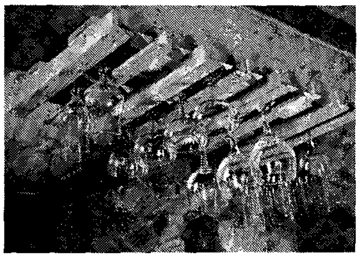

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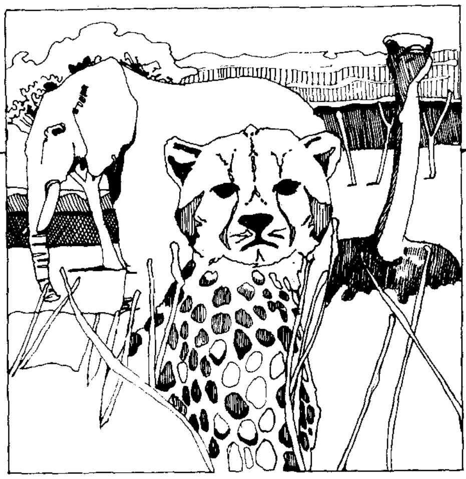
shown a gallery of personages (possessive mothers, black-sheep sons, loyal "Negro" servants); he listens to their monologues, traces their memories, and shares their unwaking hours. The book is nearly five hundred pages; when, after some three hundred pages, the son of Eva and Forrest's marriage reappears as a middle-aged man—drunk, fired from his job, self-pitying, floundering—and stumbles back to his tired old North Carolina home, the theme of the book becomes clear. It is indulgence: both self-indulgence and indulgence of others. The book has charted countless violations of the hearth, and with sad gentility it spreads forgiveness over them all. Unhappily, the book's self-indulgence extends to its language, which has a poetic turn, and sometimes approaches the sublime, but more often remains in a state of inarticulate, if heroic, groping. A sample: "Before Hutch could know should he laugh or leave or ask *For what?* or tell her all the fresh truth in one quick stream, he said 'That's easy' and touched the broad top of her right wrist with fingers that wanted to calm and were fifty years younger yet were cool as new sheets on her hot dry skin, the fervent meeting of utter strangers."

NOTE: J. F. Powers' "Look How the Fish Live," a collection of short stories, many of which originally appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Knopf.

GENERAL

THE CHINA HANDS, by E. J. Kahn, Jr. (Viking). An absorbing and disturbing chronicle of how a small band of State Department foreign-service specialists were made scapegoats for the United States' "loss" of China in 1949. The author, substituting a deadly irony for outright polemics, deals with the separate careers of the China hands—of whom John Paton Davies, Jr., John Carter Vincent, and John Stewart Service were the best known—and tells how, in their long tours of duty in China, they had come to the conclusion that the corrupt regime of Chiang Kai-shek was doomed to fall sooner or later to Mao Tse-tung's Communists. He then goes thoroughly into what happened in this "fantasy-ridden nation" when the good names and the livelihoods of these men were ruined by right-wing politicians, with Joseph McCarthy in the van. Events and the



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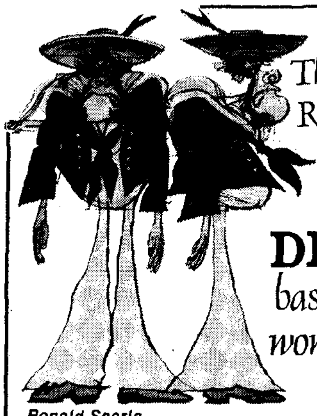

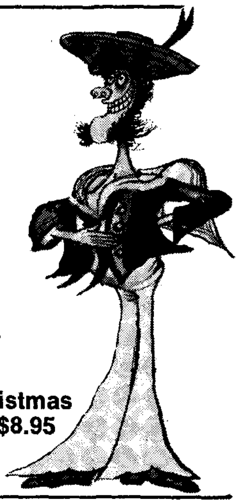

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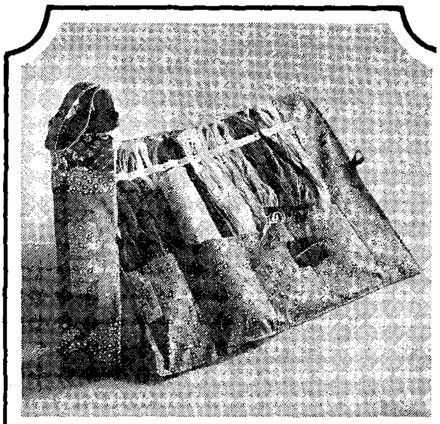
years have vindicated the China hands, and efforts at reparation have been made, officially and unofficially, but the cost to America, as Mr. Kahn makes clear, has been incalculable.

THE LAND UNKNOWN, by Kathleen Raine (Braziller). The noted English poet picks up her life as an undergraduate at Cambridge in the nineteen-twenties, and recalls two marriages, an affair, her conversion to and lapse from Catholicism, her efforts to write, and her kind and distinguished friends, and comes almost to the present, when, somewhat to her surprise, she is an established artist and critic and mother and grandmother. Miss Raine's prose is lovely. Though her book is not long, she covers a remarkable number of actions and passions, descriptions of places, people, scenes, and eras, without any sense of haste. Her life, as she sees it, was difficult, unhappy, and wasteful; she writes regretfully, as in a confession. The reader may feel that she blames herself too much and repents too sadly.

THRESHOLD: THE FIRST DAYS OF RETIREMENT, by Alan H. Olmstead (Harper & Row). Mr. Olmstead retired at the age of sixty-five from the editorship of the Manchester (Connecticut) *Evening Herald* in September, 1972, and this book is a day-to-day diary account of his first six months as what he calls a "pensioner." It is good to be able to report that he takes his subject seriously: he neither exaggerates nor minimizes the pleasures and problems of age and idleness, and he also avoids the falsifications of jocularity. He recognizes at once, before the first month is out, that "this is really the beginning of a settled, stable, and ultimately monotonous condition in which nothing is ever going to change very much, certainly not for the better." Nevertheless, being an honest account by an intelligent and reflective man, it is an intensely interesting memoir, and even at times an exhilarating one, for he shows us with the zest of discovery the shape and substance of that new life (when being sixty-five is only five years short of seventy), with not only its hours of ease (reading for pleasure rather than for information) but also the constant need for self-discipline to resist snacks, naps, late rising, garrulity, and the temptation to revisit the office. And, it might be added, he rejoices in (and recom-



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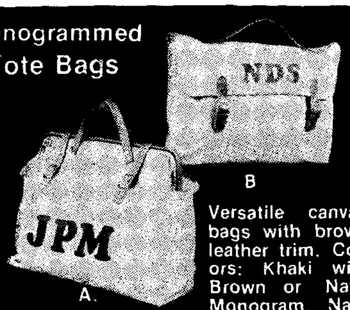

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mends to all of his kind) the rich encouragement of Wordsworth's majestic "Tintern Abbey."

BYRON AND THE HONOURABLE AUGUSTA LEIGH, by John S. Chapman (Yale). An extremely well-written examination of the evidence, pro and con, for Lord Byron's alleged incest with his half sister, Augusta. The author, a professor of medicine and a Byron expert, comes to the conclusion that incest probably did not occur. He believes that the story was concocted in vengeance by Lady Caroline Lamb, an unbalanced woman who had been one of Byron's mistresses. Fair play forbids revealing his reconstruction of what really did occur, since he properly calls his work "a kind of detective story." It *is* fair to say, though, that Chapman's conclusion is psychologically convincing and historically plausible, and reflects the naughty, practical morals of an era that was far less squeamish and more cynical—wickeder, if you like—than our own.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

A FAMILY AFFAIR, by Rex Stout (Viking). Mr. Stout, almost incredibly, will be eighty-nine years old in December, and this is the forty-sixth Nero Wolfe adventure with which he has entertained us, but there is not the slightest hint here of a diminished vigor or a flagging inventiveness. It is, indeed, one of the liveliest and most teasing pleasures in his entire oeuvre. It is also one of the most violent—a frightened waiter given sanctuary in Wolfe's guest room is murdered by an infernal machine, an industrialist is found shot to death in a stolen car, a young woman is gunned down on West Fifty-fourth Street, a man is blown to pieces on Wolfe's doorstep. Everything else—Inspector Cramer, Lily Rowan, the orchid garden, the food, Saul Panzer, Archie Goodwin—is, we can be grateful, as always.

•

He is a consultant on waters and wastewaters for an analytical firm. In his spare time he raises donkeys and exotic spruces on his Bucks County ranchette, "Jackass Hill." He and his wife, Elizabeth, have two grown children. He is also the author of popular farm and garden articles, scientific poems and many notorious poems.—*Press release from Exposition Press.*

Didn't he write "The Wastewater"?

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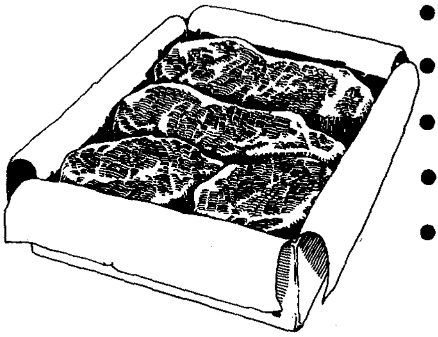

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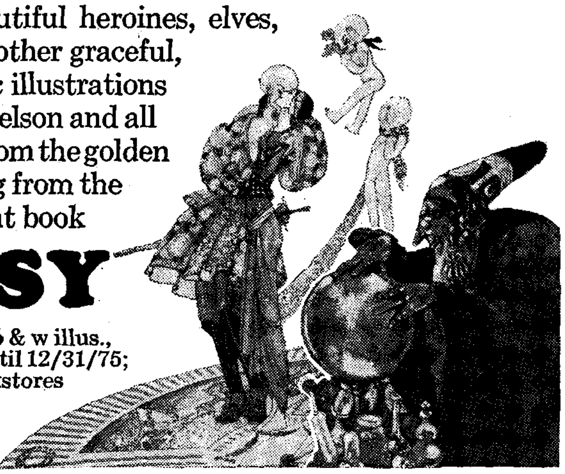

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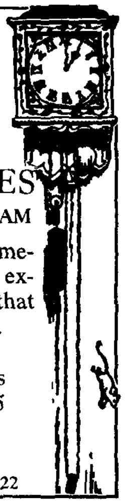

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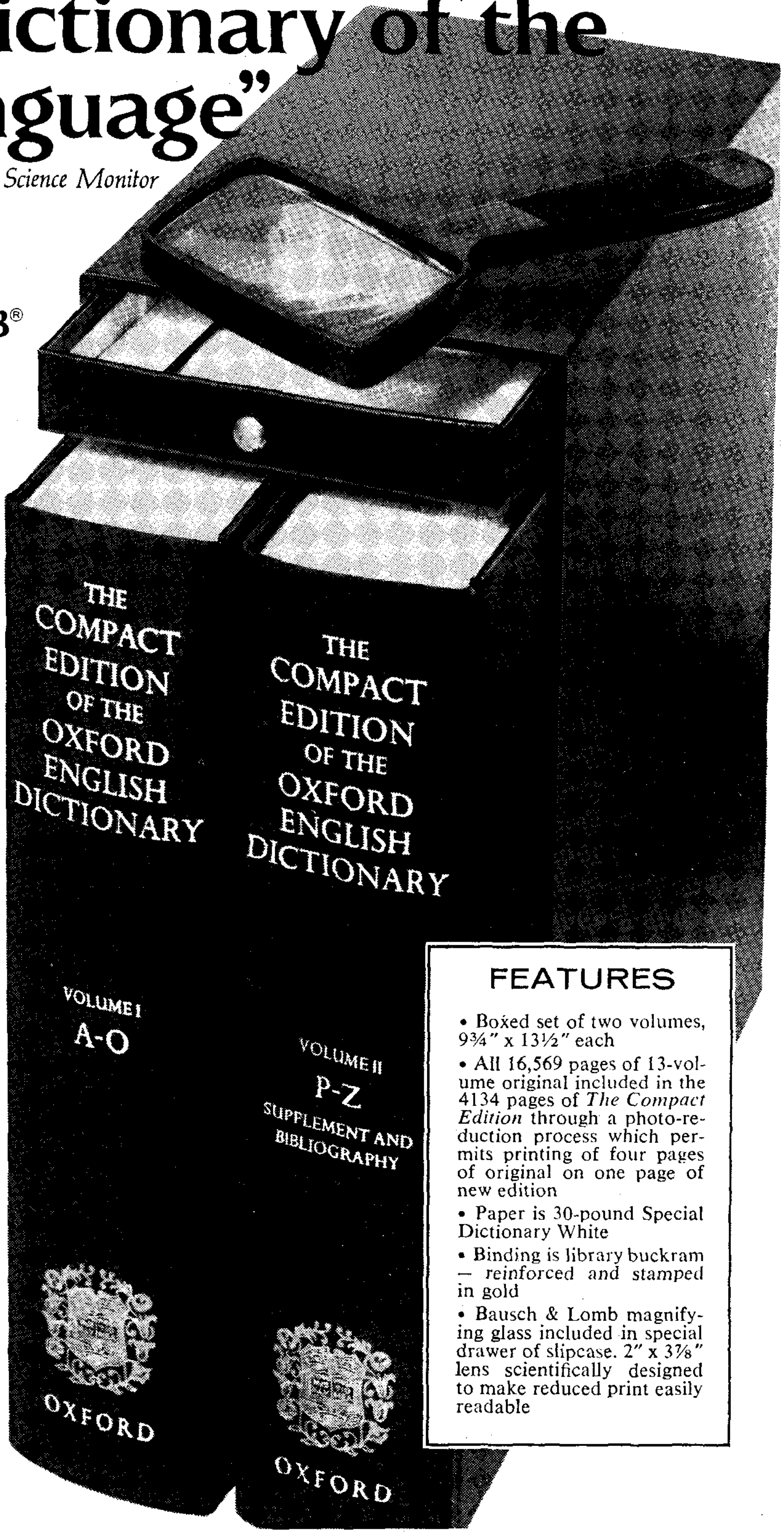
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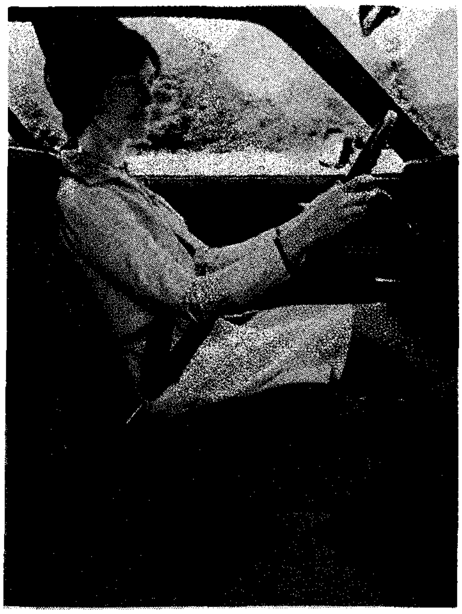

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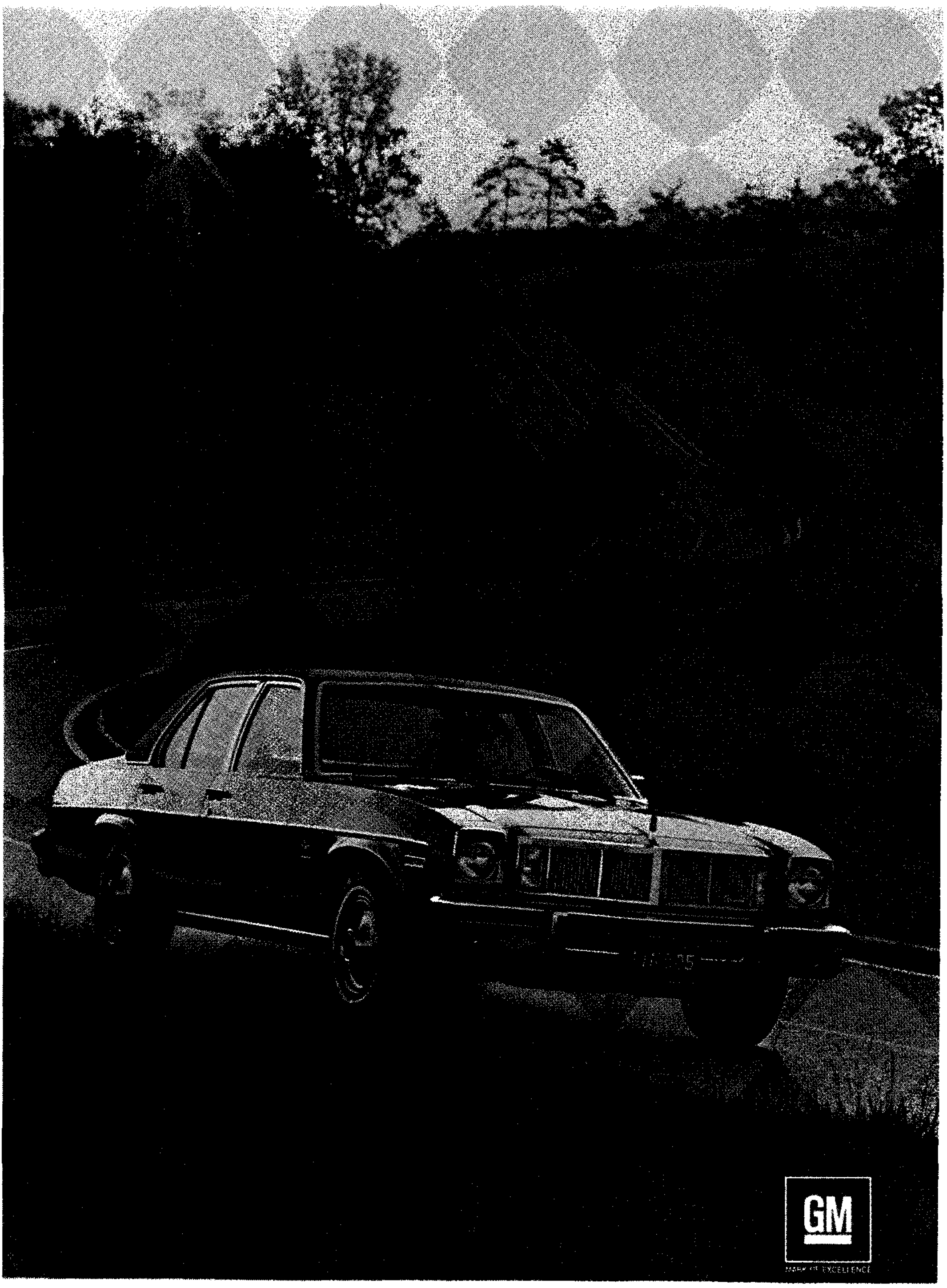

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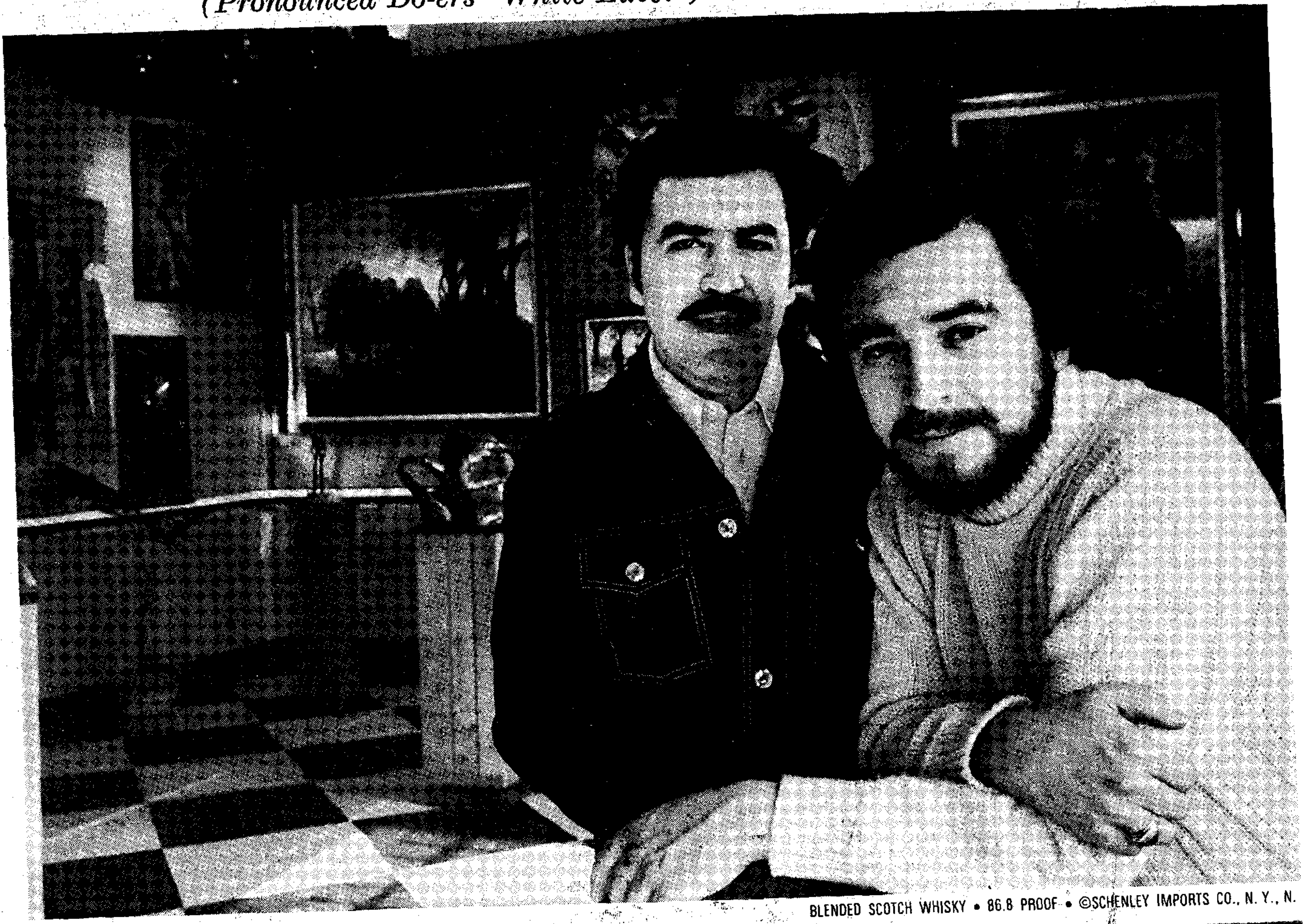

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